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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

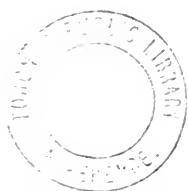
VOL. XX

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO APRIL, 1903, INCLUSIVE

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DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"HER FEARLESSNESS WAS ALMOST A DEFIANCE;"

ILLUSTRATION FOR "FORTUNE'S HILL"

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 1

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN THE ROCKIES

By Julia W. Henshaw, author of "*British Columbia Up-to-Date*,"
"*Why Not, Sweetheart?*" etc.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her
stores unroll'd.

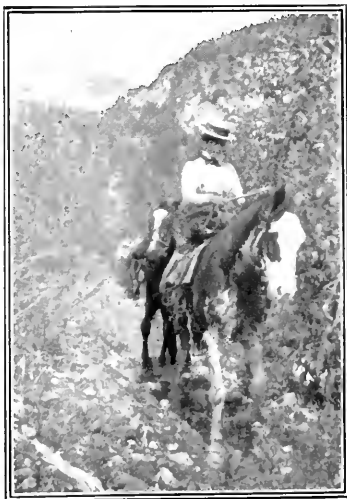
—Byron.

IT is claimed that mountains are pre-eminently restful. No doubt they are soothing to nerves racked and tortured by the din of city life. The solemn, silent grandeur of the Rocky Mountains does calm with an infinite peace.

Yet, if you go to Field, in British Columbia, that charming spot cleft right into the heart of the Rockies, where a cluster of houses stand built on a plateau in the valley of the Kicking Horse, surrounded north, east, south and west by massive, crinulated towers—then perhaps you will agree with me that, though the glorious serenity of such stupendous bastions of rock is most restful, still, the Rocky Mountains are too enthralling, too imposing, too ever-changing, to allow us to long remain inert beneath their wondrous shadows. The

shifting lights that fall full from a cloudless sky upon the gaunt bare ramparts of those giant hills, so aptly named the "Rockies," and show us in bold relief broad streaks of white and yellow, patches of rich red, brown, purple and ultramarine, deep-cut fissures where indigo shadows nestle densely dark, and pointed cones whose apexes are wreathed with a wisp of snow—these shifting lights, I claim, arouse admiration too entrancing to be easily set at rest. They first excite our sense of the beautiful, then arrest our attention—we ponder—we unconsciously start on a train of lofty thought, inspired by their up-stretching peaks.

Then turn to the other side of the picture. Between thick fir trees you catch a glimpse of some wide-spreading glacier, gleaming green as an emerald in the sun, its merciless ice-spurs cloaked with a soft snow mantle, its supernal purity bespeaking the whiteness of the soul of a little child. Can you look on such a scene—and rest? Do you not rather feel that God's pulpit is up there on the massive crags? Do you not hear the Gospel of Nature



THE AUTHOR AND HER INDIAN PONY



IN THE ROCKIES—A WIDE-SPREADING GLACIER

preached anew from the perfect hills?

It is the Divine Lesson taught by Nature as it left the hand of the Creator. The level world has been marred by man, by sin, by sorrow, by suffering. The mountains are ever pure, and sweet, and holy; steadfast and calm above all strife; untainted by time; unspotted by humanity. This is the secret of their unresting restfulness. They teach humility to the soul of man.

Not long ago I stayed for a time at the Mount Stephen House at Field, a centre for mountaineering, fishing, shooting and photography that is second to none in the region. From a woman's point of view it is an especially fascinating place. If you are an expert climber, there are ascents well worthy of your alpen-stock and ice-pick; mountains whose lower limbs are clothed with skirts of deep green fir trees, and whose stony faces look down upon you from a height of ten and eleven thousand feet. Tucked in

between these lofty and up-shooting peaks lie many glaciers, immense snow-fields, and out-stretching *névés*, dazzlingly white, seductively radiant in the sunshine.

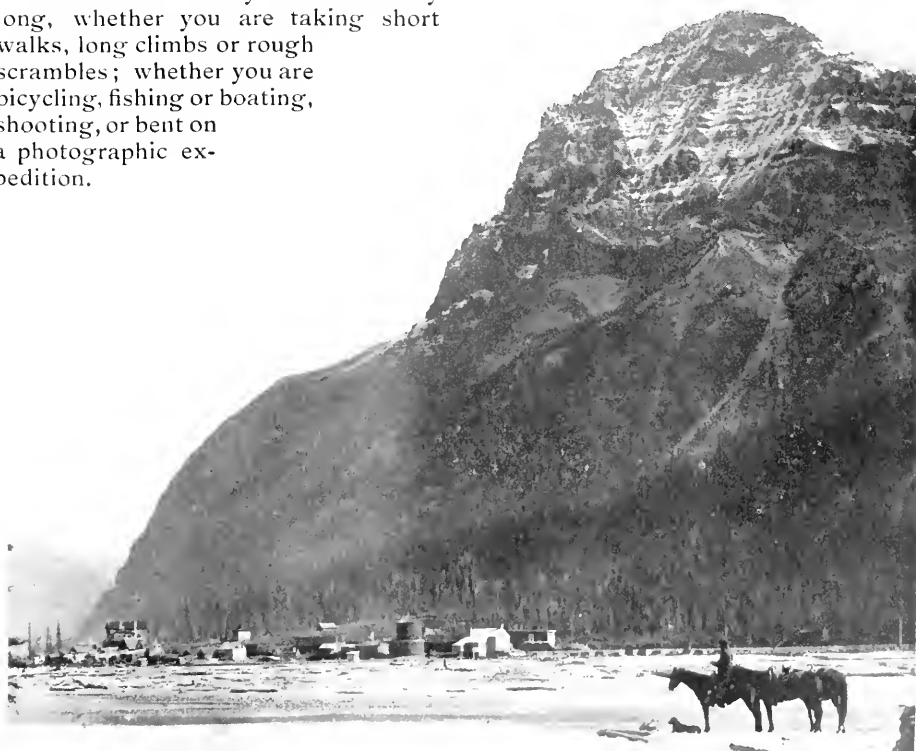
The first ascent of Mount Stephen by a lady was made on July 21st, 1900, by Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, and since then two other ladies, Miss Cunningham and Miss Barker, have shared with her the honour of scaling this fine peak. To the average man-mountaineer Stephen presents few serious difficulties, but it is quite the stiffest climb ever accomplished by a woman in the Rocky Mountains. Of course, there are a number of smaller ascents in the vicinity of Field, which any lady stout of heart, steady of nerve, and sure of foot, arrayed in sensible climbing costume, may successfully attempt—the Emerald Group, Wapta Peak, Mount Field, and a dozen others.

I am frequently asked questions regarding the sort of clothes a woman should wear on such expeditions, and,

after several years of practical experience amongst the Rockies and Selkirks of British Columbia, I would most unhesitatingly say to any of my sex who may contemplate a summer tour amid these glorious mountains, that the only feasible and suitable costume to wear consists of a short skirt, falling about eight inches off the ground, made of some light-weight, dust-coloured, woollen material, and a saque coat to match, cut loose; a cotton or flannel blouse, according to the weather; tan spat-puttees, or gaiters; thick-soled, laced tan shoes, with a few hobnails in them; and a wide-brimmed straw or a soft felt hat. For hot days a coat and skirt made of galatea, or strong brown holland, are desirable; and, if preferred, a pair of high laced boots may be substituted for the shoes and gaiters. A short riding-habit skirt is also necessary; with this any blouse may be worn.

Such a costume may be worn all day long, whether you are taking short walks, long climbs or rough scrambles; whether you are bicycling, fishing or boating, shooting, or bent on a photographic expedition.

Of course, there are women who do not shine as stars in the Alpine firmament, it is not their *métier* to "bear mid snow and ice a banner with that strange device *Excelsior*;" they prefer to follow the beaten trails, to ascend but the lower slopes of the greater hills, and gaze from thence enraptured upon the eternal monuments of rock upraised in sheer escarpment to heaven. For such there is no more delightful spot than Field. As I previously remarked, of difficult climbs there are plenty—Mount Chancellor, Cathedral Mountain, Mount Vaux, and Mount Molli-son—it is a paradise for the true mountaineer; but for more modest folk there are joyous paths that lead through balsam-pine-scented forests, up and up, zig-zagging across the breast of the slopes, now lost in a dense mass of white-stemmed cotton-woods and up-



THE VILLAGE OF FIELD AND MOUNT STEPHEN



IN THE ROCKIES—DIFFICULT CLIMBS NEAR FIELD

right firs, now skirting the brink of some fern-dressed canyon, the bed of a brawling, ice-born stream, and again leading over more open lands, prairie-like, flower-decked, sun-steeped, peaceful and beautiful.

These prairies, lying above the timber line, sometimes on the top of a shoulder of absolutely barren rock, and at the base of vast bare bluffs, are veritable gardens of wild flowers that grow luxuriantly amid a short scrub-growth of blue-leaved, high-bush barberry, gray lichens, and masses of false heather. White mountain lilies, purple asters, yellow arnica, and scarlet painter's-brush are set like precious jewels in these flats, saturated with the warmth of summer sunbeams. Below, down into the valley, pines and firs, hemlocks, tamarack, spruce and poplars stretch in restful green—above, the grey cliffs are banded with strangely symmetrical stripes of red and ochre, their round



A LOFTY PEAK

heads crisp-etched against a cloudless, cobalt sky.

To stroll along the trail on the mountain side, opposite the hotel, up to the Summit, some three thousand feet, and see the extensive view down the valley of the Kicking Horse River from a shoulder of Mount Field; to walk to the Natural Bridge, a distance of about three miles, where a tunnelled rock spans completely the boiling

dred feet. Here rare and perfect specimens of trilobite are to be found, and from this point a glorious view is obtained clear across the *col* between Mount Field and Mount Burgess up the famous Yoho valley. This valley, recently discovered, and which has only just been opened up to the world, is reached by means of a capital road that runs through the forest from Field to Emerald Lake, a distance of seven



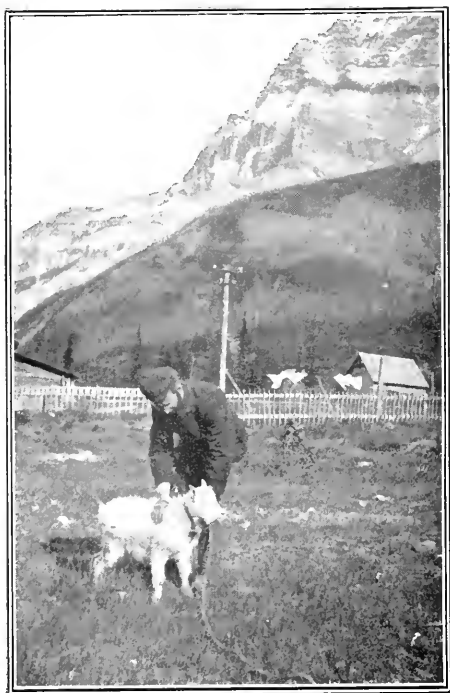
IN THE ROCKIES—THE CHANCELLOR—DIFFICULT OF ASCENT

waters of the Wapta River; these are delightful and easy walks, and quite within the power of any woman. Not a trail about Field but is picturesque, with ferns and flowers underfoot, exquisite green growths overhead, and all around the matchless panorama of the Rocky Mountains.

Another excellent path leads over a shoulder of Mount Stephen and brings you to a fossil-bed, a rock slide of shale and slate lying against the mountain-side for a vertical distance of five hun-

and a half miles, and from thence on by a good trail nine miles long, built up over the Summit. This finally brings the traveller along the far eastern slopes of the hill to where the great Takakkaw Falls, the highest cataract in America, drops over the rocks with one mighty bound of twelve hundred feet from the glacier heights above, down into the narrow, rock-walled canyon below.

Photography in the Rocky Mountains should become an art. Modern



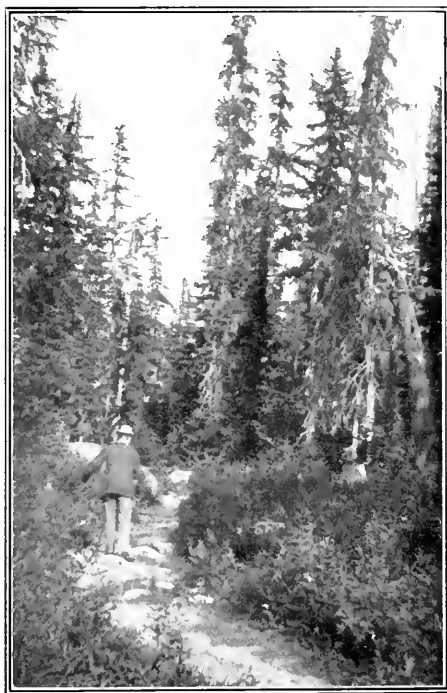
A WHITE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT IN CAPTIVITY AT FIELD

science has given us the best of cameras and kodaks. At such points as Field, Nature offers us unrivalled scenery to work upon. The fast-flowing Kicking Horse River, the lakes lying like a chain of sapphires and emeralds of the purest water upon the bosoms of the hills; the grand old mountain-monarchs drawing their snow-mantles closely around their superb shoulders, and holding erect their stately ice-crowned heads; the glaciers clinging to the upper slopes between the castellated ranges, and clasping the rocks with their sparkling fingers; cataracts, water-falls, cliffs and canyons, each and all combined, afford an unlimited variety of subjects.

One morning, having spent the night in camp at the log cabin at Emerald Lake, I started off soon after sunrise to ride through the woods, and incidentally to shoot whatever game might chance to come my way. It was heavenly to smell the fresh unbreathed air of

the forest, sweetly laden with the scent of the balsam-pines. My mount, a sturdy little Indian pony, plodded steadily on, oblivious alike of word or whip. He knew those trails, cut deep into the tangled woods, far better than I, for was he not bred and born among them? The gnarled root had never grown that would trip his wary hoofs, nor the loose avalanche shale been discovered that could make him stumble on the precipitous hillsides. Across the sheen-like surface of the Emerald Lake the pine trees threw reflections, perfect as themselves. Overhead the sky was blue, like unwinking eyes of a doll. It was a day fit for the gods—and sport.

I had strapped my gun (a seven-pound Remington with a short stock, and such a one as I would strongly counsel any woman bent on shooting small game to use) to the off-side of my saddle, and was jogging complacently along the trail, more hungry—I must confess—for the beauties of Na-



A JOYOUS PATH

ture, than athirst after the blood of beasts and birds, when the soft whir-r-r of wings in the underbrush betrayed the whereabouts of blue grouse. In a twinkling I was off the pony's back, and having tethered him to a tree, was creeping quietly through the bush. Bang! bang! and a splendid brace fell to my "right-and-left," the third, a fine old veteran, sailing away with outstretched wings and an angry s-w-i-s-h.

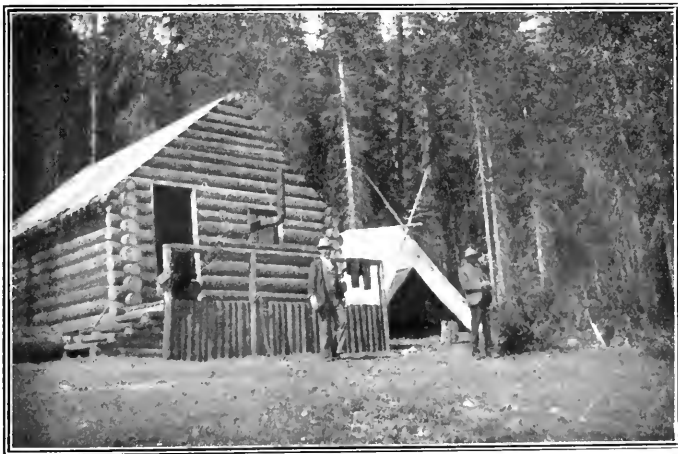
Another similar experience, and I returned to camp for breakfast about nine o'clock, a bag of five plump grouse swinging from the pommel of my saddle.

There is plenty of excellent shooting in the neighbourhood of Field, but you must seek it in the right directions, and at the right seasons. For a woman who can climb, there is plenty of goat and bear to be had in the Beaverfoot district to the southwest, but such hunting of big game entails great physical exertion and endurance. Ruffed and blue grouse, ptarmigan and duck afford easy sport within the reach of anyone who is a fairly good shot. Fishing, too, in the vicinity of Field is admirable, mountain and rainbow trout



BANG! BANG!

being very plentiful in the lakes and some of the creeks.



A LOG CABIN IN THE ROCKIES



AN ITALIAN PALACE

“MY BRIDAL TRIP”

By Albert R. Carman

IT was Marc Stewart who called it “my bridal trip.” Marc Stewart is the man with the ethical judgment in our set. He is the vault in which are deposited our approved standards of honour and conduct. Whenever any one of us is in doubt as to whether he should take a favour at the hands of Mr. A., with whom his firm has business relations, or a weekly cup of “five o’clock tea” from the fairer hands of young Mrs. B., in whose sentimental past he was an “also ran,” he consults Marc Stewart—with a non-committal air, however, which is intended to convey to Mr. Stewart the impression that it matters little what he says on the subject. But it does. Yet not one of us would take his judgment on anything of importance. Like a professional conscience-keeper, he is insulated from the sordid currents of earth. His choicest business conceits could be published as a new and valuable list of “Don’ts.” But when we have had dinner, and escaped into the world of smoke-rings, and vaguely daring politics, and more daring sociology, and

touch-and-go literary appreciation, and delicate moral problems, we all long for Marc Stewart. He is so impractical, so superior to conditions, so stimulating to the conscience in fields where that organ can do little real harm.

Thus it came about quite naturally that I told him one night all about my experience with the Campbells on their wedding trip; and he summed it up as being, in reality, “my bridal trip,” and not Jack Campbell’s at all.

It began one evening at Cannes. I was staying at a large “pension” there, and was feeling rather lonely; for there was no one else at the “pension” except a German family, a solitary Russian, and a group of English people abroad for the first time. English people must take two or three trips abroad before they become companionable to strangers whose hereditary burying-place they do not know. I had been walking on the Croisette until sunset, when that chill falls on the Riviera air which drives all the world in to “five o’clock tea,” and now I was sitting before the coal fire

reading some old English papers, when a bustle announced the arrival of strangers. I listened to hear what language they spoke, and there came in a man's voice—

"Well, I guess we'd better see the rooms, hadn't we, Millie?"

"Americans!" I assured myself. "I'll go right out and shake hands." I had not lived with Americans in the same house since I left Avignon, and I was eager for their instant and democratic friendliness. They might be a trifle emphatic and somewhat uncertain in their art criticism, but they were warm-blooded animals and they spoke my language. So I stepped into the office and saw—Jack Campbell, with four lady tourists in the back-ground. Jack was seeking information of the landlady.

"Est-ce possible," he was saying, with a mighty and deliberate emphasis, as if utterance were pain. "D'avoir une lampe au lieu de la bougie?"

The four looked at him admiringly, as if he had surpassed their highest expectation; and then the landlady flung back her answer.

"Par-dong?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"She says that it will cost you half-a-franc a day extra," I ventured to put in, at the same time holding out my hand to him.

"Why! Hello, Barton!" he cried.

"You here?" And prompt, chattering introductions followed. There was, of course, the new Mrs. Campbell. I had known of her, but had never seen her before. Then there was Miss Bertram, of Albany, and the Misses Wilson, of Buffalo. My eyes rested with grateful pleasure upon them. They were four perfect copies

of the North American woman in Europe—a short, plain skirt of a grayish effect; boots, utilitarian and roomy, but not gratuitously ugly; a round felt hat, tied with ribbon and skewered with a quill; a frank, happy eye, and a face of intertwined confidence and curiosity.

"This is not a meeting," said I, bubbling over, "but a rescue. I have been dying of loneliness. The man Friday, you know, had savages about him who were ready to take him right into their confidence—into their digestive apparatuses, indeed. But I—" and I laughed—"I haven't had a heart-to-heart talk in two weeks."

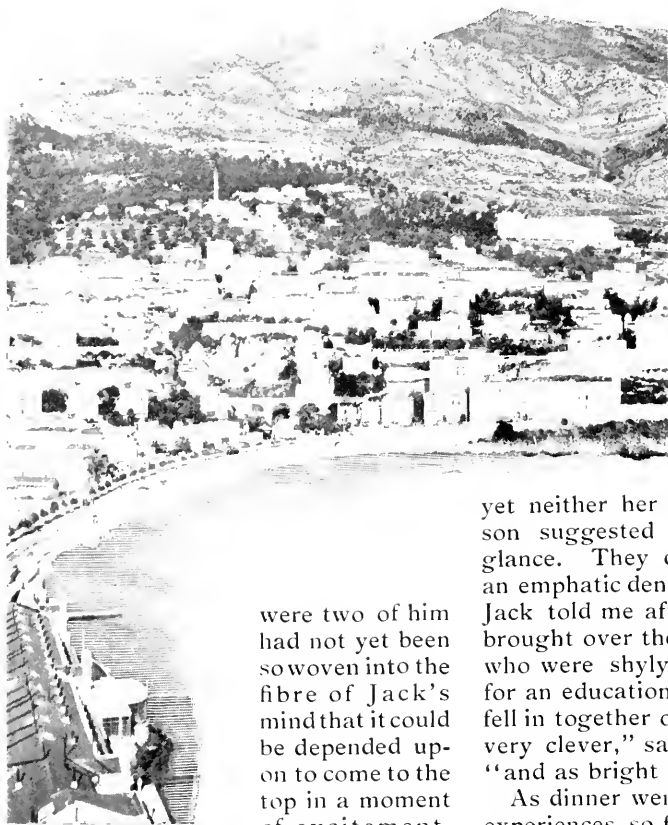
"Well, if you want to be dined off of, you stick to us," said Jack grimly. "The continent of Europe has lived off us since we landed."

"That," I assured him, "is the delusion of all English-speaking tourists, but it merely betrays the fact that we don't see Europe. Europe is busy about its own affairs, but a body-guard of personal servants dance about us so constantly that we can hardly see past them."

"That's right!" cried Jack emphatically. "But I don't want them—we don't want them." That belated "we" showed that the knowledge that there



STREET SCENE IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NICE



MONTE CARLO—
WEST END

were two of him had not yet been sowoven into the fibre of Jack's mind that it could be depended upon to come to the top in a moment of excitement. His wedding trip was only some four weeks old, you must remember.

The "we" reminded him, too, that the ladies were waiting for their rooms.

"Nous desirons," Jack began, laboriously, to the landlady—

"Let Mr. Barton talk to her," his bride broke in nervously.

Jack smiled feebly and waved his hand at me to begin; whereat I took instructions from the four ladies, and bargained for three rooms "full south," with lamps and attendance included, wine at table for two and tea for three. One wanted an egg with her "petit déjeuner," which was to cost her "vingt-cinq centimes" extra.

At dinner we were all very chatty—at least, as far as the fish. Then the

bride became *distracte*. Miss Bertram, the Albany member of the party, was a very self-possessed and bright-tongued lady who mixed her red wine with water like a practised hand and showed casually in her conversation that this was by no means her first visit to Europe. I almost wrote "young lady" in speaking of her, and I am not sure that it would have been wrong;

yet neither her manner nor her person suggested youth to your first glance. They did suggest, however, an emphatic denial of even middle-age. Jack told me afterwards that she had brought over the two Miss Wilsons—who were shyly and gravely young—for an educational trip, and that they fell in together on shipboard. "She's very clever," said Jack impressively, "and as bright as a dollar."

As dinner went on, Jack told of his experiences so far, and Miss Bertram, ranking me in flattering fashion as an old traveller like herself, endorsed them with—"You know how that goes on, Mr. Barton"—or—"Yes; and this case was remarkable, Mr. Barton; for they did so-and-so, which, as you know, is *very* unusual."

But Mrs. Jack Campbell was silent. She had sweet, deep, almost bottomless eyes, but rays of trouble and nervousness and pain shot across them while we talked. Yet Jack perpetually pulled himself up, and turned to her with—"Don't you remember that, Millie?" or "And you thought, Millie, that I should have given it to him?"

"It would never do," Miss Bertram would say with firm wisdom at this. "That is not the way to treat such people." And we all felt that Miss Bertram had been treating "such people" wisely throughout a long life.



MONTE CARLO—EAST END

Mrs. Campbell got through dinner before the rest of us, and said that she thought she must go, as she was very tired. Jack slapped his napkin down to go too, but she protested earnestly. He was not through, and it was sheer nonsense for him to come with her. She was only going to her room. He sat in perplexed, shame-faced indecision. Plainly he wanted to go with her and comfort her in some foolish "lovers' laney" fashion; but he had the grace to be ashamed of it. "Now, you stay," she said emphatically as she got up; but he took the words to mean "Come," and sprang up and went off with her. As they passed down the table on the other side, she looked at us; and there was a budding content and a timid pride on her face. Jack did not look at us, but there was apology in the bend of his neck.

For a few moments after they went nothing was said; and then we got to coldly comparing the Pitti with the Dresden galleries. We were all ashamed of the exhibition that two sane people had made of themselves. "All" is, perhaps, incorrect; for Miss

Alice Wilson said presently to her sister, *sotto voce*, "I am glad he had sense enough to go with her;" but, when I looked at her, she blushed furiously. It was as if I had caught her knowing something which a maiden should not have known.

We saw no more of the bridal couple that evening, and Miss Bertram and I were each conscious that the other thought them very silly—though, of course, we said nothing. I found it a great comfort to talk to Miss Bertram after my two weeks' exile from companionableness, but was conscious towards the close of the evening that she was very positive in her opinions, that she took more interest in the conversation when she was talking herself, and that she was limited in her interests. Still she could appreciate a humorous turn of expression, and she did not chill the sociability of the occasion with pointed reticence.

Next morning all was sunshine again with our party—just as it had been for a week overhead. So we walked down to the "*place*" on the sea-front and watched the Cannes fishermen and

their women-folk mending their nets, and declined numerous invitations to "make a promenade in a boat" at a "ver' cheap" fee; and then the bride was struck with the romantic appearance of the old town, and wanted to climb Mont Chevalier, on the side of which it rests.

Miss Bertram thought it was hardly worth while—Grasse was so much more quaint; and, of course, we would see Grasse before we left.

"You are tired," said Jack to Miss Bertram, looking at her benevolently.

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But then one really must conserve one's strength in Europe."

"Baedeker says there is a fine view from the top of Mont Chevalier," hazarded the bride; and then, with forced ecstasy—"and those climbing streets do look so romantic."

"Don't they!" cried one of the Miss Wilsons, obviously going to the support of the bride.

"Yes, they do," agreed Jack, with a new enthusiasm. But the bride was not satisfied. She seemed to resent his agreement with her, now that it came after Miss Wilson's adhesion. The unworthy thought flashed into my mind that she must be jealous of Miss Wilson. But that was too absurd. Jack was positively sickening in his open devotion to his peevish little wife, who now was for going back to the "pension." She had not thought that she was so tired as she was. And Jack was as solicitous as a mother with a first baby. It ended with the bridal pair going gloomily off to the "pension," while the rest of us sat on the "Croisette" until luncheon.

That afternoon was bright and breezy, and Miss Bertram hit upon a capital idea. We would ride down to the Cape at the end of the Croisette on the funny one-horse tram, and there get a sailing boat to take us over to Ile Sainte Marguerite, on which was the prison of "the Man with the Iron Mask." Capital! We were all for it. But Jack fell a little gloomy as he walked with me down to the tram.

"I don't know," he said, frowning, "quite what's the matter with Millie."

"What a pity Marc Stewart's not here," I put in, when he laughed hollowly.

"She's a good little soul," he said, "and she wouldn't hurt any one's feelings for the world; but sometimes she don't make it quite comfortable for Miss Bertram and her party." He stopped; but as I said nothing, he went on—"Now they're retravelling alone—got no man with them—and I sort o' feel that I should do what I can for them. They're Americans—well, I count Canadians as Americans over here—and Millie and I are both here—our family thus is complete—I don't know whether you follow my idea or not, but I feel as if we were, in a sense, hosts of these three ladies, they having attached themselves to our family party. So I think we should be extra nice to them—both of us, you know. Well"—and he paused—"Millie won't. She seems to want me to be downright ugly to them." He was plainly talking to himself now more than to me. I felt that the whole subject was too deep for my comprehension, so I still said nothing. Marc Stewart would have mapped out a plan of conduct for Jack, warranted to cover the most unexpected developments.

There were not too many seats on the tram, so Jack allotted them, putting Miss Bertram out in front, where finally he was compelled to stand beside her. I stood on the back platform, and saw the storm gather in the bride's eyes as she watched them. Then a bare-footed sailor ran and jumped on, and, breathing garlic on me, tried to get my promise that we would hire his sailing-boat when we got to the Cape. Finally he thrust a dirty business-card into my hand, and fell to joking with a rival trotting alongside in the dust.

As we got off the tram a hand touched my arm, and a sweet voice said—"Who do you think, Mr. Barton, the Man with the Iron Mask was?"

I would never have known the voice,

if I had not turned and looked into the deep eyes of the bride. It must have been thus that she spoke to Jack in their courtship days. I gave out, without thinking, the common opinion that he was a twin brother of the French King.

"That's what I think," she said with excited enthusiasm. "It seems so reasonable. Else why should they have taken such pains to keep the people from knowing who he was?"

"Why, indeed!" I echoed. What red, smooth lips she had! No wonder that Jack—

"Mr. Barton agrees with me," she announced, as we joined the group with its ring of bargaining sailors. "He says that the Man with the Mask was the King's brother."

This was rather a positive rendering of my remark, but what matter! With such eyes proclaiming me an ally, I would have stood for the theory that the moon is made of green cheese.

"Nonsense!" Jack exploded at me. "Why Miss Bertram here knocked that theory into a cocked hat coming over on the train."

"I don't think that Mrs. Campbell was quite convinced," put in Miss Bertram sweetly.

"Indeed, I wasn't," said the glowing bride; "and now that Mr. Barton is with me"—with such a look at me as a lady of a tournament might have turned on a knight with her colours—"I shall see the King's brother in every corner of that prison."

"Have you seen the papers lately discovered at Paris on the subject?" I asked Miss Bertram. It is a poor cause that cannot be bolstered up with a more recent document than the other side knows about.

"I've read M. —'s work," she shot back. I had not even heard of it, and I cannot now remember the name of the author to put it down here. But the bride was looking at me, and eager expectation had slightly parted her Cupid's bow of a mouth. How could I disappoint her!

"Oh, that!" I said, with a polite

contempt. "That is old. No, I mean the letters of an attaché of the Court who saw the Man without his Mask—"

"No," said Miss Bertram, and her eye was full of suspicion.

"Well," I went on largely, "they are regarded as settling the controversy."

"Oh!" she said. But the bride came nearer to me, and pointing a slender finger at the pile of gray on the green side of the Ile, said—"I shall enjoy going over it so much more for knowing that it really was the King's wronged brother." Jack was at the boat head. "Come along! Come along!" he was saying impatiently, but his bride was inclined to linger. I thought she did not know that the boat was ready, so wrapped up was she in the romance of the floating Ile and the massed gray prison; but when she finally went and Jack said to her—"I'm afraid you will have to sit on the side now, Millie, for being so late"—she flashed back at him—"Yes; I heard you urging the others to take the stern seats." This made us all feel as comfortable as if we had got into some one else's chairs at a concert, and the bride and I meekly took seats on opposite sides of the little craft. But in a moment she came over to me with—"I'm going to sit next you, and you must tell me more about the Mysterious Prisoner." Everybody looked at me at this, and I thought there was an "Et tu, Brute!" expression on Jack's face. How silly newly-married people can be! So he sat down and talked loudly and incessantly to the three other ladies. As for the bride, it seemed to me that she talked with great spirit when it did not interfere with her hearing everything that the others said. Still, at times, she seemed to hang upon my words, and to drink them in greedily with her big, deep eyes until I wished that the other folks would not disturb us so with their chatter.

On the island it was Mrs. Campbell with me and Jack with the three others all over the rambling old fortress of Richelieu's building, and if any one



QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOTEL NEAR NICE—THE BLACK BUNTING MARKS HER FAVOURITE GALLERY

was entirely content with the arrangement, it must have been Miss Bertram. Still the poor little bride fought hard to make me believe that she had ears only for my shamefully padded accounts of the "Mask," and eyes chiefly for the rose-tinted grandeur of the Maritime Alps as they shouldered up behind Cannes and the Riviera coast. But she always knew where Jack was, and was in a torment if she did not know what he was saying.

We were a silent party going home, though Miss Bertram and I put together enough conversation to keep us from being confessed accessories to a lovers' quarrel. It was too stupid of

Jack, but when I poked him up he was only monosyllabic. And the way he looked at "Millie"! And the way she kept her tremulous lips together and looked at the darkening shape of Ile Sainte Marguerite! Why are newly-married people ever let out of their cages?

Yet I felt for Jack. He had only wanted to do the decent thing by the three ladies whom fortune had made, in a sense, his guests, and he had really paid his bride the high compliment of taking her promptly into the closest family unity with himself. She was no longer a stranger to be paid court to, but a Campbell to join with him in presenting a kindly and winning front to all the world. Of course, he must give the best places—the first attentions—to his guests. I was sure that Marc Stewart would have said so. The child would not see it—



MONACO—PALACE OF THE PRINCE

Just then she raised her fathomless eyes to mine, and they were so full of misery, and then she made so brave an effort to smile happily as if to say—"Aren't we having a good time?"—that I said, in my haste, and to myself of course—"Jack is a fool to think of anything else but how always to see to the bottom of those wells of love."

Next morning it was plain that Jack was forgiven—but on trial. He pointedly avoided putting himself anywhere near enough to the three ladies to be talked to. Mrs. Campbell was nervously cordial with them, though there was hostility in her eye which her best efforts could not cover. Jack was as patently uncomfortable as a man is in the presence of a person whom he knows, but does not speak to; and all the while his gregarious nature called to him to join the chatting group and be gay. In sheer pity I joined his restless solitude, and in his misery he never thought of the light he had seen me in yesterday. I was no longer an incipient lover of his wife, but an old friend who, with certain reservations, might be made to serve as a confidant.

"I wish those three old hens would go on," he said to me irritably.

"What!" I cried.

"Well, there's only one of them who's really old," he admitted, as if with reluctance, "but they get on my nerves when they're always about."

"They are very nice girls, I think," I felt compelled to say.

"Nice enough, I suppose," he granted grudgingly. "Yes, they are nice," he added, almost instantly, his conscience pricking him, "but they are—too—ubiquitous, you know." And he growled what he thought was a laugh.

"We're going down to the Croisette," Mrs. Campbell called to us, which I took for a hint for us to come too. But Jack didn't move.

"All right," he said guardedly. "We may be down after a while."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"We can go now," I said in low tones.

"They don't want us," he grunted. I was still more astonished at this after having heard his wife call to him; but

I took his gloomy society for as long as I could stand it and then led the way to the Croisette. We found them promenading slowly in the January sunshine, the bride laughing and talking gaily in the midst of the three. As we approached, she looked at Jack as if thanking him for something; yet she seemed hardly glad that we had come. She kept the girls together, and they walked on ahead, leaving us to follow. Jack seemed to have the key to this behaviour, but he said nothing.

Resolutely I broke the combination at the end of the walk—I was tired of masculine grumps—and we all got chatting together. Miss Bertram took advantage of the occasion to ask Jack if he was ready to go to Grasse that afternoon as they had planned. They were going on to Nice the next day; and it was that afternoon or never.

"I suppose so," said Jack, with a shifting smile, looking quickly at his wife. But she was looking steadily out to sea.

"Well, we had better start right after dejeuner," continued Miss Bertram. "You will come, Mr. Barton?" turning to me.

"No-o, thank you!" I said. "I have been to Grasse several times, and I don't need any more perfumery."

"I said the other day," remarked the bride incisively, "that I would rather go up Mont Chevalier."

Jack lost hold of his temper. It had been tugging at the rein all morning. "That's nonsense, Millie," he said testily. "Grasse is the place to see, and besides, we have promised to go."

"Well, you go," she said, looking at him with wide open eyes. "I never thought to keep you home. You go with Miss Bertram and the youngladies. But I shall go up Mont Chevalier instead. Perhaps"—and she turned to me with the fascinating, excited face of yesterday—"if you have nothing to do this afternoon, you might like to make the climb too."

"I should be delighted," I said—though I had doubts of it.

"Very well," exploded Jack. "We'll divide the party this afternoon. Miss

Bertram and I will get along all right"—and he broadsided both of us with his anger. For just a moment the bride flinched pitifully; but then she saw a smile on Miss Bertram's rather hard face, and she steadied herself.

"You will be sorry, Mrs. Campbell," Miss Bertram said pleasantly. That was her revenge for the unpleasant position the young bride had put her in.

"I think not," said the bride; and she looked at me as if to say that I was the person who was to keep her from being sorry. Jack looked at me, too, with a "You wouldn't?" expression in his eyes; and then a "Hang you! Do what you like" one.

We all talked so much and so loudly at "dejeuner" that the English family were plainly confirmed in their settled opinion as to the vulgarity of Americans; and I found myself wishing that some of our people had the cultured English capacity for keeping their emotions to themselves. Now an English Jack and Jill would not have behaved like certain uncomfortable people whom I would not name.

After "dejeuner" Jack and his harem hurried off to the train for Grasse, while Mrs. Jack and I walked moodily down to the public square, whence we would commence the ascent of the winding streets of Mont Chevalier. I shall not attempt an account of that afternoon. Mrs. Jack was every kind of a person but herself. She was chatty, she was silent, she was radiant and ecstatic, she was depressed and almost tearful. I could hardly keep at times from touching her cheek or resting a hand on her shoulder in comfort, and the next moment I could not be sufficiently thankful that I had not done so. For if at one time she seemed to invite it, in a moment she was daring me with a hysteric eye to so much as pity her. And if she was in a fever of helpless fury and desperately restrained hysteria, I was tormented with a fearful wonder over what was to happen next.

I would like to know how much of Mont Chevalier she saw. We wound

up the narrow, Moorish streets, with their gray houses piled one on the other and scorning to make room for even the dark lanes which occasionally broke through their lower stories. We paced the stone ramparts about the mediæval church, and went up on the ancient watch-tower which commands a view of the sea out to the Lerins, west to the massed Esterels and east to the headland of Antibes. And she commented on everything—rejoiced in the romance of the town clinging to its mountain-side, bearing the marks of the Moor on the duller gray of the Middle Age—breathed deep over the wide view and let her eyes shine with the beauty of it. But that she was thinking of it for a moment, I could not be sure.

Yet that night she could match wonder for wonder with the pilgrims from Grasse. Had they seen Moorish doorways, so had she; and "Mr. Barton" had told her such a thrilling Moorish tale. Had they a wide view, so had she; and "Mr. Barton" had made it all seem so real as she stood on a tower built to watch for pirates, and he had described how they used to creep in along the winding coast. I grew positively sick of "Mr. Barton" while the contest in "wonders" went on. They produced their scent-bottles which they had bought at the factory in Grasse, and this nearly floored her; but Jack had the inspiration to put into her lap at this moment the finest assortment of perfumery in the party which he had bought for her on the sly. This did "floor" her. She examined it quite in silence; and entirely forgot to mention that I had bought her a very pretty bit of porcelain at the factory situated conveniently—for tired tourists—on the very top of Mont Chevalier.

The next day we all went on to Nice and set out to find a "pension" there. The relations between the party were fair to middling, but they hung upon the touch of a hair-trigger. Jack plainly had his doubts of me, and Mrs. Jack as plainly suspected that Jack was likely to be cordial again to those

awful girls at the first opportunity. Still that prize box of perfumery, purchased on his own initiative, had done wonders.

For a while we thought that we could not all get into the same "pension," and we began to feel the coming of a new sense of relief. But luck was against us. We found an admirable place which could accommodate us all; so we all said how delightful it was, and took our old places over the powder magazine. I think it was something about the arrangement of the rooms that caused the trouble. Jack wanted to give the best to Miss Bertram instead of keeping it for himself, never thinking that it was not for himself at all, but for Mrs. Jack that he would have kept it; and, as a result, I found myself walking down the Promenade des Anglais with a vivacious, deep-eyed, tense-nerved Mrs. Jack at my side. I had threatened to baulk at the arrangement, recalling my experience of the day before, but the bride would not permit it. She so liked my intimate knowledge of these Riviera people; she had come abroad to learn, and she wanted to go about with some one who could teach her. Then I made everything so interesting, it seemed; and so, with those eyes in which one could drown himself so blissfully turned on me, I went off happily—and Jack went down town alone on business. He was beginning to learn wisdom.

But we were all together at dinner; and Jack could no more help being genial than he could help breathing—so it was I who sat out in the white moonlight that night with the bride, and told her why it was that I was not a married man. She was full of sympathy. Her voice was softer and more sibilant than the breaking of the baby Mediterranean breakers on the gravel beach, and her eyes were liquid with pity. I thought at the time that at last she had forgotten Jack—unworthy Jack. What man could be worthy? But I doubted it when we went in and she went right up to him, without even a question in her face as to where he

had been, and shone on him with a fulness of love I had not seen yet, as if she wished to comfort him for the pain he would have suffered in losing her, if he had lost her. Then she looked at me. If her soul could have spoken, it would have said—"Jack, be good to Mr. Barton; for he has not that other me whom he might have had."

But Jack—he had only been married four weeks, you must remember—did not see this. He knew of no reason for being good to me, and thought he knew a very good one for being the opposite; so he pointedly refused my invitation to a cigar, and told the bride that he and the others had been planning to run over to Monte Carlo the next day. This was enough to turn the Monte Carlo trip into a temporary writ of separation; and the bride and I did the Casino and the Gardens, and the old town of Monaco and all the rest of it, pretty generally together.

But there is no need to tell the story over and over again in different settings. We came back to Nice and went on to Mentone; we escaped from that consumptive sanitarium, and drove to San Remo—and there I had my eyes opened.

Miss Alice Wilson threatened to divide the happy party. She said that she had read a lot of stories about San Remo, and did not think she would be ready to go on when Mr. and Mrs. Campbell would want to. Mrs. Campbell said that she had no doubt that San Remo was a very delightful place, but that their time was limited. Then Miss Bertram set in to argue Miss Alice out of her nonsensical notion. She assured us after a little that they would go on when we were ready—that it was only a silly, novel-born whim that Alice had got—she had no more time to waste at an insignificant little place than any of the rest of us had. She did not want to be harsh with Alice but she was really only a child yet; and she (Miss Bertram) was responsible for the conducting of the party. Alice's father would expect her to see to it that the girls made good use of their time.

The bride said nothing to this. But I caught her telling Alice out on the veranda that, as she was paying the money for the trip, she should stick up for herself and see what she wanted to. Mrs. Jack went on to say that she was sure San Remo was worth a week or two, but, of course, they could not spare it. Mr. Campbell had to get back to business.

Then I took a hand in—not that I wanted the party to stay together, but simply because I enjoy playing at discussion with the Feminine. If I had met Lady Macbeth I should have reasoned with her against ambition—provided she was not too square-featured, and would have listened to me with attentive, fawn-like eyes. It is not that I can recall any great success in turning women from their purposes, but simply that I liked the trying. They do not crash into your theories with a jagged fact, or weary you with long and intricate counter-reasoning. They listen to you with appreciative comments, and wonder flatteringly when you thought it all out, and then—do as they intended. But what matters it? You have had the joy of unopposed exposition.

So I took Miss Wilson in hand.

"San Remo," I said, "is, no doubt, very interesting, but nothing to Florence and Genoa and Pisa and Rome. You must plan your trip with a due sense of proportion."

She looked at me sideways out of her eyes for a full half minute, as if wondering what to say. No, it was hardly that—she seemed to be wondering how much I could understand.

"Are you going on—with the Campbells?" she then asked.

"Oh!—eh—I suppose so," I said, wondering at the question.

She was looking at me closely again, and there was a doubtful smile just behind her eyes. "You shouldn't," she said then, shaking her head at me.

What did the child mean? I'm afraid there was rude astonishment in my face. Did her novel-filled mind imagine that I was in danger of an intrigue with Mrs. Campbell? How

ridiculous! Yet I felt myself colouring.

"That suspicion of yours," I said directly—intuition tells with women—"is as absurd as it is unworthy of you."

She smiled broadly now. "I never had such a suspicion," she said. Plainly she was amused at me.

"What do you mean, then?" I asked with some indignation.

"Mr. Barton," she said, becoming serious, "if you were going on your wedding tour, would you want three or four girls along?"

"No," I said. "I'm not a Turk."

"You know what I mean," she said, annoyance at my perversity crossing her face. "I mean 'men' in your case."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well; that's what poor Mrs. Campbell is enduring all this time; and I'm going to stop it. But," she cried in alarm, "don't tell Miss Bertram why I am staying here. You won't, will you?"

So that was it. "But," I began, "it's so very absurd of her. Campbell thinks there's no one in the world like her—"

"Of course," said Miss Wilson impatiently. "He loves her, and she knows it. If she didn't, she'd never act as she does. She'd pretend then for all she was worth that she was perfectly satisfied. But, knowing that he loves her, the way he acts makes her miserable."

I looked at this shy young thing in the tail of her teens. What a deal she seemed to know about love! But did she know? As for me, in my wisdom, I hardly knew what she meant.

"The way he acts," I quoted doubtfully. "Do you mean that he is too silly over her? I certainly think he is, but I thought she was jealous of his merely polite attentions to others."

There was the amused look back on her face. No one had looked at me so since my school-teacher laughed at me floundering through my reading lesson.

"It is the polite attentions to us others that is the trouble," said Miss

Wilson. "She is used to monopolizing those attentions; and she doesn't like to suddenly lose them altogether."

"But she doesn't," I protested.

"No. She gets most of them yet. But she wants them all," was this young girl's answer. Then she blushed. Again she was confessing to a knowledge which she suspected that I thought unmaidenly.

"Would you act that way?" I asked brazenly.

She did not answer at once; and again I could see that she was considering my capacity for the reception of truth. It was not that she did not know; but was it prudent to tell me? Finally she decided in favour of my enlightenment.

"Yes," she said. "I would. If I had a husband, I would not want him to show that he knew there were any other women in the world. I would want to be always first—always everything." She paused—a little breathless; but it was plain that she could say more.

"But after marriage," I began—

"Especially after marriage, I should think," she said gravely. "Before marriage, a girl is as free as a man. After marriage, it must be his attentions—or none."

"Mrs. Campbell," I said irrelevantly, "let me take her to Mont Chevalier."

"Yes, but that was torture to her," said this plain-spoken person with great earnestness.

"Oh!" I said simply; but the irony of it was wasted.

"She knows," went on the young girl, with her eyes on the wide sea, "that there can never be any substitute for her husband's respect. But"—suddenly breaking off—"you know all this as well as I do, and you are only pretending to tease me."

"Indeed, and I do not," I answered truthfully. "And I should like an answer to one more question. If you three stay here, why should not I go on?"

"You must do as you think best," she said stiffly. She had opened her soul enough to a scoffer.

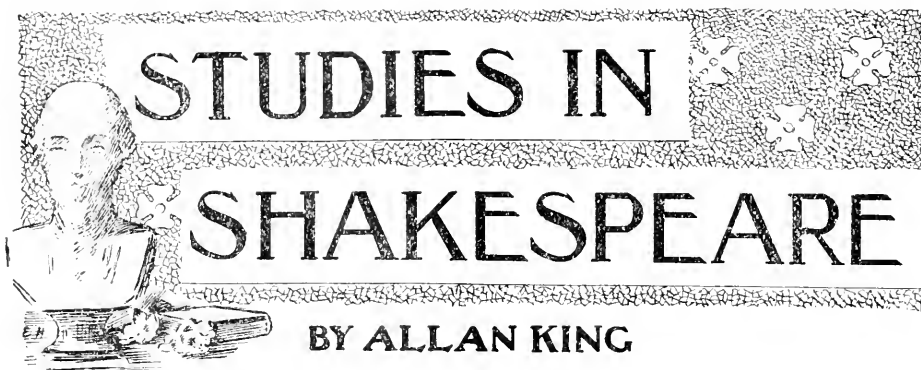
"Are you afraid that I shall make Jack miserable?" I persisted.

She smiled contemptuously, and I was led to say: "Oh! you don't care whether I do or not. He is only a man."

"I think Mrs. Campbell would prevent that," she said quietly. "But she wouldn't like you about. Something might remind Mr. Campbell of Mont Chevalier, and then he would be irritated, you know, and—well—you'll have to think it out for yourself," she suddenly flashed at me and went in.

The next day we four saw the Campbells off by train to Genoa, and a gayer party never shouted farewells to one another and good wishes for pleasant journeying. Then Miss Alice showed us all the places she had read of in San Remo, and let me learn incidentally several other things about women which are not to be read of at all. It was only Miss Bertram who kept me from following up this study to—well, to the ship-side anyway. But when we left Pisa for Rome, Miss B. told me that they were going to stay with a friend of hers there, and that she was sorry that there would be no room for me in the house. And she was right—it turned out that there was not even room for me in the drawing-room of an evening, and they never seemed to know their plans a day ahead.

So I sought consolation from Marc Stewart, and he said that I did not need it, for I had already had "my bridal trip." But I think that, for once, he was misled by appearances. A certain slim girl who once had a passion for San Remo, knows better; she knows that I was only a pawn in Mrs. Jack's game. And sometimes I wonder if she thinks I am ever to have a "bridal trip." But I shall have to go to a higher authority than Marc Stewart to learn that.



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

I—HIS USE OF BIRDS

THESE papers were prepared chiefly for the young reader and for those beginning the study of literature, with the purpose of pointing out the great store of information and of pleasure to be derived from a careful and systematic study of Shakespeare's works. A cursory reading of his plays will afford only a very temporary pleasure. The reader who reads his plays as he would read most modern novels, will find himself in the situation of the child who, trying to catch the summer shower in his outstretched hands, discovers that it has nearly all run through his fingers.

The student of Shakespeare, as he proceeds with his work, will be reminded of a stately palace, noble in design and perfect in symmetry. On a closer examination of it he will find that each stone is a work of art in itself, of a curious and cunning workmanship, and differing from each other stone in design and structure. In order to grasp the secret of the grandeur, and symmetry, and beauty of the structure, he must pull it to pieces and study it carefully in detail. He will find, however, that in the very act of pulling it to pieces and studying it carefully in detail he is best performing the work of reconstruction.

Some day he will find that he has erected for himself an Aladdin's palace, towering and beautiful, perfect in every part—no, not perfect in every part. The earnest student will find that he

has not penetrated to the very heart of the builder's secret, that the clue to the complete interpretation of his works was buried with Shakespeare, and he will fully appreciate the words of the poet who said in another connection:

"Ah, who will lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain,
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,
Unfinished must remain."

Eckermann, in his "Conversations of Goethe," tells of a conversation about Shakespeare in which he says "Goethe then showed me a very interesting English work, which illustrated all Shakespeare in copper plates. Each page embraced in six small designs one piece, with some verses written underneath, so that the leading idea and the most important situations of each work were brought before the eyes. All these immortal tragedies and comedies thus passed before the mind like processions of masks. It is even terrifying, said Goethe, to look through these little pictures. Thus are we first made to feel the infinite wealth and grandeur of Shakespeare. There is no motive in human life which he has not exhibited and expressed."

He has laid the birds and the insects and the flowers under contribution to illustrate and explain his characters and their surroundings. A very earnest but somewhat amusing discussion has been carried on over the question of whether or not Shakespeare had a scientific knowledge of nature. A

writer in an English magazine argued through some thirty pages that he had only the scappiest knowledge of natural history; and a member of a Natural History society in Ireland, in a book on the insects of Shakespeare, pronounced his knowledge of natural history to be singularly exact. Does it matter at all whether he was or was not a scientific naturalist? If the student wishes to know the length of a bird's wing, the colour of its plumage, its migratory habits, or whether it is a song or game bird, or if he should wish to know about flowers, how and where they grow, are there not text books without number where he can get the required information to the last detail?

In the plays of Shakespeare the student will, however, find the birds in a setting in which he will not find them in the text books. He mentions about forty birds in his plays, and it is a somewhat curious fact, and perhaps in a measure illustrates the extent to which he has in many ways been imitated by later English poets, that they have not added a dozen to the number used by him.

The raven and the crow are pre-eminently his birds of ill-omen. Lady Macbeth, almost immediately after hearing that the King was to lodge at her husband's castle, and at the moment that the thought comes to her mind that he will be in their power, utters the following:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements." (Act I, sc. 5.)

After the murder of Duncan has been accomplished, Macbeth makes up his mind to plunge still deeper into crime and to put Banquo and his son Fleance out of the way. He gives Lady Macbeth a hint of his intention—tells her that a deed of dreadful note is to be done. She asks him "what's to be done?" Macbeth answers:—

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
night;
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale; light thickens and the

crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and
drowse;
While night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.
Thou marvellest at my words: but hold thee
still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves
by ill." (Act III, sc. 2.)

And after the banquet has been broken up by Macbeth's vision of Banquo's ghost, and Lady Macbeth (the fear being upon her that in his madness he may disclose even more of their crimes than he has already done) said to the guests:

"At once good-night;
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once." (Act III, sc. 4.)

And here again this wonderful woman gives an exhibition of the iron nerve which she possessed. Fresh from the horror of the banquet scene where Macbeth all but disclosed his share in the murders of the King and Banquo, and not knowing what further act of folly he may be guilty of, she, in a fit of momentary excitement, asks the guests to go at once. In response to the courteously-worded leave-taking of Lennox, who says "Good-night, and better health attend his Majesty," she immediately gains control of herself and fulfils all the demands of courtesy. She is again the high-bred and kindly hostess and one can almost hear the level and kindly tones in which she says a kind good-night to all. But Macbeth is still a prey to his fears and the ghosts, and rooks and magpies chase each other through his brain. Still seeing the ghost he says:

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have
blood;
Stones have been known to move and trees
to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies, and choughs and rooks
brought forth
The secretest of man's blood." (Act III, sc. 4.)

Titus Andronicus is a play which many of Shakespeare's commentators would like to see struck from his list of

plays. It reeks with blood. Every evil passion to which man is heir finds expression in the play. The perusal of it gives one a sickening sensation. You feel that you have been decoyed into supping with the devil and that you were not supplied with a long-handled spoon.

One remark as to the authorship of the play may be ventured upon here, and that is, that the raven flies in this play oftener than in any other of his plays, and there is a strong family resemblance between them and the Macbeth ravens.

In the third scene of the Second Act, Demetrius and Chiron come upon their mother, Tamora, in the forest, in company with Bassanius and Lavinia, just after these two have been pointing out to her in somewhat vigorous language the evil course which she has been pursuing. Tamora, in answer to her son's question, "Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?" answers as follows :

"Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they showed me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

And Lavinia, when she finds herself in the hands of Demetrius and Chiron, appeals first to Tamora. When she finds her pitiless, she appeals in turn to Demetrius and Chiron to spare her. Finding them both as unrelenting as their mother, and giving up hope of rescue she, partly soliloquizing and partly in appeal, says:

"'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark;
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!"
(Act II, sc. 3.)

But the raven in this play carries us through such scenes of deviltry that we will not follow him farther.

But perhaps there is no passage in his plays where the raven is used with more effect than in *Othello*. Iago, with devilish ingenuity and skill, proceeded from innuendo to the specific instance of the lost handkerchief which, in Othello's excited state carried conviction to his mind, and to rivet it beyond the possibility of chance Iago returns to it again and again. In the first scene of the Fourth Act he says:

Her honour is an essence that's not seen:
They have it very oft that have it not:
But for the handkerchief—
OTHELLO.—By heaven, I would most gladly
have forgot it.
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—

One of the most amusing scenes in Shakespeare is set forth in Act III, s. 1, of the first part of *Henry IV*. Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower, are met to consider ways and means to carry on the rebellion which they are about to raise against King Henry IV. Glendower is full of the superstition, which to this day seems to be in the atmosphere of his own Welsh mountains, and full to the very brim with a sense of his own importance. Hotspur, although he was impetuous, was clear-headed and practical, and he lost patience with Glendower when he persisted in telling him that at his nativity the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets, and that at his birth the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward.

Glendower, pursuing the boasting strain, said:

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
HOT.—Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
GLEND.—Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.
HOT.—And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil by telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil."

Some further discussion took place between Percy and Glendower, when Mortimer, wishing to preserve the peace between them, says:

"Fie, Cousin Percy, how you cross my father!
HOTSPUR.—I cannot choose: sometimes he
angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and
'well, go to';

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom."

In the *Winter's Tale*, when Leontes has imposed upon Antigonus the duty of casting his child "to some remote and desert place quite out of our dominions, and that there thou leave it, without more mercy to its own protection and favour of the climate." Antigonus, having in his mind the same trait of the ravens, which Lavinia had when she says that "Some say that ravens foster forlorn children," accepts the hated task.

ANT.—I swear to do this, though a present
death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. (Act II, sc. 3.)

Henry V. is said to have been Shakespeare's ideal King and, to enhance the glory to the English at the battle of Agincourt, he puts into the mouth of Grandpre, one of the French lords, a description of the English army which should in the chance of battle, other things being equal, have given the victory to the French. Looking over the English host he points out their pitiable condition:

"Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favoredly become the morning field;

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared
host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand, and their
poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides
and hips,

The gum down-roking from their pale-dead
eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and
motionless:

And their executors the knavish crows
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour."

(Act IV, sc. 2.)

In the play of *King Henry VI*, third part, the career of the ill-starred monarch Richard III, is foreshadowed by King Henry when he is informed by Richard III, then Duke of Gloucester, that he has killed his son for his presumption.

"Had'st thou been killed when first thou
did'st presume,

Thou had'st not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a
widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou was't born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night crow cried, boding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook
down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope;

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree."

(Act V, sc. 6.)

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, scene 2, Juliet in speaking of Romeo uses the raven to express entirely opposite opinions of her lover. It is the afternoon of her wedding-day, and she is in the garden thinking and saying that she longs for his coming:

"Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou
day in night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-
browed night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Before Romeo reaches her, however, he encounters her cousin Tybalt, who forces a fight upon him in the public street, and Tybalt is slain—an episode in the old Capulet-Montagu feud—which is reported to Juliet before Romeo reaches her. Her first impulse is to denounce her lover, and she pours out hot bitter words against him:

"O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven; wolfish-ravining lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O, nature, what had'st thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound?"

But better thoughts of Romeo come to her after she has given voice to her passion, which the nurse finds out to her cost, when presuming upon what she has heard Juliet just say—she exclaims:

"There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Shame come to Romeo!"
JUL.—"Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be
crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him!"

In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Bal-
thasar sings that very pretty song be-
ginning—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."

But Benedick does not like the sing-
er's voice and does not hesitate to say
so:

"And he had been a dog that should have
howled thus, they would have hanged him;
and I pray God his bad voice bode no mis-
chief. I had as lief have heard the night
raven, come what plague could have come
after it." (Act II, sc. 3.)

In the same play Beatrice and Bene-
dick are having a fling at each other,
in which Beatrice has clearly the best
of the encounter.

BENE.—Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it
is certain I am loved of all ladies, only
you excepted; and I would I could find
in my heart that I had not a hard heart;
for, truly, I love none.

BEAT.—A dear happiness to women: they
would else have been troubled with a per-
nicious suitor. I thank God and my cold
blood I am of your humour for that. I
had rather hear my dog bark at a *crow*
than a man swear he loves me.

BENE.—God keep your ladyship still in that
mind! So some gentleman or other shall
escape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT.—Scratching could not make it worse
an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENE.—Well, you are a rare parrot teacher.

BEAT.—A bird of my tongue is better than a
beast of yours.

BENE.—I would my horse had the speed of
your tongue and so good a continuer.
But keep your way, I' God's name; I have
done. (Act I, sc. 1.)

In *The Tempest*, Caliban coming into
the presence of Prospero and Ariel, in
one of his evil moods, salutes them in
characteristic fashion:

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feathers from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!" (Act I, sc. 2.)

The owl is largely in evidence, some-
times in the tragedies and occasionally
in the comedies. Lady Macbeth, in the
last scene of the first act of the play, in
answer to Macbeth's question: "If we
should fail?" answers:

"We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

And then she tells him what her part
in the carrying out of the crime is to be:

"When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard
journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only."

And then the understanding is ar-
rived at that Macbeth is to commit the
murder with the chamberlains' daggers,
and leave them all bloody in their bed,

so that it may appear to the inmates of the castle and to the public that the King's own guards murdered him.

Lady Macbeth is waiting in the court of the castle the re-entrance of Macbeth, who is even now about the deed. Her nerves are strung to the highest tension. She is playing a desperate game for a high stake. Everything hangs upon the success of the plot. She felt the necessity of taking some of the wine which she gave the guards. She drops into a soliloquy:

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die."

MACB. (within)—Who's there? What, ho!

LADY MACBETH—Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed

Confound us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready.

He could not miss 'em.

Had he not resembled my father as he slept I had done't.

(Enter Macbeth). My husband!

MACBETH—I have done the deed. Did'st thou not hear a noise?

LADY M.—I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. (Act II, sc. 2.)

And in the witches' cauldron the second witch contributes as her offering to make the charm firm and good—

"Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and *owlet's* wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell broth boil and bubble."

(Act IV, sc. 1.)

In the second part of *King Henry VI.* the Duchess of Gloucester consults Bolingbroke, a conjurer, and Margery Jourdain, a witch, as to the course she should pursue, and the fate of her enemies in the intrigues which were being carried on amongst the noblemen in Henry's Court. Bolingbroke is a master of his art, as shown by his speech in answer to the Duchess's request, that the ceremonies of the witchcraft be proceeded with at once:

BOLINGBROKE.—Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech owls cry and ban-dogs howl,

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

(Act I, sc. 4.)

King Lear, when his daughter Goneril misuses him, and asks that he cut down his train of attendants from one hundred to fifty, leaves her home in anger, and proceeds to test the hospitality of her sister Regan, with the fullest confidence that he will be received with open arms. Regan will not see him, sends excuses, and when he forces his way into her presence, he is advised by her to return to Goneril and submit to her terms. It began to dawn upon the old King, that his court jester was right, when taking advantage of the privilege of his class, he practically told him that he played the fool in dividing his kingdom between his two daughters, reserving nothing for himself but what their charity was willing to afford him. From the bitterness of his heart he answers Regan:

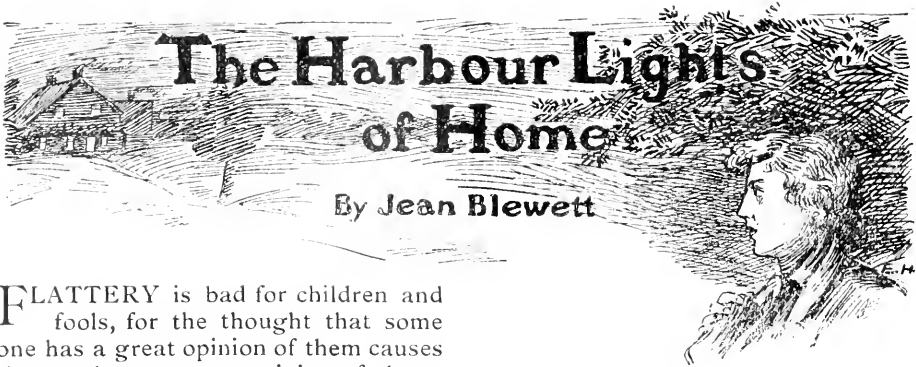
"Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—

Necessity's sharp pinch!" (Act II, sc. 4.)



The Harbour Lights of Home

By Jean Blewett

FLATTERY is bad for children and fools, for the thought that some one has a great opinion of them causes them to have a great opinion of themselves. Fred Harrison no longer belonged to the first class, and he would have deeply resented being relegated to the second, but truth is truth, and Fred was anything but a wise boy. There was some excuse for him. His mother was only a memory, and his father's sister, who, on the death of his mother, had come to the farm to cheer and help through the trying time, had the mistaken idea that to be good to a child you must give it everything it cries for. She brought Fred up. Had he been her own child she could not have loved him better. He was the brightness and the warmth of her life, even while he was the tyrant who ruled her, and worried her, and got his way with her on every occasion, and if at twenty he was as conceited and selfish as he was handsome and clever there is small wonder.

The father loved the boy well, but he was a self-contained, quiet man, little given to display of affection. He was disappointed in Fred, there was no denying the fact. Here was the boy twenty years old, and taking no more interest in the farm—as good a hundred acres as lay in Kent County, that garden of the Province of Ontario—than if it were not his birthright. Mr. Harrison could count up a score of neighbours whose sturdy sons had taken to farming as a matter of course. It was a good life, a free and independent life; why could not that good-looking, good-for-nothing boy, with the smiling dark eyes of his dead mother, take to it? Why need he throw on airs, and talk of going out

into the world and making a name and place for himself? Name and place, indeed! His name was Fred Harrison, an honest name, and his place was on the homestead. Fred was a fool, and Mary Harrison, the weak-minded, loving spinster, was more than a trifle to blame.

Mary did not think her boy vain or foolish when he mapped out a great future for himself. In her eyes he was a lad of promise. She did not wonder that he rebelled against the commonplace life on the farm. When he spoke of leaving, her heart contracted with a sharp pain, but she owned to herself that he was right. He had talents which fitted him for any field. She would not have him hide his light under a bushel. Still, when he came to her one day at sunset to say that he had fully made up his mind, and was starting for a western city next morning, her face went white.

"The place will be lonesome as the grave without you," she said tremulously, as a vision of the years, the whole twenty years of her sojourn in her brother's house flashed before her. "And so soon, dear, so soon! Could'n't you put it off a while?"

"Not a day," he answered. "I've got an offer, and must close with it at once. Come and help me get my things together."

He turned to go to his room, but she did not follow him on the instant. "So soon!" She repeated the words over and over, pressing her hand to her bosom as though in pain.

"Come on," he cried with some im-

patience, "we'll never get through if we don't get a hustle on." Then noting the tears on her cheeks, "Now don't go making a fuss, Aunt Mary; I'm not the first chap that has gone out in the world to do for himself."

"The world is a big place," she answered wistfully, "a big place. I could find it in my heart to wish you were just a common, ordinary boy, instead of—of what you are," with a fond admiring glance.

Fred liked—nay loved, for though selfish and spoiled he had a heart—his aunt at all times, but never so well as when she spoke in this strain. "What!" he cried, with his winning smile, "rather have me follow the plough than follow the path to wealth and honour."

She sighed; the path of glory might lead him a long long way from home. Then she looked at him, and her eyes brightened. His handsome, determined face, his clever, intellectual, noble face, she told herself, was that face of a man who would make his mark, surely make his mark.

"I declare," she cried, "I'm 'most as ambitious for you as you are for yourself. How long before you'll come back?"

"When I've made my pile. You know what these country louts say of me, that I've got the big head, that I'm only going off because I'm too lazy to work—and all that. Well, I'll convince 'em to the contrary. When I come back to this corner of the earth I'll be a rich man, and a great one. Money alone won't satisfy me, I want to be known and—and honoured."

"Bless the boy!" cried Aunt Mary, and would have taken him to her bosom only that he eluded her. "I'll live to be proud of him yet; he'll be an honour to the name."

It did not cost Fred much to say good-bye to the old farmhouse, or to the couple who walked to the gate with him, and stood looking after him with eyes which shone with unshed tears.

"The Lord keep him, the bright, ambitious boy," murmured Aunt Mary.

"Now, the Lord be good to a young fool!" this from the father.

How they both missed him! All day Aunt Mary listened for his step and his whistle; the house, nay, the whole world, seemed so still.

When, at the end of the first year, they had not heard from him for some months, Aunt Mary made up her mind that he was coming home on a visit, and made great preparations. When he failed to put in an appearance she told herself, her brother, and the neighbours that she had been a foolish old woman to dream that a lad could make his fortune in a short twelvemonth.

"He is more apt to waste what he took with him than to make a fortune. Don't you be silly enough to go on building air-castles on that young man's prospects," said Mr. Harrison, giving her hand an affectionate pat. "You always thought more of him than he deserved."

"I can't bear you to talk like that," she cried; "he was good to me—in his way."

"Yes, in his way"; the old man's voice was sad—"and a poor kind of way it was. He took all the good out of you he could get, took all the good out of me he could get, and what did he give us back?"

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," she pleaded. "It's natural for young folks to think of themselves. If he was a bit thoughtless, what of it? And if he is too busy now making a name for himself to write as often as we'd like to hear, what of it?"

"The neighbours say he ought to be ashamed of himself,"—Mr. Harrison may have enjoyed hearing the loyal woman's defence of the absent, "neglecting us shamefully."

Aunt Mary smiled. There was pride and triumph in that smile. "My day for answering the neighbours is coming. When he arrives home, rich as all creation and a member of Parliament, maybe, or senator, or councillor—no, councillor isn't good enough—to boot, then I'll pay attention to the neighbours, and not before. It'll do

me a world of good to crow over them. I—I hope it isn't wicked of me, but I do enjoy thinking over what I'm going to say to those that have picked at my boy for nothing in the world, only that he's so much smarter than their boys."

"And if he comes home poor and of no account, what'll you find to say then?" asked her brother, giving her a sharp glance.

She winced. "Oh, I couldn't stand that at all!" she answered quickly. "I'm awfully ambitious for him; you don't know, you can't. A mother has notions a father never guesses of, and I'm just like his mother. I'm not afraid. Fred said he'd come back a man to be proud of, and I'm as certain in my own mind he will, as though I saw his carriage coming up the drive, and him wearing his silk hat and shaking his pretty curls. Go 'long, you and your Job's comforting—I wish you had my faith in him."

"It may be that pride of yours helped to get all sorts of fool notions in his head," he grumbled. "A woman with ambitions for herself, or somebody else, is pretty sure to make a mess of things."

Aunt Mary refused to be cast down. All through the long months of the second year she kept her love, her hope, and, above all, her pride. But she was homesick for the wanderer. She had not been well of late, and the hours of enforced idleness were spent in the room at the head of the stair—the room which held Fred's bed and old-fashioned bureau, and such of his belongings as he had left behind. Here she sat and dreamed her day-dreams; here she kneeled beside the bed, praying for Fred's safe return. The old do not shed tears easily, but often the white counterpane was wet where her head had bowed. Her heart would not still its longing.

And one day, when crimson and golden October was on the world, the hero came. Aunt Mary's eyes were dim, but they could never mistake that slender figure. There was no carriage at the gate—what was it she had boast-

ed to her brother, and to the neighbours, one and all?

Yet, it was Fred. His step was not so jaunty, nor his head so high as when he went out the lane, almost two and a half years ago, but she knew him, as far as she could see him, and was off to meet him as fast as her old feet could carry her.

Rich! honoured! great! what did she care? He was her own boy, her own boy—the same old Fred—no, not the same. She knew that as soon as they were close enough together to fold their arms about each other. This was a boy who had learned his lesson, and found out by experience that love of self leads to many pit-falls.

"I, I'm a failure, Aunt Mary," he said, putting back her kindly face that he might feast his eyes on it. "The biggest failure you ever saw in all your born days, that's what I am."

Then and there Aunt Mary made a bonfire of her pride and ambition, a bonfire that glowed and flamed in her fond and foolish heart, and lighted her eyes and brought the shine to her face. Oh, these glorious illuminations!

"It doesn't matter," she whispered, laughing and crying together. "You are here, and that is enough. As for being a failure—"

"What's that about failure?" broke in a cheery voice, "'tis failure that makes the man sometimes." If Fred had come home a success that man with the iron-grey hair and stern face would never have hurried out to meet him, never have given him that look of love and welcome. "Glad to see you home, boy."

Fred laid his arm on his father's shoulder. "And home to stay, dad," he said, "the farm is good enough for me."

There was a break in his voice which neither the aunt nor the father pretended to notice.

"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," said the latter, "and we'll keep it in a manner good to see. Pumpkin pies, doughnuts, turkey, eh, boy?" giving Fred a punch in the ribs. "Get your appetite up. Your aunt hasn't taken a

bit of comfort out of cooking since you left—nor out of anything else for that matter."

Not much sentiment in the greeting, but they looked into each other's faces and felt nearer of heart than they had felt since the days when one was a child.

"It seems like old times," said Aunt Mary that night as she potted about Fred's room, putting things to rights, "exactly like old times. I'm making believe to myself that you're a little chap in a white nightgown again. Come and kneel here by the bed and say your prayers. No, don't hang back. You may have forgotten to say them sometimes when you were away off among strangers, I daresay you have, but now you're back to old ways. That's it, that's it; now pop into bed, and I'll tuck the covers around you. Sakes alive! you needn't be so modest as all that. There," laughing softly to

herself, "I'm looking out of the window. When you're in, say 'ready,' like you used to say when we played hide-and-seek."

"You're the best woman in the world," he cried, as she finished her labour of love, and laid her cheek to his, "the very best. I've never loved you half enough, but I will, I will."

He was only a boy, and if he put his arms about her and cried on her bosom it was only natural. "Do you know," he went on, "I seem to have had a bad dream and wakened up—"

"Right here in your father's house," she broke in. "Right here in your old aunt's arms. God has been good to us all—if I had a voice I'd sing the doxology till I was hoarse. Good-night, dear, home is the place to rest in, home is the place to feel safe in and grow strong in. Home," pushing the curls back and kissing his forehead, "is the sweetest spot this side of heaven."

A SETTLER'S GRAVE, LAKE OF BAYS, MUSKOKA

FAR on the outflung headland thou dost lie
 Silent and lone, the lonelier for thy kin;
 Here they have railed thy rotting tombstone in,
 And here a thousand times they pass thee by.

Theirs the unwistful, unilluminated eye,
 To whom the earth is earth, who never win
 A whisper'd word from Heaven when suns begin,
 But toil and sleep;—these live, and thou dost die!

Or is it death to leave the ways of men
 And lie upon the headland with no sound
 Save for the brooding love that covers glen
 And lake and forest in its vast profound,
 While the gulls shrill their secrets to thy breast
 And on the boughs above the redbirds nest?

G. Herbert Clarke



OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

THIRD PAPER

By ELSIE A. DENT

In the silent depth of space,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Glittering with a silver flame
Through Eternity,
Rolls a great and burning star
With a noble name,
Alcyone.

In the glorious chart of heaven
It is marked the first of seven;
'Tis a Pleiad:
And a hundred years of earth
With their long-forgotten deeds have come and gone,
Since that tiny point of light,
Once a splendour fierce and bright,
Had its birth
In the star we gaze upon.
It has travelled all that time—
Thought has not a swifter flight—
Through a region where no faintest gust
Of life comes ever, but the power of Night
Dwells stupendous and sublime,
Limitless and void and lonely.

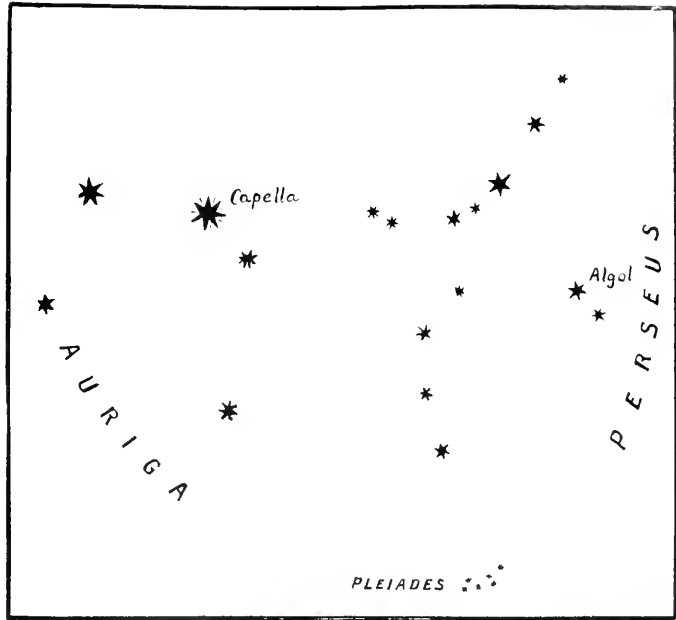
—Lampman.

IN the eastern evening skies—glittering, twinkling, shimmering, as only Tennyson can describe them, “like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid”—shine the ever lovely Pleiades. This group has from the earliest times been looked upon with peculiar regard—indeed veneration—by all nations. Centuries before the existence of calendars or of time-pieces save the sun, or of astronomical instruments save the horizon, the risings and settings of the “Seven Sisters” were phenomena observed by the ancients with an interest so keen that no modern observer can form any conception of it. To the soldier, the mariner, the merchant and the husbandman, the rising of the Pleiades with the sun heralded the approach of spring and the opening of navigation. To these men the genial influences of the returning sun meant the breaking up of dreary camps, the awakening of commerce, the mellowing of the soil and the clothing of hill and vale with verdure. This

is probably the meaning of the reference in the book of Job to “the sweet influences of the Pleiades.” Indeed, all primitive peoples seem to have had a special reverence for the little group. The Druids, the Mexicans and the Peruvians, amongst others, connected it in some mysterious manner with the souls of the departed, and every November, when the cluster was passing overhead at midnight, ceremonies were held in honour of the dead and of the Pleiades, ceremonies which eventually became the Christian commemoration of All Saints’ Day. Six stars are usually visible to the naked eye, and on a fine, clear moonless night a dozen may be counted. A three-inch telescope, however, finds about ninety, and the camera more than two thousand. The group forms part of the Constellation of Taurus, the Bull, now not far above the horizon, the fine red star Aldebaran in the eye of the Bull being very conspicuous. The seven brightest stars of the Pleiades were named in honour of the

seven daughters of Atlas, all of whom had gods for their suitors save one, Merope, who so far forgot her state as to wed a mortal, for which reason her star shines with a dim and obscured lustre among those of her sisters. The brightest star in the cluster is Alcyone, the subject of Lampman's fine poem.

The lovely white star which has been skirting the tree-tops on the north eastern horizon during the autumn evenings, Capella, is now mounting toward the zenith. Auriga, the Waggoner or Charioteer, is a fine constellation to examine with a glass, as it contains some pretty clusters which come into view where the unassisted eye sees only misty-looking little spots. The gem of the constellation is, of course, Capella, a star whose composition, the spectroscope tells us, is closely allied to that of our sun, but so much larger is it that if it were placed as near the earth as is the sun, its splendour alone would overpower us, as we should be blinded by a light sixty times greater than that to which we are accustomed. According to a very high authority, Capella is twenty-nine "light years" from the earth. That means that the creamy light by which we see the star has been twenty-nine years travelling through space to our vision, and that should anything occur this evening to blot Capella from the face of the sky, terrestrial star-gazers would be ignorant of the fact until 1931, when there would suddenly cease to be the faintest gleam of light to mark Capella's former place in the heavens.



AURIGA, THE PLEIADES AND PERSEUS

Another interesting feature about Capella is this—that, although no telescope has ever revealed the fact, we know it to be a binary. The wonderful spectroscope alone proves this, and shows that the revolving companions lie about eight million miles apart. Their light is so commingled, however, that no telescope at present in use is able to separate the components.

Aries, the Ram, a most important constellation, lies a little to the south and west of the Pleiades. Three stars in a crooked line form the most prominent components of the group. Gamma, the faintest of the three, lies a little below the other two which are parallel with the horizon, and is a lovely golden-white double, even in a small telescope. Aries is believed to represent the ram in quest of whose golden fleece Jason led the Argonauts.

Not far from the Pleiades, but to the westward, an irregular line of stars will be noticed sweeping around just south of Aries and Pegasus, with a branch running north into the domain of Andromeda. This is the incon-

spicuous constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, which in the old engravings were represented as tied by the tails with a long ribbon. Though they are not of more than the third magnitude in brightness, it is not difficult to trace the stars forming the configuration, as this part of the sky is comparatively free from bright stars.

Still further from the Pleiades and below Pisces and Aries, a vast kite-shaped figure will be seen. This is Cetus, the Whale, Andromeda's sea-monster. The interesting feature of this group is the star Mira, justly called "the Wonderful" on account of its strange variability. It changes from the second to the ninth magnitude and back again to the second in about eleven months, and is visible to the naked eye only three months of its period. Should a tithe of such a variation occur in the light and heat-giving power of our own sun, the lovely fertile planet upon which we dwell would, by the alternate action of fierce frost and heat as we do not know them, be rendered as bare of life as a meteorite in less than a year.

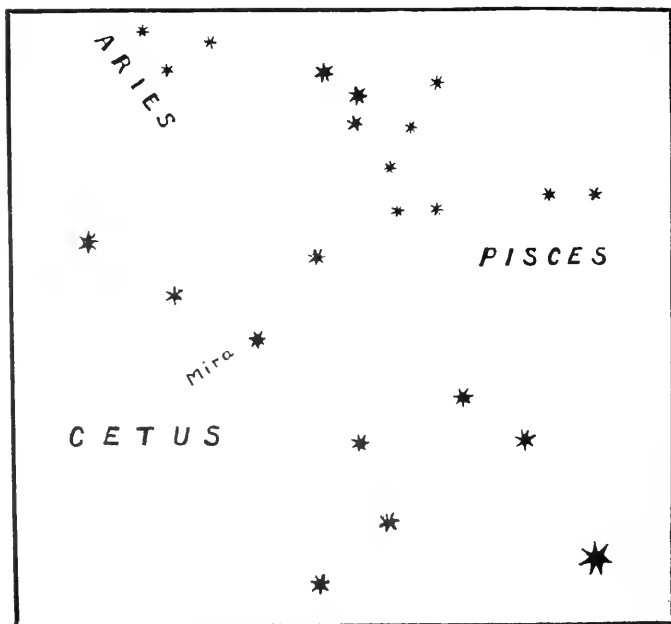
West of Cetus and directly south of Pegasus lies Aquarius, the Water-bearer, a very ancient constellation. Through long centuries Aquarius has been represented on the charts as a gigantic man pouring a river of water from an urn into the mouth of a fish. The stream of water is indicated by a lovely wavy line of stars, and the mouth of the fish by the splendid star Fomalhaut, a word which means "fish's mouth."

The Constellation of Pisces Australis, the mighty Southern Fish, is not well seen in Canadian latitudes, but its position is indicated by Fomalhaut, which rides across the southern sky in splendid isolation during the autumn months.

To the west of Aquarius, and just above the horizon, lies the Constellation of Capricornus, the Sea-goat. One account of its origin is that Bacchus was feasting on the banks of the Nile one day when the giant Typhon appeared and so frightened him that he changed himself into a goat and plunged into the river, where he remained so long that the part of his

body which was under water took on the shape of a fish. Alpha (α) is a naked-eye double, and Beta (β) a lovely opera-glass double; the larger star is golden-yellow and its companion bright blue. The stars in this constellation are all dimmed at present by comparison with the splendid visitor who has made his abode among them for the last eight months—the planet Jupiter.

About half-way between Capricornus and Lyra, and quite near the



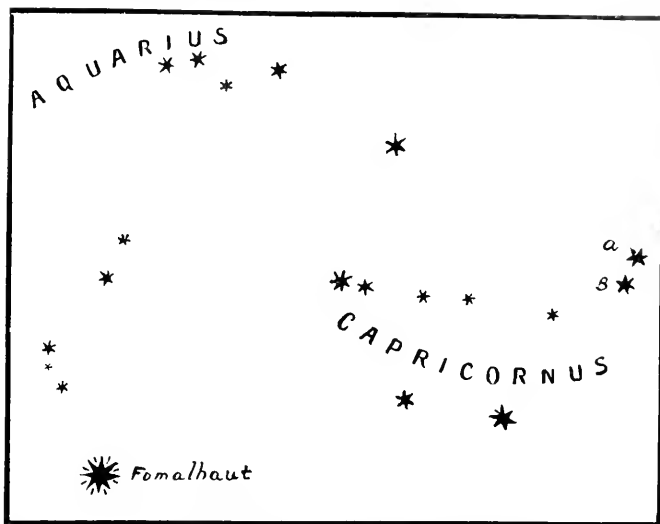
ARIES, PISCES AND CETUS

western horizon, three stars in a straight line seem to form a celestial pointer to Vega. The middle one we already know, the bright star Altair. The three stars are the most prominent features of the Constellation of Aquila, the Eagle.

Near by will be noticed a little diamond-shaped group known as Delphinus, the Dolphin. Arion, a famous lyric poet and musician, while journeying from Sicily to Corinth, was beset by the sailors on board the ship, who had resolved to murder him for his gold. Unable to move them from their intention, he begged a last favour—permission to play a tune on his instrument, and this being granted, he played so wild and plaintive a melody that the dolphins sporting in the sea were attracted by the sweet strains. Seeing this, he leaped overboard, when one of them caught and carried him safely home. This story we know must be true, because up there on the sky is *the identical dolphin*. If, however, there be some sceptical reader to whom this evidence is not convincing, he may call it by another name, "Job's Coffin," the origin of which he will find to be an interesting topic of research for his leisure hours.

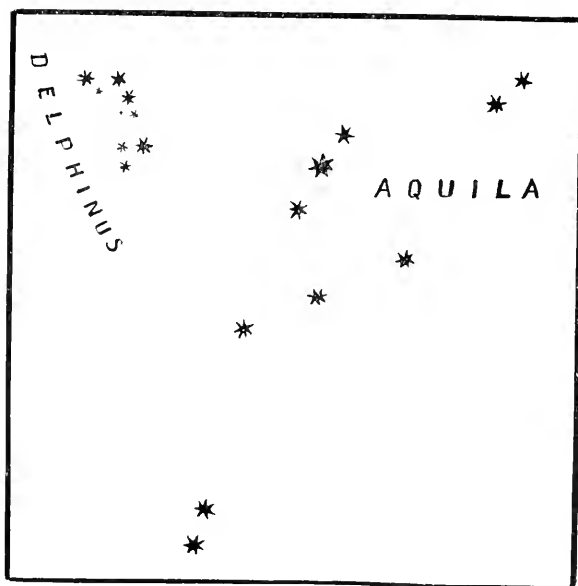
NOVEMBER PREDICTIONS

The moon will be full on the 15th and new on the 29th of the month.



AQUARIUS AND CAPRICORNUS

In the course of the year the orbit of the earth cuts through or nearly touches upon the paths of many systems of meteors. One such system from Perseus was passed when the August meteors were seen. Another, but from the Constellation of Leo, will be passed about the 13th of this month. This



AQUILA AND DELPHINUS



FOUR PICTURES OF MARS MADE BY BARNARD WITH THE GREAT LICK TELESCOPE—FROM NEWCOMB'S "ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY"

display is not usually brilliant, and the full moon will probably very largely neutralize whatever there may be this year. Still another stream, this time from Andromeda, and possibly a very fine one, will be encountered about the end of the month. Phenomena to be noted in respect of meteoric showers are, the number of meteors seen, the moment of their appearance, their colour, the direction in which they are travelling, their size (that is, in comparison with the bright stars and planets), how long they are visible, how they disappear (whether by bursting or by fading from sight), and whether they leave trails behind them.

Mercury is a morning star, rising about an hour before the sun in the east-south-east, and may be seen about the 4th at daybreak, a little north of the point where the sun will rise.

Mars is a morning star, and may be seen rising in Leo in the east-north-east about one o'clock a.m. Mars is probably the planet most like the earth in physical conditions, there being evidence of the existence of air, land, water, and clouds as well as snow and ice. The first edition of the *Palace of Art* contained the lines which have become famous as a description of some of the wonders revealed by the telescope:

She saw the snowy
poles of moonless
Mars,
That marvellous
round of milky
light
Below Orion, etc.

"Moonless Mars" was quite

correct so far as was known at that time—the year 1832. In 1877, however, two tiny satellites were discovered, but Tennyson had already withdrawn the lines from the poem in the course of his persistent and always artistic revision of his work. Mars is perhaps the most attentively observed of all the planets, the markings known as "canals" being the subject of heated controversy among men who have made them the subject of years of study. Many theories have been advanced to account for these peculiar features. Some observers believe them to be the work of intelligent beings who use them for the purposes of irrigation, while others think they are caused by areas of vegetation bordering on rivers and streams, themselves too narrow to be seen from the earth. Many other explanations are offered.



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH & CO.

TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF THREE CHEMICAL ENGINES

THE FIRE-FIGHTERS OF TORONTO

By Charles Lewis Shaw

THERE was a clang—clang—clang above the buzz and clatter of Yonge street—not the alarm bell we remember in our early days calling the whole community to wild excitement, but a business-like announcement of a "fire." Through its measured strokes, however, there were the tremulous notes of danger and appeal and the voices of the street seemed to soften. A slight shade of anxiety came into the faces of men and women, the

street cars stopped, the drivers of vehicles grew watchful, and the door of the fire-hall flew open and at full gallop down the street rushed the fire-fighters of Toronto,—and the bell in the tower clanged on while we counted the strokes. 'Twas only a few seconds since some one, three-quarters of a mile away, opened a small, red box on a street corner and caused nearly two hundred men to spring actively to attention, lashed forty horses



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF TWO WATER TOWERS



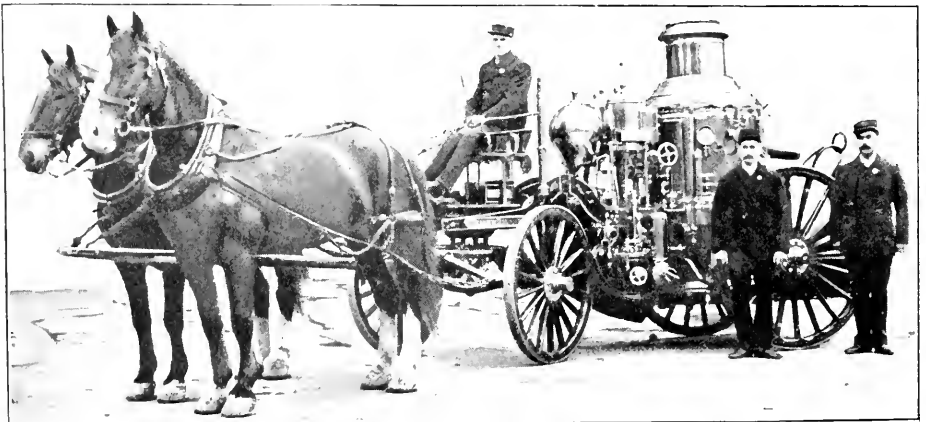
"THE CHEMICAL ENGINE WAS FIRST AND CAME FURIOUSLY ALONG"

bounding into harness and sent twenty steam engines, hose-reels, salvage waggons, and chemical extinguishers from the north, east and west, at full speed through the crowded streets towards the point telegraphed from the little, red box on the street

corner. A general alarm had been sounded.

Down Toronto's narrow main thoroughfare, crowded with the vehicles of the noon-day traffic, impassable in its centre through the succession of street cars on the dual tracks, down the lane of people lining the pavements, the iron-shod horses crash along the asphalt at full gallop while the gongs ring out their warning signals to those ahead. The chemical engine was first and came furiously along. The powerful horses on the steam fire-engine steadied down into a long, easy lope

that covered the ground quickly and fanned the fire under the boiler into fierce flame, while the smoke belched forth from the funnel, the long-ladder truck swayed ominously as its horses swung around a corner, but there was a man at the brake and con-



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF FIVE ENGINES



FROM A PAINTING AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH

FIGHTING A FIRE ON A WINTRY DAY

This picture shows the use of a "water tower," one of the latest additions to fire-fighting appliances. The water is supplied to it by two engines stationed at the nearest hydrants. It pours an immense stream into the upper stories of tall buildings, requires no wall for its support, and carries no attendants into dangerous positions.



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—THE CHIEF

trolling wheel that was prepared, and on they rushed where smoke could now be seen coming from one of the many-storied buildings of the wholesale quarter. That was all we saw in a minute of time, but in that minute we could see the most essential part of the practical working of a system, what years of effort, organization and science have almost perfected — speed.

The man from the country, my companion, was affected, as who is not by the warning challenge of the bells, the swirl of movement, the fever of fight against nature's fiercest destroyer of the works of man, inherent in us all and deeply marked on the strong faces of the fire-fighters that swept by us. He said, "Let us see it!" and we went. He little thought, none of us do, of the detail necessary to bring about a system that can call assistance from a point half a mile away to destroy a danger affecting not only the progress of a great business or the welfare of an hundred individuals but

the prosperity of a large city, for the crowded places of the world are becoming more crowded. He little thought, few of us do, that the highest order of intelligence and activity in both man and beast are necessary to protect us from the destruction of that which we have builded by intelligence and activity. Sometimes the forces of nature arise in their wrath and show how puny, after all, are the brains and efforts of man, and a Chicago is a heap of ashes or an island a mass of seething lava; but, except under extraordinary natural conditions, the resourcefulness of the human intellect is capable of coping with the preservation of its works as with their construction. From the ever-present danger of fire that intellect has builded up not only a defence as to financial loss that has made fire insurance one of the most potent factors in the money markets of civilization, but also a system which has practically minimized the dangers of fire to an extent that householders will not rise from their beds to watch the progress of a burning building a block away. During the year 1901, the Fire Department of Toronto responded to 655 alarms, and an idea of the immu-



A NOTED FOREMAN

ity from financial loss can be had from the report of the Fire Department for that year setting forth that :

Total loss by fire has been.....	\$ 122,126 53
With total insurance of.....	1,079,626 00
Insurance paid.....	113,014 53
Losses over insurance paid....	2,950 00
Losses on contents with no insurance.....	4,830 00
Losses on buildings with no insurance.....	1,332 00

Number of fires confined to the buildings in which they originated....	522
Number of fires extending beyond the buildings in which they originated.....	2
Number of fires in brick and stone buildings	244
Number of fires in frame buildings..	275
Number of fires other than building fires..	113

Strange it must have seemed to the man from the country, this fire-fighting in the city, with its narrow streets, its closely-clinging buildings with their storey-tiered heights, tortuous stairways, and draught-producing elevator shafts. And we clung close to the ropes strung across the street and watched the business-like activity of the firemen, strove to understand the seemingly unintelligible commands of the chiefs and foremen, and wondered at that peculiar fighting feeling that comes into the breast of man when the elements are at war. Didn't Burns write the greatest war-song of all time in a thunderstorm?

The smoke burst in continuous clouds from the uppermost windows, a flash of light leaped through the darkling mass, the angry crackling of the flames within could be heard. The mesmerism of the crowd around us with minds all set in forceful intensity on one thought, the panting of the fire-engines that seemed to beat in unison to the throbbing of your



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH & CO.

TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—CENTRAL STATION, LOMBARD ST.

own heart—all these things were impressive.

"It looks like a bad one," was whispered in my ear, and I saw the fingers of my companion clench and unclench, and a fierce fork of flame shot out through one of the windows past

and seemingly quenching the stream of water bursting through it. Blacker and blacker, and denser and denser grew the smoke. "There's chemicals in there," said a bystander, and a vague uneasiness came, but the fascination of battle was upon us. What if there were chemicals, nitro-glycerine, gunpowder, and lyddite, we would watch the battle, for was not our own kind fearlessly facing it to the teeth, blinded by smoke, tortured by heat, groping through the smoke-darkened passages of the unknown building to deal a blow at the heart of the destroyer? We would see it through with that dull British curiosity that wants to know even if it costs us our lives—that curiosity that has bleached the shores of the Seven Seas with the bones of our race and marked the trail of civilization through the jungles of India and the deserts of Africa. But more than that curious curiosity that mayhap is only animal, is the desire, also distinctively British, to see the fight through to a finish.

The trumpeted voice of a chief was heard. Another line of hose was quickly run out, a ladder was thrown up, two men quickly ascended with the branch pipe and disappeared through a window vomiting forth dark fumes of fire. The other side of the building had now become a mass of scorching flame, while foot by foot the firemen fought it. There was a roaring rattle, the stamp of horses' feet, a lane was hastily made through the crowd and the first of the reserve engines came tearing into position. The flames rolled higher, the roar and crackling of the fire became continuous. The crowd became silent in the face of the now awe-inspiring sight. The angry streaks of flame burst out from window after window licking savagely at the empty air. There was a shout that was half a scream from an hundred throats, "There's some one at the window!" And through the smoke the face of a woman, a janitor's wife possibly, or somebody wishing to save some household god, had taken a desperate chance with death to rescue it, and had

tarried too long. There was a restless movement in the crowd and the breathing of the men around us came thick and fast, there was an hysterical scream from a girl onlooker, some raving blasphemy from a drunken drayman who strove to get under the restraining rope, past the policeman, in a maniacal desire to rescue a woman. Whiskey had not altogether destroyed the man in him yet. The silence accentuated by the crackling of the fire became painful in its intensity, and strong men quivered and moaned in the intensity of feeling. There was a short, quick command; a ladder seemed to spring aloft, and before it touched the window-sill the dishevelled head of a woman could be seen on the shoulder of a fireman. She had fainted; and before the echo of the hysterical roar had died away she was on the ground and a doctor was bending over her in the ambulance driving hastily away in the direction of an hospital. The fire-fighters fight on, stream after stream is poured from every point of vantage, from aerial ladder, from roofs, from neighbouring buildings, from the outside and inside of the fire-stricken warehouse as yet untouched by flame. The battle has been fought for an hour and the issue is still in doubt. But the smoke-begrimed fire-fighters fight on, the engines pant unweariedly, the fire-chiefs' voices are hoarser, the clothing of their men are bedraggled and stained, and their faces smirched with the marks of the fray, but on they fight—for is not the safety of the commercial centre of Toronto at stake? They have forgotten that they are merely paid hirelings, the outcome of commercial progress. They are men fighting the fiercest fiend of nature to a finish. And the finish is not far off. The flames become less and less, and the water pours ceaselessly from a dozen nozzles closer and closer into the very heart of the fire, the salvage corps cease dragging bales and boxes and furniture from the building, the merchandise rescued is carefully tarpaulined and guards placed, and a restless, swaying motion comes into the densely packed crowd. The

firemen still work doggedly, for victory is in sight. The current of people slowly sets the other way, some of the engines and trucks return to their stations, the smoke of the smouldering building becomes less and less, the frameless windows no longer belch forth flame—the fire, as far as I and my companion are concerned, is over, and except for recuperation of men, horses and appliances, the watchfulness of a special detail of men and official reports is over as far as the firemen are concerned. The fire is no longer of supreme interest to anyone except owners and underwriters. To the firemen it was all in the day's work, and to the rest of us it was merely an exciting battle in which man had been victorious.

"Let us see how the wheels go round," said the man from the country who couldn't dismiss from his mind the impressions of the fire with the ease of the urban mind. And we saw the fire-halls of Toronto the next day.

There are sixteen fire stations, and at this time in the Department, fully manned and equipped, are the following apparatus:

5 Steam fire engines.

1 65-foot Champion water tower.

1 85-foot aerial turn-table hook and ladder truck and portable water tower combined.

1 65-foot aerial turn-table hook and ladder truck.

5 Hook and ladder trucks.

2 Four-wheeled, two-horse chemical engines.

1 Four-wheeled, two-horse combination hose and chemical engine.

14 Two-horse hose waggons, with fire extinguishers attached to each.

2 Hose carts.

1 Salvage waggon with 4,320 square feet of rubber covers.

1 Supply waggon.

SLEIGHS.

5 Hook and ladder truck sleighs.

12 Two-horse hose sleighs.

4 One-horse hose sleighs.

IN RESERVE.

1 Hook and ladder truck.

1 Hook and ladder truck sleigh.

1 Four-wheeled hose carriage.

1 Four-wheeled, two-horse chemical engine.

HORSES.

There are now in the Department 64 horses.

We took the statement of the Chief of the Department for the above, and went to one of the down-town stations and saw something of the way the wheels of the well-ordered machinery of fire-protection did go round.

"Horses," said one of the firemen, throwing open a door that had mystical springs and mechanism attached to it, "are as different as human beings," and the intelligent eyes of a magnificent horse looked inquiringly at us from his stall at the end of the main hall containing the engines and hose reels. "Now that one took only a few lessons to learn the whole business. Others are too nervous for the job, and again some are too stupid. Most of 'em when they get right down to it seem to enjoy an alarm. Sort of varies the monotony, same as with us. You see, the moment a call is telegraphed in from a box, through the way we've got these wires fixed to the electric current, it throws his door open, gives him a touch with the whip, his halter-rope drops off in his bound forward, and it doesn't take him many lessons to know that he has to stop under the harness at the reel or engine. By this time a gong rung by the same alarm from the box has wakened the boys upstairs and they come sliding down the pole, a spring is touched, the harness falls on the horse's back, a clasp is sprung on the collar, and in a fraction of a minute from the time the alarm was sounded at the box uptown the driver has the reins, the men are in their places on the engine, the horses jump out into the street, and the boys finish putting on their service togs. That's all there's to it," he said in a deprecatory sort of way as if he were sorry to disappoint us in not having something startling to tell. "You see what with electricity nowadays, that alarm at the box sets the whole thing agoing and does everything, ex-

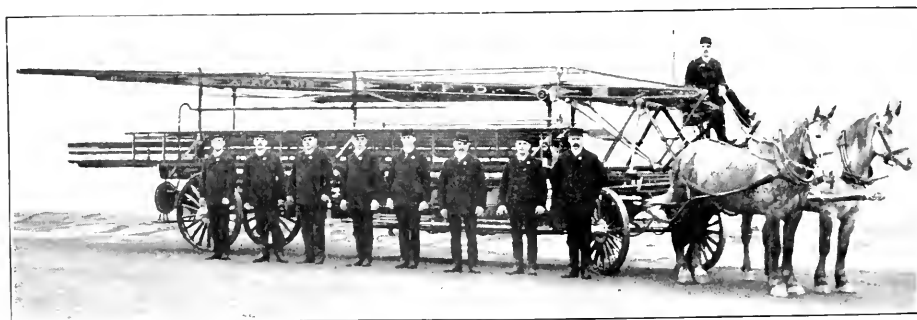


TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF FOURTEEN TWO-HORSE HOSE WAGGONS

cept clasp the horse-collar and drive the truck. We and the horses get into the trick, kind o' natural-like. It's surprising how soon you can find yourself on that ladder-truck after you're accustomed. When that bell sounds it sounds sort o' different to hearin' the wife yell up the stairs, 'John, breakfast's ready.' You lie down with half your clothes on kind of expectin' that if you don't get up just about that time that there may be several breakfasts that won't be ready later on. A fellow must unconscious-like think of the tinkle of the bloomin' thing in his sleep, for if he has been hard worked for a time he finds himself pullin' on his fire-boots, goin' like the mill-tail of sin on top of a truck two blocks away drifting out of a dream about home and mother twenty years ago. It's kind o' surprisin' at first, but you

get used to it." "Pretty dangerous work, isn't it sometimes?" said the man from the country with the hunger of his kind for the sensational. A perplexed look came into the fireman's face at the inquiry. "Well, yes, I suppose it could be reckoned so sometimes, but I guess that's what we're hired for."

The stalwart, impassive-looking fire-fighter did not know, perhaps, that in the homely phraseology of modern commercialism he had given voice to the sentiment of Nelson in his historic signal flung from the masthead of the *Victory* at Trafalgar and sounded the same note, the keynote of the life of Britain's greatest soldier, "I have only done my duty, my Lords," when thanked by King, Lords and Commons for a victory which changed the history of the world. We saw the firemen in the



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—AERIAL LADDER TRUCK, NO. 2

parade on Labour Day, and as the athletic, square-shouldered outfit came marching through the crowded street looking the manly men they are, there was no loud acclaim or chaffing banter. I have seen the little, lean fair-haired soldiers of Turkey parade the streets of Constantinople after a hard campaign, marching midst the blare of trumpets, disturbing the phlegm of the Oriental onlooker with the memory of their dashing daring in the Balkans. I have watched the sun-marked, care-worn faces of the British troops returning from the toil and bloodshed of the Soudan parading before the Khedive of Egypt midst the plaudits of the motley crowds of Cairo. I have seen the veteran Zouaves of Algiers swing along the boulevards of Paris midst the enthusiastic yells of the volatile mob.

I have walked beside the procession of fever-stricken men that staggered home from Santiago through the sympathetic cheering of a New York crowd. Regiment after regiment of British troops fresh from the front after daily battling with the Boers have passed me by in the crowds that welcomed their return, but somehow or other I thought the quiet murmur that followed the progress of the fire-fighters of Toronto down Yonge Street in the Labour Day parade was the deepest, the greatest, the most significant reception of all. For, through the crowd swept the thought of the five firemen who had fallen a few weeks before, not for the flags and traditions of a nation inflamed by destructive, selfish or vain-glorious lust, but simply and nobly—for Duty.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

MY little sweetheart has eyes of blue,
Clustering ringlets of flaxen hue,
Lips like cherries, teeth like pearls,
Brightest and bonniest girl of girls.
The dimples play in her rippling smile
At hide-and-seek, with witching guile ;
Clearer the bird-song, brighter the day,
When little sweetheart passes my way.

My little sweetheart, to thee I pay
My fervent homage of love to-day.
All I have, ask, it is thine,
Be it product of ocean or mine,
Or fabric rich from some Eastern land.
My Queen art thou, speak thy command.
Nothing but dolly?—'tis plain to see,
That little sweetheart is only three.

James F. B. Belford

The Ways ^{of the} Woodcock

By C.W. Nash



THE time has passed never to return when a good day's woodcock shooting could be had in Ontario; for this, the best of our game birds, seems to be upon the verge of extinction. Until about ten or fifteen years ago a fair shot, with good spaniels, could, in most parts of our Province, be reasonably sure of making a bag of from six to eight brace of cock in a day. In these days a man is lucky who gets that number in an entire season. The blame for the excessive destruction of woodcock cannot, however, be justly laid upon our shoulders. In the old days when July and August shooting was legal, undoubtedly a good many birds were killed which would have been better left until later in the season, but I do not think that the amount of summer shooting done here had an appreciable effect upon their numbers.

In summer woodcock are distributed over a wide area, their breeding range extending over the northern and middle tiers of the United States east of the ninety-seventh degree of longitude, Nova Scotia, the greater part of New Brunswick, the southern portions of Quebec and Ontario and the south-eastern corner of Manitoba. In the winter they are concentrated in the Southern States, particularly in Louisiana and Georgia. It is in these States that the excessive destruction takes place. No protection whatever is there afforded the birds, nor is any restriction placed upon the sale or shipment of them. They are netted, trapped and slaughtered in every possible way in order to supply the demand for them

by epicures in the cities of the North, where a high price is always obtainable for them. Vast numbers are occasionally destroyed in their winter quarters by the cold storms which occur in these regions towards spring.

The woodcock is an early migrant, the first usually arriving in Southern Ontario about the last week in March, the main flight reaching us in April. After their arrival here they must sometimes endure sharp frosts and a shortage of food. At such times they probably find sufficient insects to maintain life by turning over dead leaves and by probing the mud around protected springs which never freeze. As soon as the frost goes out of the ground the earthworms, which form the staple food of the woodcock, work up to the surface and then the birds find food in sufficient abundance to satisfy their voracious appetite, and this, by the way, is no easy matter, for a six-ounce woodcock will eat about eight ounces of worms every day.

It is not often that a woodcock may be observed in the act of feeding because, for the most part, they feed at night. During the daylight hours they are to be found only in thick cover where it is quite impossible to steal upon them without being heard or seen. Sitting still in a woodcock cover in summer, when the mosquito crop is abundant and deer flies are both numerous and persistent, is a species of martyrdom no man can endure. I have, however, on several occasions, more by good luck than good management, been fortunate enough to see the

birds feeding in their own haunts and once kept a wing-tipped bird loose in the garden for some time.

In the summer and early autumn the woodcock probe the rich black muck of the swales, oozy banks of streams and the loose soil of the cornfields for their favourite earthworms, leaving as evidence of their presence a good show of borings in the ground. These "borings," if fresh, are to the initiated sportsman an almost certain sign that there are birds either upon the ground or not far off. If he is wise in "the ways of woodcock" and knows his ground the rest will be comparatively easy.

When a woodcock bores for worm its manner and method is the very reverse of that assumed when energetically and fussily turning over the autumn leaves. Its boring operations are carried out sedately and with great deliberation as if the bird was then engaged in the real serious business of its life. When on good feeding ground it walks quietly along, turning its head from side to side apparently listening and watching intently; then it stops for a second quite still as if its attention had been arrested by some sign. Suddenly its long beak is driven into the moist earth and, by a series of thrusts, is buried to its base. In this position it may remain for a moment, or the beak may be immediately withdrawn and again quickly driven into the ground close to the former boring. This may be repeated until five or six borings have been made in a space no larger than a man's hand. At other

times only one or two borings will be made without moving. Sometimes I think a small worm is captured and swallowed while the beak is still in the ground. At other times the worm is pulled out and absorbed as it reaches the surface. A single bird will make an astonishing number of borings in a night, so that if no rain falls to obliterate old borings, a piece of ground which only holds one or two birds will in a few days be so bored over as to give an uninitiated sportsman the idea that he has struck a perfect bonanza.

I doubt if there is any form of animal life more wonderfully adapted to its surroundings than is the woodcock. Its colour so perfectly harmonizes with the ground on which it rests that it is but very rarely seen sitting. Its large, dark, liquid eyes enable it to see perfectly in the dark covers it haunts by day and in the twilight when it flies in search of feeding ground. Being set far back and near the top of the bird's head they are protected from injury when the beak is thrust into the



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A WOODCOCK AT SUNSET

ground, while at the same time the woodcock is able to see everything that goes on around it. Its beak is long and so shaped that it can be easily driven into the soil, and it is furnished with a system of nerves with which it can discover its proper prey as far as it can reach underground. The upper mandible of the beak, too, is quite flexible and can be opened from the tip half way up, leaving the base closed; this peculiarity does not seem to have been noticed by sportsmen or

cock could be a songster, yet it has some claims to be considered a musician. At any rate, the male when inspired by love does produce a song which is superior to that of many of our birds which are classed as warblers. As soon as the frost has quite left the ground and the season's food supply is assured, the male woodcock goes a-wooing, and it is then that his love-song comes trembling and vibrating to our ears through the misty atmosphere of a spring evening. No



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A WOODCOCK BORING IN MARSHY GROUND

writers on ornithology, but can easily be tested. If the back of the head of a woodcock be pressed with the thumb just where the neck is inserted, the forward part of the upper mandible will open and curve upward, evidently being controlled by the muscles of the neck. This enables the bird to grasp a worm whilst the beak is inserted to its base in the soft ground and explains its ability to perform what has to most people seemed an impossible feat.

Judging from appearances only, one would hardly imagine that the wood-

cock could be a songster, yet it has some claims to be considered a musician. The bird commences his serenade on the ground by uttering a loud call several times. This call note is very much like that of the night-hawk. After a few moments he rises, producing as he does so the whistle of the wings so familiar to sportsmen. Up he goes in wide circles, until having attained the desired height (about fifty feet), the whistling of the wings stops and the song commences. This he continues as he descends in an erratic

zigzag course, until he is about fifteen feet from the ground, when the song ceases and the bird flies rapidly but silently in a straight line to near the spot he rose from, where no doubt the female for whose pleasure the proceedings were taken is awaiting him. In a short time the ground note will be uttered and continued until the bird is again inspired to repeat his aerial evolutions and song. This is kept up from early twilight until after dark every evening during the courtship and laying season. For the remainder of the year the only sound we hear produced by the birds is the peculiar whistle of their wings as they are flushed from covert.

After having mated, a loose nest is built, or, more properly speaking, put together on the ground in a dry place near the edge of the woods, frequently at some distance from any swamp or creek, and in it are deposited usually four eggs of a yellowish earthy colour, covered with dark brown blotches. As soon as the young are hatched they leave the nest, and follow their mother to the nearest stream or swamp having the necessary black, rich, oozy loam in which they love to bore. In such localities they remain together until the young are well able to fly, which generally happens about the first week in June, though on one occasion I found a family together on the first of July. The young ones in this brood were, however, able to fly sufficiently well to keep out of the way of my spaniel. It has been frequently stated by reliable observers that the female woodcock (both European and American), when disturbed with her young will transport one or more of them to some place of safety. Her method of doing this is to grasp the little one between her thighs close up to her body, and so holding it fly off and deposit it where she believes it safe from danger. I am sorry to say that though I have frequently put them up for the purpose of seeing this done, I have so far been unsuccessful, the female invariably fluttering off and counterfeiting injury to herself like a quail, and the young hid-

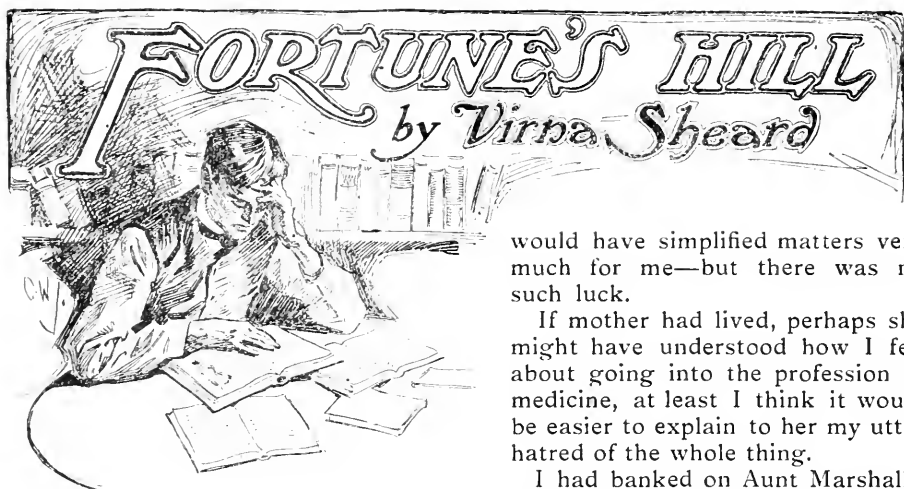
ing in the weeds and leaves, where it is almost impossible to discover them.

Even to those who know the woodcock best the bird is something of a mystery. No person has ever been able to properly study its whole manner of living. Here and there one or two of its peculiar traits have been brought to light, and the whole gathered together gives us only an idea of what a strange being it is. Its very appearance is odd, the long beak, short tail, short legs, and large dark eyes, placed at the top and back of the head, all mark it as different from any other bird. These features are noticeable enough after death, but in life they are much more so. Then with the tail erect and spread out, wings drooping and head drawn back, so that the bill is carried in a horizontal position, its carriage is more remarkable than ever. The wing-tipped bird I kept in my garden always assumed this attitude when approached or alarmed, and ran off jerking its tail as the common gallinule does when swimming. When not excited the birds carry their tails closed and their wings tucked up, as in the illustration of woodcock boring.

At times woodcock turn up in rather unexpected places. On one occasion I found several in some short rushes a hundred yards or more from any cover. Many times I have found them in gardens about old manure, and I have shot them from among standing wheat and from a field of potatoes.

The telegraph wires seem to be particularly fatal to this bird; instances almost without number have come to my knowledge of woodcock having been found dead under them. This seems rather strange in view of the fact that they inhabit the densest covert and are able to thread their way through the tangled branches with marvellous celerity.

Woodcock vary a good deal in size, the females being rather the largest. A fair average bird will weigh about six and one-half ounces. I have shot them weighing from five ounces to seven ounces and three-quarters, the latter weight being rarely exceeded.



"What merit to be dropped on Fortune's Hill,
The honour is to mount it."

CHAPTER I—BEING EDWARD DARRYL'S POINT OF VIEW

THE fiat has gone forth that I am to begin the study of medicine in the fall. A Fate that has always dangled over my head like—what's his name's sword—has fallen, and I really think that I am more comfortable than before. One must accept a finality. There never was any use arguing it out with the Governor. When he makes up his mind, the Medes and Persians are not in it with him, and on this point it was made up and set in the cement of unalterable resolution the hour I was born. He has that seventh-son superstition ingrained into the very fibre of his being.

I am a seventh son, it is needless to add, and in direct sequence. With Wordsworth's little maid I can say, "We are seven," though three of us in the churchyard lie. According to tradition, they died before they were old enough to be named, but while their entrances and exits were made so long ago they still influence my destiny. Of course, we're really eight because there's Dolly. If Doll had only had the grace to be sandwiched in somewhere—say after Bob or Douglas—instead of bringing up the rear, it

would have simplified matters very much for me—but there was no such luck.

If mother had lived, perhaps she might have understood how I felt about going into the profession of medicine, at least I think it would be easier to explain to her my utter hatred of the whole thing.

I had banked on Aunt Marshall's support, as she is usually a bulwark of defence for the weakest party, but after wavering in the balance for days she finally chipped in her opinion with the majority, agreeing unreservedly that I was created for the purpose of bestowing lustre on the time-honoured name by tacking an M.D. to it.

Aunt Marshall is my father's eldest sister and is the keeper of the archives of the house of Darryl,—so to speak. She knows its past and present, forecasts its future, and is personally acquainted with each branch of the family tree down to the last twig.

Furthermore, she is believed to be the one individual alive who has unravelled the mysteries pertaining to the flying beasts upon its crest and seal, and she even claims to have pierced the gloom surrounding its pre-historic founder. Be that as it may, it is easy to see she is a heavyweight.

Of course, I've told the Governor at different times that he's trying to fit a round peg into a square hole; that I would go out of my way every day in the week to avoid running across any form of suffering; that the sights and sounds incidental to pain have always created within me an indescribable feeling which I am desperately sure would handicap a physician's usefulness. That darkened rooms, vile smelling drugs and plasters, and the whole woeful paraphernalia are my abomina-

tion, and that the abnormal in nature is to me wholly without charm.

I have also embroidered upon these facts sundry references to the splendid out-of-door occupations a fellow might go in for: mining, surveying, engineering or following the sea, but he is possessed of the petrified opinion that I would be wasted in any of these fields of usefulness, and he seems to think me obstinate and somewhat ungrateful. Indeed, there are several quotations from *King Lear* which I have learned to dread, and also a certain story which the whole family administers as a sort of tonic to create in me an appetite for the profession of medicine. The narrative relates to a great, great grandfather of ours (who was also a seventh son), and who achieved knighthood after rising as on pinions to the giddy height of being surgeon-extraordinary to one of the Georges—I've forgotten which one, but it's immaterial.

Even Dolly trots that long-departed relative back from the land of shades, and holds him up to me as a type of everything I should desire to be, and it's simply because he was such a ter-

rible old swell, and was seen cheek by jowl with the King on different occasions. The absurd part of it is that Doll usually poses as a rabid little democrat and is forever talking equality, fraternity and the rest of it. I suppose she does it just to take the opposite side and to keep things from stagnating, which they might do, if we were all such double-dyed conservatives as the Governor.

The dear old Governor! I'm afraid in his heart he is rather bothered about me, though it's impossible to say how I got that idea, for he doesn't show it any. Nevertheless, I'm positive he does feel cut up about my utter disinclination to fall in with his plans, and wishes it were a bit easier for both of us. He knows that I have it in me to be a good sailor; that I'd rather be a farmer on a back concession and trail all day in the sun and wind after a freshly turned furrow, than knock around in hospitals and addle what brains I have with exams. and lectures. But it doesn't shake him any. He takes my objections as he takes a stiff fence when he's out riding and he never turns a hair.



CHAPTER II—SOME REFLECTIONS OF DAVID TRENT

IT is the most glorious day, and in the most glorious month of the year,—for October is the month of months in Canada. The train seems to be flying through a painted country where all the vivid colours hold high carnival. When we get a sharp early frost, such as came last week, it turns the soft maples into bouquets of pink and crimson, regular geranium shades, and there's not a leaf on any elm whatever but looks as though King Midas had touched it. The woods along the track rejoice in every tint that any palette ever held from vermilion to lichen grey.

The masses of bracken and underbrush show bronze green or russet, and the birches are silver white and dull gold, while over everything is the blue of a sky that never seems so blue as

on these splendid fall days. All the stump fences hereabout are things of beauty, for the wild creepers that cling to them have turned rose-red and brown, and in the corners of the rail fences that go zig-zagging about the fallow fields there are clumps of flaming sumach trees, and many little purple asters. It seems the only sad-coloured things in all the land are the sand cliffs we pass now and again with their deserted swallow nests. Yes, it is a good month in a good country, and I have no desire to spend my life in any other. Here is surely a rich enough heritage for any man; and even when he pitches tent in a city, a short journey will take him to the open.

What a day to be on the tramp with a gun over my shoulder and Pat at my heels! There was a bit of hoar-

frost last night, if I'm not mistaken,—enough to put an edge on the air and string one's nerves up to the right point for straight shooting.

Every black squirrel for miles around has donned his winter coat ere this, and he will be over-saucy and well-conditioned from much high living. Even so, I'm not fond of bringing down the small furred beasts, and alas! all big game has many moons since moved far up into the North.

The birds are still with us though, and the quail are plentiful this year. Back some miles behind the town I know a stubble field where you can hear them calling any hour in the day from dawn to dusk—"Bob-White, Bob-White"—and I like the sound. Down on the river bank, too, below the land stacked with its rusted corn, away past the old Tannery, there are any number, for they find good cover under the knotted wild-grape vines and thick coarse grasses. Poor little beggars, we've been pretty rough on them in the past, Pat and I, but we've cried off at last, and hand over our share of the brown beauties to any shot that is good enough to take them.

I have come to a dividing line where the old happy, careless life is behind and a life of strenuous endeavour is before. Well, I have had my share of fair days, of idle pleasant days filled in with the simple gladness of living. Now all that is changed, for I have started into a race, and there is a goal awaiting me if I have strength to reach it.

Since that day of Fate a year ago I have known that I must beat my way on to the one kind of work that I could do best in the world of workers. I have loved the forge always, and thought in time to take my father's place there—for I learned the trade in many odd hours when nothing of greater interest claimed attention. It seemed reasonable and right that by-and-by I should help my father and go into the forge, though he is more ambitious and would never take this for granted.

"Wait," he'd say often, "wait, my

lad, till your mind settles itself into shape. Read your books and put in your days as it pleases you best, Dave—a man has but one youth. There's a lot to be learnt in the woods and fields by those who see, ay! and on the water. The smithy will wait till you come to it."

He can't say he was not taken at his word. I have certainly loafed pretty systematically since my school days ended. We know every foot of country for twenty miles around Grandville, Pat and I, while the wild duck could tell tales of our peregrinations over the marshes at the head of the Lake.

But things take a sharp turn with one sometimes. Something happens to render life as it has been—impossible; and it was so with me. For over a year I have been blindly struggling to find my way—a month ago I found it.

When I told my father that I had resolved to take up the study of medicine he was working by the great anvil in the centre of the forge. Dropping the hammer he drew one hand over his forehead, throwing back the heavy locks of hair, as is his way when any sudden thought comes to him. Then he smiled down at me (he is still a good four inches taller than I) and held out his hand:—

"I knew you'd find yourself, Dave," he said, "so I let you bide in quiet. You'll make a fine doctor. A man needs steady nerves, a wise head and a tender heart for that calling, and you've got them, lad."

He thinks I have anyway, and, perhaps, to be credited with virtues gives one a greater desire for their possession.

We had a long talk together after this was settled, and strangely enough he spoke of my mother, and I learned more of her than I have ever known, for she died at my birth and has been only a dream-mother to me.

It seems she was an English girl left by unhappy chance quite alone in the world. She came to America as governess to a family living at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, my father's old home. He met her at the meetings of

the Brethren, a small religious body simple as Quakers, to which they both belonged. They loved each other and were married, afterwards coming to this little town on Lake Ontario to start life together. He tells me she was of another station than himself, her father having been an army officer in India, where he won the Victoria Cross. He was killed shortly afterwards in one of the hill battles—of which England hears so little—and the Cross was brought home by a comrade to whom he had entrusted it for his daughter. It is now mine, and I look at it often with strange feelings, in a way as a Catholic might look at his relics, for it is a holy thing, I think, and in another way as a king might look at his heirlooms.

The wonder of my mother having loved him holds my father yet, and when he speaks of her it is in a tone indescribable. But love has a fashion as old as time of bridging gulfs, even those as deep as the social one between them, and, moreover, these Plymouth Brethren do not regard things as the world does.

It does not seem strange to me that he should have won any woman, for though he is but a blacksmith, he is magnificent to look at. He carries his sixty years to-day as though they were forty-five, and his strength is still a marvel. He comes of a race of seafaring folk, and has their tastes and habits, though he has always been fond of books, and in his own way has read much and learned many things. This he has done, he says, that he might be the more worthy of my mother. His temperament is thoughtful and deeply religious, as was hers, I fancy, but it has not been reflected in me. No; things material and not spiritual have given me my chiefest joy so far. The golden Jerusalem of unchanging felicity is less alluring to my mind than this green and brown old earth, with its rough weather and fair weather, its white winters, its days of blue sky and yellow sunlight, and its nights of silver-gray shadows—though doubtless it is an unhallowed thought.

It has been dull work always—going to the Sabbath meetings. Even as a child I used to kick my rebellious small heels against the seats and long to be away from the solemn prayers and exhortations. There was none of the beauty of ritual about the service, and the chapel where it was held made the eye ache with the bareness and unsightliness of it. Added to this, those of the elect were in one portion of the building, while the others sat apart—and I was of the others.

It seemed like the final separation of the sheep and the goats to me, and my boyish mind troubled much over it. Yet I was never constrained to cast in my lot with the sheep, nor felt I was one of them, seeing that I loved not all the things they loved.

Of late my father has usually gone alone to the meetings, for he is wise, and does not try to compel one into the paths of righteousness. Still I reproach myself now that I am leaving home for not having made a greater effort to go his way. Perhaps I took advantage of all the liberty he gave me, and in following my own will forgot his desires.

We are making up time by the way the train is speeding. At this rate the city should be reached by noon.

By Jove! There is young Darryl at the end of the car. I might have recognized the back of that head earlier, as it is decidedly the handsomest one I know.

I fancy he is a good sort of fellow, though he is never very cordial to me.

Possibly he still resents a certain knock-out blow he brought upon himself one day in the college grounds. It happened long enough ago for us both to have forgotten it, only it was the kind of trivial thing you don't forget, unfortunately. I've always rather liked him since, for it's queer how you *are* inclined to like a chap after having thoroughly settled a score with him and taken his measure, as well as letting him take yours.

At the least I admire him and that easy charming manner of his. He must have been born with it, for it

would take more years than he has lived to acquire it in such perfection. However, I have reason to know that below the surface he is high-strung and mettlesome enough.

I wonder if he ever thinks of a certain spring evening, more than a year past, when his cousin and he took refuge at the forge. A storm drove them in, though perhaps they might have stopped anyway in passing, as Miss Darryl's horse had loosened a shoe. My father had gone home, and so I, happening to be there, made the shoe fast. I cannot remember a more dreadful thunderstorm, or one that darkened the sky and blew up from across the Lake more suddenly. Two men upon the highroad a quarter of a mile beyond us were killed outright, and a great oak, known to the whole countryside, was struck and torn in two. The horses within the smithy quivered with fright, and for a while we had some trouble to quiet them.

Darryl thought there might be danger when there was so much metal about, and would have crossed to the house, but his cousin laughingly refused to go through the rain to another shelter.

After we barred the door she stood looking out with intense interest through the little square window, nor could we persuade her to leave it. I confess a terror held me lest some bolt might strike through the small opening, for her fearlessness was almost a defiance—a challenge to the storm. Yet as I watched her standing there with her slight figure and eager, uplifted face lit vividly by the strange electric light, that feeling passed and an odd fancy took its place—a fancy that she was the very spirit of the gale, the heart and centre of it—the one living thing it had no power to harm. So unreal do things become to us at times. I had not thought before that it was possible for a girl to have such courage—no, nor that one could be so beautiful. Her hair is of an auburn, flecked with gold, and her eyes have a blueness one sees now and again in the flames of the forge fire.

I have known little of women, for there has never been one about my home since I remember. Old Jack Bowlby, a disabled sailor my father befriended, has cooked for us and kept the place tidy as the cabin of a ship for many a year.

Certainly, I do know the women who attend the Brethren meetings, and they are middle-aged and sad-looking for the most part. Then again, I often meet girls from the town who are out blackberrying or picnicking, but Pat and I take small notice when they pass, though they are pretty enough some of them.

But now I knew I had never seen anyone like this cousin of young Darryl's—Margaret, he called her.

Once she turned suddenly from the window and gave a little quick laugh.

"Why, I believe one could actually read by this lightning, Teddy," she said.

"I'm too abominably uncomfortable to want to read," he answered, "but no doubt one could. It's a regular illumination."

There was a worn book of my father's lying on a bench, and I handed it to her.

"You may try," I said.

She opened the book, and I saw by the next flash the wondering look her face wore.

"Why!" she exclaimed, this is a copy of '*Les Misérables*,' and—in the original!"

"Yes," I answered stiffly, for I was angered at the surprise she felt that we should possess the book. "My father says it ought not to be read in the English; that it is as bad to read a translation of Hugo as it would be to look at a picture by one of the masters through blue glasses."

"Does he say so?" she said. "Well, I agree with him." Then presently—"It must have been your father I saw at the forge door the other day when I rode by with my uncle. A tall man with great shoulders and heavy iron-grey hair. He looked as strong as Jean Valjean himself."

"That was my father," I said, "and,

yes—I think perhaps that he, too, could have lifted the cart from old Fauchelevent as Father Madeline did.”

When the rain had almost ceased and they mounted to go, she leaned down from her horse and held out her hand to me.

“Thank you, for having given us shelter, Mr. Trent,” she said. “A storm like this is a strange thing to watch, is it not? I shall not forget it.”

“Nor I,” I answered.

After they rode away I loosened Pat and we went out together, tramping over the wet fields and through the storm-wrecked country for many miles, and the tempest of the afternoon seemed to rage within me and beat down

all gladness and content. The careless, happy-go-lucky life was struck out of me that day as surely as the life had been struck out of the two men upon the road by the forge when the lightning found them.

The face of Margaret Darryl was before my eyes, turn which way I would, and I heard nothing but the sound of her voice, though I could have shot myself for the very folly of it. Still when at last we made our way home through the darkness I had settled the matter, and knew that if I would gain even the shadow of joy in this world, I must win my way to other heights, let the climbing cost what it might.



CHAPTER III—AS EDWARD DARRYL SAW IT

TAKE it all in all, things are not as bad as I thought they would be. It strikes me a fellow might put in a tolerably jolly winter here in town, even if he had to attend lectures and all that sort of thing and grind at books during odd times. Of necessity I'll have to get through the exams. in the spring some way. The family would be thoroughly disgusted if I didn't, and the Governor made it pretty clear how *he* would act in the event of my failing.

“Have as good a time as ever you can, Ted,” he said, encouragingly, when we parted at the train, “only stow enough information away during the term to pass your examinations when April comes; I shall *expect* it, you know.”

It was quite evident from the expression in his eye that he would—and I think it will be expedient to stow the information. Anyway, and in spite of the fact that he is bent upon making a doctor out of me against my will, I really want to do him credit, for he's always been awfully good to all of us, the Governor, and this is actually the first time I've had to do anything that was really objectionable—which makes it the harder.

There is another thing—they settled

it at home that I had better board in one of the places where the other fellows live, instead of going to Aunt Marshall, or camping with Uncle Felix, as I fully intended to. The city is fairly swarming with our relatives, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should stop with some of them as we have always been in the habit of doing. I'm sure there'd be no harm in it. We have them yearly in relays down at Grandville. Moreover, I've had a most cordial invitation from Mrs. Travers, my cousin, and as Margaret Darryl, another cousin, is staying there it would have been no end of fun—but the Governor vetoed that.

“Lodge where the other medical students do, Teddy,” he said, “and you'll find you'll come out better in the end.”

Possibly he's right—but it is an uncomfortable arrangement. Still, I fancy I shall see enough of my kinspeople; they will ask me round now and then, it's more than likely.

In the meantime I'm under cover in an old-fashioned house a few blocks from the Medical School. I thought it advisable to be close by, as they tell me there are lectures as early as eight o'clock a.m. At St. John's College

they evidently hold fast to the bird and worm proverb, though eight o'clock seems unnecessarily early for any worm not suffering from insomnia.

There are three other fellows stopping here, one third and two fourth year men, but they haven't taken much notice of me so far. At least, the fourths haven't. I discovered some time ago that the graduating class, when recognizing a freshman's existence at all, usually regard him as a being in an exceedingly low stage of evolution, and examine him with a mild curiosity just as one might fancy Darwin would have poked at and turned over a jelly-fish, and said musingly—"strange creature—brainless—invertebrate—almost totally nerveless—and yet a link in the chain of creation."

These three address each other with easy familiarity as "Sullivan," "Barton," and "Jimsy."

Jimsy appears to have lost his other name, but it does not trouble him any. Even Mrs. Tupper, the landlady, calls him "Mr. Jimsy," and it sounds quite right, for he is one of the kind of fellows that always does get called something short and pleasant.

He is a splendid all-round athlete, and an awfully jolly, friendly little chap, though his own mother could hardly consider him handsome.

Indeed his face seems to have been made rather hurriedly, for the features have an elementary, unfinished sort of look. The combination isn't so bad though, and undoubtedly it expresses the essence of good temper.

Barton and Sullivan are simply insufferable. They are eternally "parading their brains," as Jimsy calls it, and at the table tipping each other points on surgery, which, to my mind, is in execrable taste. Now and again, as by an effort, they observe that I am present, and then one of them says, "Kindly pass the salt, Freshie," or, "I say, Freshie, will you just run and shut the door?" or else, "Please carry out that beast of a cat, Darryl; she's always coming in." At which times I do with as much grace as I can what-

ever the occasion seems to demand.

But if I happen to ask a question relating to school affairs, they smile with aggravating condescension and tell me that I will have to keep my eyes open if I want to get my little coppersworth of what's going on—all of which I find exceedingly annoying; still, short of moving out, there is really no remedy for it.

Jimsy came into my room last night to enliven me with a little music on his mandolin (he belongs to a mandolin club, though it is impossible to say why), and I was going on to him about the way the fourths act.

He doesn't think anything of it, strange to say, and quite sides with them.

"Great Cæsar, Darryl," he said, "what under the canopy do you expect? Surely nothing has happened to ruffle you *yet*. They're pretty decent, I think—not a patch on the grads. that were here when I was young. *They were* a set, if you like. I often wonder I pulled through that first year, my son."

Then, after reminding me that music hath charms to soothe, etc., etc., he twanged a light accompaniment upon the stringed instrument and sang this ditty, at least if he didn't exactly sing he made a cheerful noise. The time was all that could be desired and very marked, but there was a scarcity of tune about it. Anyway, it sounded atrocious. The words, which he claims are original, went like this:—

"The Freshman of to-day
Has it all his own sweet way,
As any final fellow now can tell.
He every night reposes
On a bed of thornless roses,
And his little life goes merrily and well.

But when we were freshmen, Oh!
List ye to my tale of woe:
We walked in wisdom's most unpleasant
ways.
You can bet the fourth year men
Kept us under water then,
And they only let us up on certain days."

After he had insisted on my hearing this thing a few times, he went on to tell me that the "elevations" (ac-

cording to him an annual function of all properly regulated medical colleges) had fallen off terribly. He regarded this as most deplorable, and said that in days of old the theatre always used to be the scene of a gloriously gory battle between the finals and freshies on elevating days, so much so, indeed, that the janitor went round with a basket after the fray and gathered up the fragments of anatomy that strewed the place. You could go to him and select any particular member of your body that was missing, though Jimsy said he lost a thumb one year and never got it back, and he didn't know who was wearing it now. I observe that he is certainly part of a thumb short.

Now while the past may have been quite all that it is painted, the present welcome extended to new students is sufficiently stimulating for the ordinary follower of Æsculapius. I know they wrenched the buttons off my coat and otherwise made a wreck of it while bearing me skyward, and a second year fellow got his arm dislocated in the same scrimmage. After it had been pulled in by a couple of fourths (some of them standing on him to hold him down during the operation) he was coolly marched over to the hospital to have it bandaged and to get a glass of wine to stiffen him up a bit.

It made me feel positively ill, though the rest took it as a joke and proceeded to elevate the other first-year men as though nothing unusual had happened.

It was at that particular moment that Trent rose to the top. Trent comes from Grandville, and is a blacksmith's son, and so it struck me as rather cheeky of him to go into Medicine, but certainly that day he did act splendidly. You would take him for a gentleman born, if you didn't know. He has all the manner and appearance of one, and his clothes fit—at least you never think anything about them. I have noticed, as a rule, that class of people look all right in their working garments, but wretchedly uncomfortable in any others.

The freshies, particularly those from the wilds, incline to snuff colour or butternut hues, varying the monotony with a pepper-and-salt design. Some few of the thirds, like Jimsy, are sporty in their tastes and delight in plaid suits and ties sprinkled freely with a horse-shoe pattern, while the finals go round in professional blacks that give them the appearance of lively undertakers, but Trent wears a rough tweed that seems to belong to him in the same way that the bark belongs to a tree.

The Governor was always running across him about the country, and considers him a good blacksmith spoiled. In his opinion his father—who is another Elihu Burritt, and a regular old character—has brought him up absurdly and totally unfitted him for his sphere in life.

Dad has no great fondness for young Trent either, for he hates to be thwarted in anything, and he set his whole heart upon buying an Irish setter that always follows this fellow around, a remarkably fine dog with all the points and a beautiful head. Of course, he could have bought just as fine a setter at any of the Bench Shows, but only this particular dog would do. The Governor is like that. So after he had thought the matter over and quite made up his mind what he would give, he stopped Trent one day and offered a good round price for the animal.

He said that Trent looked at him coolly for a moment, then back at the dog, then back at him again, and finally said most insolently, "I'd rather shoot Pat than sell him," after which he turned on his heel and strode down the road, without so much as touching his hat.

My father thinks he is completely ruined, and that it was a mistake sending him to King's College at Kingsbridge, where he went at the same time I did, instead of to the public school in town. I suppose this might be called a form of class prejudice, and that it will eventually die out in a new country. Still, it dies rather hard. The boys at King's snubbed

Trent all round at first, but he is such a thorough sport that he won them over, and they put him on all the teams.

He boxes uncommonly well, too, I remember, and was credited with having the finest biceps in college, which shows that blacksmithing as a pastime isn't half such a bad thing.

To return. After that man got his arm pulled in, Trent, who had been on the outside of it all, took off his coat and walked up over the backs of the seats to where the row was going on at the top of the theatre—"There has been enough of this," he said, in a voice that rang clearly through the confusion. "There has been quite enough of this, you fellows—it's going to be stopped. *Fun* is one thing and *rowdyism* is another."

There was a decided pause, and then a man in the centre of the swaying mass—one who was apparently leader of the ring—called back with suspicious politeness, "Ah! and what's your name, may I ask?"

"Trent," he answered. "David Trent, and that you may have a quiet time to grow acquainted with it, I will remove you from your friends."

And he did. I never saw anything like the way he unloosened that man

out of the knot of struggling humanity, and, lifting him around the body, carried him down over the backs of the seats and deposited him, in spite of mad resistance, on the other side of the door. It was done in a moment, and by sheer strength of body and force of will. Then Trent turned his back to the door and kept it shut.

The men above halted in absolute astonishment after Mallon—that's his name—had been torn as by a cyclone from their midst. There was a paralyzing swiftness about the action that took their breath, but when they regained it they broke into a ringing howl, for they are quick enough to see anything really fine, so Jimsy says. He was in the thick of the fray himself, I may add.

"Three threes for Trent!" they yelled. "Good boy, freshie! More power to you! Good boy! good boy!" with variations on the same theme till the windows fairly rattled. Then, while their enthusiasm was at white heat, they rushed down, seized Trent, and carried him through the building on their shoulders.

It was just as well it ended that way, for it certainly was a wild and batty row, and for a while no fellow's life was safe.

TO BE CONTINUED

ADVERSITY'S REWARD

IT quite often falls out,
When the mob's angry shout
Fills the street with bewildering turmoil,
That reflecting men see
What a genius may be
In the victim they're seeking to spoil.

Does not this go to show
That the heaviest blow
Ever dealt by the arm of mischance,
Is directed for good?
But I swear, by the rood,
It does not appear so at first glance.

Peter Johnson

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

By Norman Patterson

OF all the unsettled issues between Canada and the United States the Alaskan boundary is the least satisfactory. It has reached a stage where no immediate solution appears probable. Although the relations between the two countries are friendly in the diplomatic sense, and no angry controversy on any subject seems to impend, the fact remains that on this question the United States Government holds out no prospect of accepting any of those mutually acceptable methods of terminating disputes that suggest themselves to civilized countries in times of profound peace.

The cause of this is not far to seek. The controversies over the Canadian boundary which have arisen from time to time since the insane Treaty of 1783, have invariably resulted in victories for the United States. The Republic has come to look upon it as an established conclusion that when territory is claimed by the United States on this continent the claim must be allowed. The Treaty of 1783 I have ventured to call insane. It is not alone insane from the standpoint of to-day. It was so regarded at the time by those who possessed a grain of foresight. Even France sent a confidential agent to London to offer a friendly warning and remonstrance against giving away so much territory. But Richard Oswald, the British agent at Paris who arranged the groundwork of the Treaty with Franklin, was the fitting instrument of the folly and incapacity of the Administration which selected him. He was, at least, logical. He thought the whole, rather than the half, of Canada should be ceded. The British Government, however, decided to retain the northern portion of Canada and let the west go, and even in retaining the north the Treaty was so loosely drawn as to give rise, later on, to the Maine boundary dispute. The Ashburton Treaty finally disposed of that in the

way we all know. Lord Ashburton was a worthy successor to Oswald. Then came the Oregon question, and the enormous concessions in that region. Then by an absurd form of arbitration the British allowed the Island of San Juan to slip from their possession, and now we are face to face with the claims of the United States on our Northern Pacific coast. Precedents encourage the Washington authorities to hold out even against the kind of arbitration advocated by themselves and imposed on Great Britain a few years ago in the Venezuela imbroglio.

It is unnecessary here to review the circumstances of the Alaska boundary case in detail. The salient facts are familiar to most of us. The dispute arises out of the terms of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, since the United States in purchasing Alaska from Russia acquired all the rights conceded by Great Britain and possessed by Russia under that Treaty. In a remote, little known and sparsely peopled region like that claims of possession are easily set up, lightly resisted, if resisted at all, and finally grow into substantial demands, obstinately contended for until the national pride is aroused.

It is sometimes said that if the gold deposits of the Canadian Yukon had not turned out to be so rich we never would have had the Alaskan boundary dispute in its present acute form. But this is a mistake. It is the unwavering policy of the United States to claim, and if possible secure, by hook or by crook, every additional inch of territory in North America which may be obtained either by chance, by the indulgent weakness of the rightful owners, or, where feasible, by a little gentle buccaneering. The aim is never lost sight of. If some intrepid explorer from the Republic ultimately locates the North Pole the Stars and Stripes

will at once be hoisted, a republic of ice set up, and a northern boundary dispute provided for Canada.

Now, the average agent of British diplomacy does not understand this. He proceeds on the assumption that the rules of diplomacy, the code of international law, and the facts of the case will evolve a settlement of any dispute whatsoever, provided, of course, that the disputants are two Powers on the friendliest terms, each prepared to contend stoutly for undoubted rights, but not anxious to block a settlement on minor points. But the United States will consciously concede nothing. Having found this policy work well during a hundred years, they are loath to abandon it. Always in the past confronted by Englishmen who were poorly equipped in knowledge of American questions as compared with the native American, the victories secured by Washington diplomats were comparatively easy. To-day the situation is changed. The trained Canadian public man is being put forward by Great Britain to conduct negotiations on American questions affecting Canadian interests, and the result is—no progress. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1874, the Fisheries Convention of 1888, the unfinished Treaty of Quebec are all illustrations of this. At some stage or other of the proceedings the traditional attitude of the United States asserts itself: Give me all or I will refuse to do business.

Under these conditions the policy of Canada on the Alaskan boundary dispute becomes at once difficult and delicate. There should, naturally, be no loss of temper, no fear of delay, no untimely concession in order to speed a settlement. One temporary and useful task to which individual Canadians can set themselves, is the enlightenment of intelligent opinion on this continent and in Great Britain respecting the merits of the question. Writers in the United States from time to time dilate upon the weak points of our case and the strong points of theirs. This is a wise and proper proceeding on their part. But it imposes upon qualified

Canadians the duty of keeping ever in the forefront the essential truths on which our case is based. By declining to arbitrate—because that is what it virtually amounts to—the Washington authorities are setting a precedent most dangerous for themselves. Something will occur to drive this conclusion home to the shrewd politicians who control the situation in the United States, and if Canada's case is kept well before the public eye—as we may rest assured our Government will keep it in the official channels—an opportunity to renew the negotiations under more favourable auspices may occur later on.

The recent paper, therefore, by Thomas Hodgins, K.C., in the *Contemporary Review*, is a valuable contribution to the public discussion of the question. It will command attention because it is fair in tone, displays a mastery of the materials and argues with coherence and force. To gain an adequate idea of the strength of the argument, the whole article itself must be carefully read. But one or two points deserve to be noted, partly because they illustrate more fully than has hitherto been done the basis of the Canadian case, and partly because they meet decisively contentions advanced on the other side.

For example, there is the difficulty of drawing the boundary line correctly, since the names of places used in the Treaty do not correspond to the names employed in the modern map. Mr. Hodgins expounds with skill the conditions under which the Treaty with Russia was negotiated, quotes from the instructions to the British Minister at St. Petersburg to show that care was taken to avoid having the strip of foreign territory to extend too far inland, and proves, if proof were needed, that the very difficulty that has arisen was foreseen and provided against. The intention was to give British subjects free access to the sea by the rivers and inlets, but not to give them land lodgment where the rival settlements of Russian and British trading companies would lead to conflict and

perhaps bloodshed. By the present United States contention, Canadians are denied convenient access to their own interior possessions by enlarging the strip of foreign territory so that it runs back from every inlet rather than from the general coast line washed by the Pacific Ocean. Very aptly Mr. Hodgins quotes Mr. Secretary Blaine's diplomatic note of 1890, during the Behring Sea controversy, admitting that the spirit and intent of the Treaty of 1825 contemplated "a strip of land at no point wider than 10 marine leagues running along the Pacific Ocean." It is also clear that he believed that such a strip of land was not designed to cut off British subjects from free access to the sea by those inlets which extend more than ten leagues inland. The free navigation of the rivers being expressly provided for cannot be denied, and the boundary of the inland strip is necessarily conceded to "jump" these rivers. But when long narrow bays or canals are met with, the United States present contention is that the line must not "jump" these, but must follow the sinuosity of the shore. It is by these contradictory interpretations that an appropriation of territory is sought to be effected.

An equally vital point is the attitude of Canada during the time when the United States were acting on their interpretation and assuming control of the territory in dispute. It has been said that Canada failed in vigilance and strenuous protest; in other words, that we practically let the case go by default. Mr. Hodgins shows conclusively that we did not. Canada became a party to the dispute in 1871, when British



THE CONFLICTING BOUNDARY LINES

Showing the two boundary lines as claimed by the United States and Canada. The United States boundary follows the literal meaning of the Russian-United States Treaty of 1867. The Canadian boundary interprets the treaty as meaning the line from headland to headland of the coast. It thus includes in Canadian territory not only Dyea and Skagway, but almost the entire length of Lynn Canal, also Glacier Bay, in which the famous Muir glacier is situated, Juneau, at which the famous Treadwell mine is located, and other important points along the coast at present occupied and controlled by the United States. The United States boundary ascends Portland Channel; the Canadian ascends the northern arm of the Behm Canal.

Columbia joined the Dominion. Appeals were made, at the instance of Canada, to have the boundary defined in 1872, in 1873, in 1874, in 1875, in 1877, and on many occasions since. Both in the early and in the recent stages of the controversy, as Mr. Hodgins points out, we have persistently called attention to our rights and asked for a fair means of determining conflicting claims. The quotations cited from the official correspondence are instructive for they reveal the clearest comprehension, on the part of our Gov-

ernment, of all the possible dangers that might arise (and have since arisen) from neglect to define the boundary. The delay has been due to the United States Government. It is they who have profited by that delay and who now seek to lay permanent claim to territorial rights which Canada has always disputed. This plan is strictly in accordance with the past policy of the United States. Is it to succeed again?

The present position of affairs is doubly embarrassing to Canada, because "a provisional boundary" has been arranged between Great Britain and the United States without reference to Canadian contentions. It cuts us off from that complete access to the sea by the inland bays so essential to our commerce, because the line runs abross Lynn Canal above tide-water. One does not care to speak unreservedly on this point, since it seems incredible that British diplomacy should once again, after so many fatal blunders, make a vital concession to despoil us of territory that is ours. The remark of Sir John Macdonald in 1871 recurs to the mind with unpleasant significance: "I stated [to Lord de Grey] that if protection was denied us by England, we might as well go while we had some property left us with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." The affection of Canada for the Empire is even deeper and more sincere than it was thirty years ago. To trifle with it,

however, is hazardous in the extreme.

In the state paper on the boundary question, published by the British Columbia Government, Mr. Alexander Begg has gathered together some telling facts. It is clear from the correspondence between Russia and England, prior to 1825, that no doubt respecting where the line was to run existed in the minds of the diplomatists of either country. The terms of the negotiations leave no doubt as to the direction in which the line was to run. The Portland Channel mentioned in the Treaty of 1825 is not the Portland Canal marked on modern maps. There appear to have been several changes of nomenclature since the United States purchased all the Russian rights in 1867. These changes, it seems, have been made by the United States, and have resulted in confusion when one attempts to apply the exact wording of the Treaty to the islands and waters of the locality as now named. This modern confusion, however, need not affect the original interpretation. British rights, not ceded by treaty or express agreement, remain British rights still. The terms of the Treaty still apply and should be interpreted in the light of common sense, honesty, and such evidence as is available. Because extravagant claims have been asserted and maintained with some success by United States occupation is no reason why the undoubted rights of Canada to her own territory should be abandoned.

THE FALSE FRIEND

HE who makes friendship crumble
 In intrigue's mouldering flame—
 The heart he swayed by counsel
 To stop with sudden pain—
 Is worse than a fiend incarnate
 Dyed in a brother's blood,
 Has violated the greatest law
 Of Heaven's Most High God.

Peter Johnson

IMPERIAL BUGBEARS

By F. Blake Crofton

ONE of the bugbears used by enemies and timid friends of Imperial federation to deter us from decisive action is that such federation would involve home-rule parliaments for England, Ireland and Scotland, and that the Irish parliament would be a nucleus and propaganda for disunion. It is true that the action of some Irish politicians in cheering for our enemies and denouncing the Irishmen who fought so splendidly for the Empire has alienated many former friends of home-rule. But Irish separatism is not so widespread as appears upon the surface. Some of the shrewd professional politicians who acclaimed Boer victories must have known that they were dealing a deadly blow to their professed cause, and that, had they enthused with their fellow-Britons over British successes and over the gallantry of Irish regiments and the skill of Irish generals, home-rule would speedily be an accomplished fact. They must have seen that, with home-rule won, the subscriptions of its friends would cease, the pay of the agitators would be stopped, their occupation would be ended, and some of them would have to work. With such gentry home-rule is a means and not an end, a cry and not a cause. In a home-rule parliament the professional politicians would vent their native combativeness on each other, not upon the Saxon.

As a corollary to Imperial federation, home-rule for Ireland would lose its Imperial dangers, however great these may be. The wave of Imperial sentiment which brought on federation would sap, if it did not swamp, disaffection. Irish constituencies would probably cease to elect traitors. And, anyhow, separatists would have to reckon with a more imposing power than heretofore—with Britain reinforced by all the resources of her new partners.

11

The greatest scarecrow of Canadians who have emerged from their ignoble content and desire a more dignified position in the Empire, is the assumption that the French-Canadians would vote solidly against federation. And so they would, if the only alternative were Independence. As they cannot have a French nationality, they would prefer a semi-French one. In this they would feel less dwarfed; their language, their manners and customs, would have a better chance of surviving, than if they formed a comparatively insignificant Province in a vast English-speaking Empire or Republic. Some of them have even a hope of dominating in an independent Canada through their wonderful fecundity and by fostering immigration from France. To this end French-Canadians would probably be willing to bear the enormously increased expenses of an independent Canada. But, once convinced that annexation to the American Republic, and not Independence, is the alternative, there is reason to hope that French-Canadians would vote for assuming their burdens in the Empire. At Washington the public documents would not be published in French as well as English, as they are at Ottawa, and deputies could not speak in either language at their option in Congress, as they can in the Dominion Parliament. During his recent visit to France Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that French-Canadians who desired the conservation of their language should oppose annexation. In American politics they could never hold the balance of power as they do in Canada. Under annexation some of their rights might be jeopardized; under Imperial federation they will all be guaranteed. The constitution of the late League, which everyone joining it signed, provided that "no scheme of federation should interfere with the existing rights

of Local Parliaments as regards local affairs," in spite of which declaration demagogues are constantly telling them that "imperialisme" would involve the total loss of their autonomy.

There is little doubt that the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec would favour Imperial federation as against annexation. "Between a close union with the United States and a closer union with England," said *La Minerve*, some years ago, commenting on a speech of the Archbishop of Halifax, "Mgr. O'Brien would rather lean to the latter. And we believe that this sentiment would be that of the episcopate in general. Every time that the country has found itself obliged to make a similar choice (*s'est trouvé dans cette alternative*), we have seen the bishops reject friendship and close fellowship with America. This is what they did in 1775, and what they did again in 1867, when they recommended Confederation as a safeguard against annexation. We must believe that they are convinced, in their care and foresight as pastors, that the danger for us, for our religious and national interests, is not from the side of England but from the side of the United States." In the Republic, too, the episcopate would lose a little of its dignity and precedence.

It is true that *La Verité*, supposed to be a clerical organ, declared recently that French-Canadians, if pressed to decide, would prefer annexation to Imperial federation; while another French-Canadian paper threatened that the latter can only be attained by civil war. But these are either the opinions of a few individuals, or merely "bluffs," which should be boldly "called." The champion anti-Imperialist of the French-Canadians, M. Bourassa, says in his "Great Britain and Canada" (Montreal, 1902): "It is towards Independence that we should naturally drift; and, beyond doubt, to the French-Canadian element, this solution would prove most acceptable" (page 47). But he had observed shortly before, "I say that we are not ripe for Independence."

In a plebiscite on the policy of federating the Empire, the vote of the French would depend chiefly upon the alternative which they thought would be chosen by their more numerous compatriots who speak English. This, I take it, would be the crux of the situation—would British-Canadians declare, or could they be induced to declare, with sufficient clearness, whether, if they should decline the obligations of a partnership in the Empire, it would not be for a costly and precarious independence, but to form States of the great English-speaking Republic?

III

"The creation of an Imperial parliament with Colonial representatives would impair the jurisdiction of our Dominion Parliament and deprive us of our autonomy." This is a bugbear that looks formidable only to the uninitiated. No Imperialist of note has proposed to curtail the home-rule of the great colonies, or to limit the jurisdiction of their parliaments. The pronouncement of the Imperial Federation League upon this point has been quoted above. The jurisdiction of our Dominion Parliament might indeed be nominally restricted if the federating partners should decide to raise their Imperial contributions by a uniform discrimination against foreign imports (if this were thought possible); but this arrangement could, not be made without the consent of Canada, which would very likely prefer to provide her contribution in some other way.

IV

"Representation should of course accompany any regular annual contributions, and no scheme of Imperial representation and taxation has been proposed." The better-read of the "stay-as-you-ares" modify this assertion by putting the word "feasible" or "practicable" before the word "scheme"—for many such schemes have been proposed, more than one of them (like Howe's) in Canada. The evolution of a satisfactory constitution will probably involve the careful study

of many unsatisfactory ones. And the more expert architects, the statesmen whose thoughts and ambitions are above parochial politics, have not yet sent in their designs. I wish they would do so, but they may argue that a company, before setting up its machinery, should make sure of its capital.

V

Another scarecrow is that Canada's joining a federation of the Empire would irritate the United States. That it would irritate those citizens of the Republic who think they own this hemisphere is quite likely; but it is not our fault that they are so irritable. It certainly would be, incidentally, a notice to the Monroe Doctrine to quit the northern half of this continent, but this incidental notice would be cheerfully accepted by all Americans who understand the objects and the limits of that "doctrine," and who intelligently love their country. And to have this question finally settled would make for peace. But, nevertheless, some President might impertinently attempt to restrict the sovereign rights of the Empire on its own North American territory. I refuse to believe it likely that there will be, for generations to come, enough unprincipled demagogues to induce even a jingo President to adopt this insensate course. Awful and disastrous it would probably be now; awful and disastrous it certainly would be after the federation of the Empire. To admit such a probability is to admit that the Norse sagas are more prophetic than the Revelation—that it is Ragnarok that is coming on the earth, and not the Millennium.

VI

"But we shall involve ourselves in the European wars of Britain which we may not approve." In answer to this I shall not dwell on the meanness of expecting Britain to defend us if we are not reciprocally to defend Britain. We are now liable to attack and to the destruction of our commerce in all Britain's European wars, and this without a vote for their estoppel.

"And we shall be encouraging militarism." If by this vague expression the spirit or the love of war be meant, my expectation is different. It is love of peace and not of war that has mainly led me to be an Imperialist. Millions for defence, not a soldier for aggression, should be the motto of our federation. Our representatives should sternly oppose all encroachment and expansion—unless possibly to effect the freedom of the oppressed or persecuted. With a unified Empire, and the alliance or friendly neutrality of the great kindred Republic, we could dominate the world and dictate arbitration and peace.

VII

"Stir and a limb will fall off, move and the Empire will tumble to pieces! The more haste the worse speed. The British Constitution is the result of evolution not revolution." Not altogether so. Bold and decisive action was taken by Langton, by de Montfort, by Hampden and Cromwell, by the seven bishops, and by others. There are tides in the affairs of nations as well as of men that must be taken at the flood. Empire-builders should seize the psychological moments for action. To shape events and "to take occasion by the hand" are the highest proofs of statesmanship. It may prove more dangerous to sleep and drift than to wake and decide. In the waiting period Canada and Britain may have an angry difference, perhaps because Britain's support in some matter may not be prompt or strong enough, and that because Canada is not represented or adequately contributing. Then the worst may happen—Canada and the Empire may part in anger.

That fearless and far-sighted Nova Scotian statesman, Joseph Howe, in 1866 clearly showed the dangers of our present status, and outlined a scheme for general defence and colonial representation and contribution.

"But suppose," he argued, "this policy propounded and the appeal made, and that the result is a determined negative. Even in that case it would be wise to make it, because the public conscience of the Mother Country would then be clear, and the hands of her statesmen free,

to deal with the whole question of national defence, in its broadest outlines or in its bearing on the case of any single Province or group of Provinces. . . . But I will not for a moment do my fellow colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events if there are any communities of British origin anywhere who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain who and where they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation *now*, in a season of tranquillity—when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

VIII

A more real danger to any practical movement towards federation would be that if either Canadian party endorsed

it, the other party would unhappily be likely to oppose it. But this danger could be averted by referring the decision to the people in some form of a plebiscite, such as I have elsewhere suggested.

But no imaginary or avoidable perils should blind us to the advantages of a co-ordinate status, a higher prestige and an increased self-respect; of greater security and prompter Imperial aid; of expanding interests, a wider horizon, and the educative effects thereof; of manfully paying our shot and reciprocating benefits received; of practising the golden rule, and doing to the other nations of the Empire what we hope they will do to us; of making the greatest civilizing agency on earth more powerful and more permanent.

THE BALANCING BURGLAR

By Albert E. King

THE winter of 189— was the busiest one on record in our line, and the house in which I held the important position of accountant did an immense trade. I had the reputation, if my friends are to be believed, of being an accurate bookkeeper. This does not alter the fact, however, that at ten o'clock one cold, wintry night I was still straining my eyesight, worrying my brain and imperilling my eternal salvation in a vain endeavour to find two cents. For a week, during and after office hours, I had hunted for this difference; a petty thing, but essential to my balance. I had made every imaginable re-check, and taken out a dozen different balance sheets, all with the same result. Two cents haunted me day and night; walking, eating, sleeping I could not shake it off. Naturally even tempered, I was fast becoming irritable, and could barely muster up a smile at my wife's offer to give me two cents "to straighten the old thing out."

Our warehouse was situated on one of those old streets which bisect the lower part of the city of Montreal near the harbour. It was an ancient thoroughfare, lined on either side by substantial gray-stone buildings, so narrow that each structure seemed to lean affectionately towards its neighbour opposite; the whole giving one the impression that the first merchants of Canada's metropolis were loath to encroach with their wares upon the slope of historic Mount Royal; a crooked old street, which would lead one to believe that the pioneer roadbuilders went around an obstacle rather than remove it.

I had been alone in the office, which was in the back part of the warehouse, from about nine o'clock. At that time one of the younger office hands, who had come back after tea, took his departure for the night. Not his final departure, however, for he had forgotten his tobacco and returned for it shortly afterwards. I unlocked the

door to let him in, relieved my mind with some comments about his stupidity as we looked for the tobacco, and locked the door again after he went out. I had come back to the office on this particular night determined to find those two cents or break something internally. It was half-past ten; I had found nothing and my stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted. In fact, I had reached that stage when the wise man goes home and to bed. I got thinking in a desultory sort of manner about one thing or another, my environments being suited to undisturbed meditation; not a sound came from the deserted street without, not even the ticking of a clock within. Gradually my mind reverted to the books lying open before me. "D——it!" I ejaculated, as I straightened up my stool, "where in thunder can those blooming two cents be!"

"You won't catch any fish if you swear, old man," came in a deep bass voice out of the silence I had broken, as a heavy hand grasped my shoulder.

I didn't quite flop—the hand from behind keeping me firm on my seat—but I never again want to experience a shock like the one I felt at that moment. A cold wave ran up and down my spinal column, and great beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead. Turning my head mechanically, the barrel of a revolver, held in the hand of a man over whose face a cynical, half-amused smile was playing, met my startled vision. In an instant the actions of my whole life passed before my mind in vivid, kaleidoscopic rapidity; every transgression standing out in appalling prominence. A pair of dark eyes looked down at me as their owner remarked:

"Well, have you said your prayers?"

"I'm not through yet," I managed to murmur. "Would you mind moving that gun a little farther away? It disturbs me."

"Not so bad," he remarked, as one eye wandered in a peculiar, indepen-

dent sort of manner around the office, while the other remained focused on me. "Perhaps, if you took that big chair over there you would feel more to home."

The mention of home suggested my wife, and I pictured her in widow's weeds. Then I mentally decided to give the stranger the whole establishment rather than have Mrs. King assume a garb so unbecoming and mournful. I took the seat as directed, while he got up on the stool, dangling the revolver with apparent carelessness between his knees, and all the time watching me as if to note the effect of his uninvited presence on my nerves.

"I dropped in quite accidentally," he said at last. "Just come in after the young fellow. I would have sent in my card, but then you wouldn't have known me. Don't generally as a rule send in a card ahead, though I sometimes leave one. Owe you an apology I suppose?"

While he was speaking I had an opportunity of looking him over. He was a big man, fully six feet in height, and of good proportions. A well-trimmed black beard gave him an air of mature respectability which seemed to fit him, but a cynical expression about the mouth detracted somewhat from the favourable impression which his facial picture would otherwise convey. He wore a Persian lamb cap and an overcoat with collar and cuffs of the same fur, such as officers of the Montreal police force assume during the winter months, and, as likely as not, the average policeman would have saluted him as a superior on a dimly-lighted street.

"Don't trouble about an apology," I answered; "the question is, what do you want?"

"Well, since you ask, I want a whole lot of things I don't expect to get. The class of goods you carry here are a little too heavy to be conveniently moved, but, if you don't mind, I'll explore that——," and he pointed to the safe which stood, with door wide open, in a corner of the office.

I told him that it was not worth his time; that the safe contained nothing but books and papers, a few postage stamps, and, perhaps, a dollar or two in change, adding that he did not look like a person who would stoop to such small things.

"I generally play for bigger stakes," he admitted with an air of importance, "but I am not too proud to accept small contributions on an off-night like this. You just pull out the drawers and I'll superintend the job."

To remonstrate would have been useless; to refuse, imprudent. I have a reputation for discretion which I would not like to lose, especially under such circumstances, so I immediately produced the contents of the safe from which my visitor selected \$2.73 in cash and \$1.12 in postage stamps, telling me that "I could keep the balance for my trouble." The balance, by the way, was not negotiable.

"The weight of this swag won't tire me," he sighed. "Have you any money on your clothes?"

I thanked my lucky stars that I had very little money and no jewellery, unless a cheap watch which had been loaned me while my own was being repaired came under the latter heading. At the same time I had a decided dislike to hand over what little I possessed. It goes against human nature to be held up. I had not half liked the idea of presenting him with the contents of my employer's safe, but I had a deep-rooted objection to emptying my own pockets for his benefit, and I told him so.

"Now, don't be squeamish, old man, and, above all, don't be foolish," was his cool advice. "You will find it far nicer to go through your own clothes than to have me do it." And he looked at me in a manner that is most persuasive when backed by a big man with a six-shooter.

I hesitated a while—a very little while—and then turned my pockets inside out, which operation made him richer by eighty-three cents.

"Your watch," he suggested. I gave it to him. He looked at it, turned

it over a few times, and handed it back with the laconic remark, "Thanks."

"Sit down," he said, as he mounted the stool once more. "Do you know," he continued after a short pause, during which he took another view of the surroundings, and I noticed for the first time that half of the little finger of his left hand was missing—"I would be inclined to give you back your eighty-three cents if the money market wasn't so deuced tight. The stringency is something fearful, and I am actually hard up for cash these times—money all tied up, you know, by inconsiderate capitalists in such a manner that I really can't get at it. Don't believe I could realize \$10,000 in a week. If things weren't so deucedly rotten I would give you back your stuff, 'pon my word I would."

"Never mind the eighty-three cents or your word, either," I replied, for I was in bad humour and could not appreciate the generous feelings he found it necessary to smother. "Seeing there is nothing else around here you want that you can carry, suppose you go?"

"Don't be inhospitable, old fellow," he rejoined in an injured tone. "I kind of like your company, you're not a bad sort of a chap, and I really hate to part with you." He looked at me in a friendly way, and I began to think that the appearance of the watch had touched his heart. He was certainly relenting, whatever the cause.

"You remind me of an old pal of mine," he continued, and I felt duly flattered—"as good a fellow as ever wore shoe leather—dead now—and this place brings back the old office. Good old times until I got too gay. Trotted too fast. Don't get too gay, don't trot too fast, it doesn't pay in the long run. Bah! what is the use in grunting; no good weeping over what can't be fixed."

He started towards the door. Stopping midway, he turned as if suddenly recollecting something. "I tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll find that two cents or give you back the dough—stamps and all!"

Two cents had worried me for a week, but I can solemnly swear not for the last quarter of an hour. I looked at him in amazement, at a loss to decide whether he was serious or only jesting. He read my thoughts.

"No, I'm not guying; I think I remember a thing or two about balances. Come on," he ordered, turning towards the books, "it is getting late, and if we don't find that difference in half an hour I'm a Jonah! What is it, short or over?"

"Over," I replied. I was now at his side eager to see the outcome of this new phase of his character.

"Your figures?" he inquired, pointing at the balance sheet. I nodded assent. "Bad," he remarked. "Threes and fives too much alike, sevens and nines worse. That's where your difference is, sure."

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"Sure," he reiterated. "Now we'll compare each amount on your sheet ending with a five or a nine with your ledger. Look out for this one!"

We started the comparison, he calling off the amounts and I comparing with ledger, as he looked over my shoulder. We had worked about ten minutes without any results when he called out \$358.49. "Right," I answered. "Try again," he suggested; "that last figure looks mightily like a nine, but it may be one of your sevens."

I checked the ledger addition three times—seven was right. There, right under my nose, where it had been all week, the error of two cents stood out so plainly that I wondered how I had passed it over so often; and here was my burglar, with a matter-of-fact smile, putting on the overcoat which he had removed when we started the comparison.

I looked at him and laughed outright at the ridiculousness of the situation. "You're feeling better now," he said, as he broke into a mild sort of laugh himself. "Well, so am I. You see, I have earned \$4.68, which is somewhat of a new sensation. Suppose I hung out my shingle as account-

ant, etc., do you think I could make it go in Montreal?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "You have a very peculiar way of introducing yourself, and a rather unpleasant method of collecting your fees in advance."

"I would merely have to change the *modus operandi*," he replied; "the result would be the same if—"

That is as far as he got. A tremendous knocking at the door, which threatened to wreck the block, accompanied by the sound of voices, cut him short. His features, which had relaxed into an expression of positive pleasure, became fiercely set.

"See who it is, but let no one in," he commanded.

I opened the office door and soon distinguished the party demanding admittance as my brother Jack and three of his fellow-members of the Trampers' Snowshoe Club. A hearty lot of healthy athletes—a bad combination for a burglar or anyone else to tackle.

"My brother and three friends," I said, returning to my companion.

"All right," he answered. "I won't harm them. Just you call out that it is O.K., and I'll open the door for them. The key is in the lock, isn't it?"

For a moment I did not know what to do. I was certainly possessed of a number of conflicting emotions and in a state of utter indecision. Again he helped me—and himself—out. "Here," he said, handing me the revolver. "Holler 'all right!' or they'll wake the village."

I did exactly as I was told to do. "All right! stop that rumpus and we'll open the door," I shouted.

"Good night," said my visitor. "You stay here."

With this he walked towards the door, turned the bolt, and admitted the quartette.

"Your brother's inside, just closing up," I heard him remark in an agreeable way. They entered with glances of polite curiosity at the stranger, who let them pass and then made his exit without any undignified haste.

"Who is his job-lots?" asked the irreverent Jack. "New hand?"

Spying the revolver, which was lying on the desk, he continued, greatly to my relief, "Well, you were pretty well guarded to-night. A body-guard and a gun; gun is only an ornament, however; not loaded. Out of stock, I suppose?" He handed me the deadly weapon. I took a good long look at it. It certainly was not loaded, and no doubt, was out of stock.

"Wake up!" said Tom Taylor, in that heavy voice of his. "A person would think you had never seen that thing before. Who was the chap let us in?"

"He? Don't you know him? His

name is Smith. He's a recent acquaintance of mine who is quite an artist at finding balances. He gave me a hand to-night and we found my two cents."

"Good," said Jack; "you can treat on the head of it."

I borrowed a dollar from Jack and treated on the way home, and the boys were somewhat amazed at the proportions of my dose.

It was many moons after before I ventured to relate my experience of the night, as somehow I did not consider that I had played a very heroic part in the evening's drama.

As to the Balancing Burglar, I have never heard of him since.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE

By N. De Bertrand Lugrin

IT was at one of the many N.W.M.P. stations along the Yukon, and gold had been discovered in the hills a mile back from the river. There had been the usual rush at first, but the crowd of new-comers had thinned until now only a hundred or two remained. These had built for themselves the usual log houses and the usual wood-foundations tents. There were two streets without sidewalks, a half-dozen shops, two lodging houses and two saloons that did a thriving business before the church was opened, since then one of them had been closed. The church was a large canvas tent with a board floor, a small folding organ and a reading desk.

Howard Phillips had charge of the church. He had come to the Yukon three years before, and had been an earnest, indefatigable worker. It was at the church that his wife Margaret met John Gilmore again.

It was a Sunday in late July—a hot day without a breath of wind. The dust lay warm and thick in the streets of the little town, and back on the hills the grass was parched and brown. In-

side the tent it was close, though there were only a score of men and two women scattered about the benches. Phillips stood grave and tall in his white surplice at the reading desk, and his wife sat at the organ, her face pale and her hair in little damp golden tendrils about her forehead. The clergyman talked earnestly, his eyes looking through the opening of the tent to the ribbon of a river and the glimpse of blue sky, and his sermon was like the hills on the other side of the water, far above and beyond his hearers. The score of men sat stolidly staring at the sweet face behind the organ, they heard nothing of the sermon, saw nothing of the preacher; there were only three white women in camp, and Phillip's wife was young and lovely as a dream.

Presently there was a heavy tramping without and a dozen of the police entered, their spurs clinking as they walked. They sat down as near the back as they could. Mrs. Phillips, who had been resting her head in her hand, looked up languidly. The lieutenant who came in last was Gilmore. Her

eyes met his and she swayed a little on the box that served her as a seat. Gilmore himself started up as though to go to her, but sank back instantly. No one noticed the little by-play. The clergyman talked steadily on, and the other men kept their eyes on the yellow head that was bent above the organ.

At length they rose to sing and the girl's sweet young voice carried the hymn alone at first; gradually, however, one by one the men shyly took up the air until at last quite a volume of melody filled the tent. The beautiful face at the organ looked up as the last words were sung,

"And with the morn, those angel faces
smile,
That I have loved long since and lost
awhile,"

and the lieutenant rose suddenly and walked from the tent.

That night Mrs. Phillips walked by the river alone; their cabin was a mile from the others. Her husband had gone to visit a man who was dying in one of the huts at the foot of the hills. It was difficult to find a path among the thick growth by the river, but at last, a bit footsore and weary, the girl sat down upon a log near the bank and clasping her hands in her lap gazed with young and sadly patient eyes into the rushing, turbulent stream. Her thoughts were far away from the North, far away from her present life. It was five years ago in Montreal and she was a girl again. It was a still, moonless night, and the lanterns swayed in the trees in the park. Down by the river it was cool. She was tired with dancing, and she and John Gilmore had come to the bank and were standing looking over the singing waters of the St. Lawrence. Gilmore had arrived from England early in May, and during all the long, sweet months of the summer they had been friends. To-night the man had asked for something more than friendship. She remembered it all so well. The light from a lantern fell slanting across his face. His eyes were very bright and eager as he spoke, and he was smiling.

But his words struck the girl as sharply as a blow. She had not known, she had not thought, she had only been wonderfully happy without looking any farther than the present.

"I have promised to marry Howard Phillips when he comes home from the West," she told him, and the Englishman's face went very white, and the smile slowly left his lips. He took her hands tightly in his and kissed them one after the other, and then he went away, and until this morning at the service in the canvas church she had not seen him again.

She leaned over and broke off a bit of dried birch from the log on which she sat and flung it into the river smiling to see it whirl about in the eddies and then go racing down stream. "Like life on the sea of chance," said the clergyman's wife aloud, and just then someone stepped over the log beside her.

"Mrs. Phillips," Gilmore's well-known voice addressed the girl.

She stood up, smiling her beautiful young smile, and held out her hand.

"Mr. Gilmore."

He took her fingers tightly and dropped them.

"I was surprised at service this morning;" the girl's voice had a weary note in it, but it was the same sweet young voice he remembered. "We have been here a week and I have not seen you before, never guessed that you might be here, especially in this capacity."

The man laughed a laugh that woke old, hushed memories.

"For five years I have been leading a wandering-Jew sort of an existence. And you?"

"Oh, I," she laughed her soft, low laugh, "I have been in camps compared to which this is a paradise," she said. "Missionaries cannot be choosers, Mr. Gilmore."

She looked past him to the river and shut her eyes suddenly. How calm and quiet he was, so different from the hot-eyed, white-faced lover who had bade her "good-bye" five years ago. Perhaps he had forgotten.

"You won't think me presuming for having followed you here?" the lieutenant's voice shook a little. "I have known you were at the camp ever since you came, though I was up river until to-day."

"Surely there is no presumption," Mrs. Phillips laughed lightly. "We are old friends, are we not?"

She smiled up at him happily. Somehow her face seemed to have grown younger all of a sudden. Something in his eyes, however, made her drop her own. She began to link and un-link her fingers. He remembered with a start that it was a little nervous habit of hers.

"If you will let me still be your friend—yours and your husband's—" began Gilmore.

"I would be very glad." Again she held out her hand and the man took it. It was a frail little hand and very white.

"You know, Mrs. Phillips," he began hesitatingly. "This is not the sort of life a delicate woman should lead."

"I am used to it," she said. She put her head on one side in the childish way he remembered, "and Howard is so careful, so very big and careful."

"Your husband," Gilmore's voice was very grave, "is in great danger here."

The girl's face grew troubled. "Do you really think so?" she asked. "I have been afraid lately. You see Howard is very bitter against the saloon men and the gambling houses. It was his evidence that hanged young Fisher up on the Skeena, and it was through him that Mears and Fisher's place was closed."

"They are ugly men both of them." Gilmore was relieved to know that she understood and that his words had not startled her. "But as long as there is nothing outwardly bad the police can do nothing."

"Mr. Phillips will not take halfway measures," the girl said, laughing again. "He is so very earnest, so very, very high-principled, quite beyond us ordinary people."

"But it endangers you." Gilmore struck his stick sharply against his riding boot.

"I am not afraid," said the little lady quietly. There was gentle rebuke in her voice.

"Your cabin is not far from here?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, a mile nearly," the girl smiled. "Howard was up at Red Hill with a sick man and I was lonely. I often walk by myself."

"Will you let me walk with you to-night?" he asked, bending down.

"I will let you take me home," she replied. "For I have been gone an hour, and if Howard returns and finds me missing he will rouse the whole camp."

They were very merry as they walked back. Gilmore talked incessantly and interestingly and the girl's laugh rang out every moment. They heard a whistle up the river and they went over close to the bank and stopped. A steamer was rushing down with the stream, a cloud of sparks from her smoke-stack making a starry sky of the shadows above the water.

"Ohè," called Gilmore, and the girl echoed "Ohè." The passengers on the boat heard them and shouted back. Some one was playing a guitar on deck and singing.

"Oh, oh, do you hear it?" cried Mrs. Phillips, her voice thrilling with delight. "They are singing the old boating song:

'Row, brothers, row, the stream flows fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.'"

Her voice joined in with the music from the boat.

"It is like a night on the St. Lawrence," Gilmore said dreamily.

They stayed by the bank until the sound of the rhythmic beating of the water against the paddle-wheels had grown faint as an echo and then they took up the journey home.

At the open door Phillips was standing, a candle sputtered behind him on the table, he was holding his hands over his eyes and peering out into the shadows. He saw them coming and

hurried to meet them. He took his wife almost roughly in his arms and kissed her fiercely.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "Darling, darling, you have frightened me."

With a hot face Mrs. Phillips released herself.

"Was I so long?" she asked, then "Howard, this is Lieutenant Gilmore. I used to know him long ago in Montreal."

The clergyman held out his hand frankly. "I am glad to meet you," he said cordially, then after a little pause and an earnest scrutiny of the other's face, "very, very glad. I must thank you for bringing this truant wife of mine home," he went on.

He put his arm around the girl and kept Gilmore's hand and all three entered the tiny house. They sat on the covered packing boxes and the tall clergyman, a very bright light in his eyes, chatted gaily, quite unlike the solemn preacher of the morning.

"I am so glad that your station is here," he told Gilmore. "You will be like a bit of her old life to Mrs. Phillips, a bit of her old happy life, eh, Margaret?" he smiled a little wistfully into the beautiful face opposite him.

The girl smiled, too, a very happy smile. "Where is the child?" she asked.

Gilmore started.

"Margaret means the little Indian maid to whom we have given a home in return for the valuable services she renders in fetching the water and washing up for us." Again the clergyman smiled, and this time the wistfulness was more evident.

"I wish I could make tea," Mrs. Phillips looked up at Gilmore suddenly and laughed a little, "but the fire takes an hour to start." She leaned forward and nodded at the lieutenant, "Do you remember when I used to make tea for you in the pavilion by the river?"

"Do I remember?" Gilmore's voice broke in the middle of a gay laugh. "What sunsets those were, so red that year and the river all glistening crimson and gold!"

"And afterwards when we went in the boats and the moon was high! Ah," the girl lifted her hand and bent her head, "I can hear the band playing now and the laughter and song wafted out over the water." She, too, laughed the happy little laugh with the catch in it.

The tall clergyman smilingly looked from one to the other, "I think I can start the fire in less than an hour," he said, and he rose and went softly from the room.

Neither of the two noticed him. Gilmore has drawn his seat nearer Margaret and was recalling a long-ago dance in the pavilion, and Margaret was linking and unlinking her fingers and laughing a throbbing, childish laugh.

That was the beginning of many long evenings that these three spent together—the tall, thin, ascetic-faced young priest, the great broad-shouldered policeman and the fair-haired, beautiful young wife. The days were warm and the nights cool and sweet. Every day and sometimes twice or thrice a day they would go down to meet the up-and-down steamers, laden with eager men and women "going in" or tired men and women "coming out."

"Shall we put her on board?" Phillips would ask sometimes, nodding laughingly to the lieutenant. "Shall we put her on board and send her where she belongs?"

And Mrs. Phillips would shake her head in mock indignation and slipping her hand through her husband's arm would say, "This is where she belongs."

Phillips was very popular in the camp; among the hundred miners there were only two who were his enemies. Fisher and Mears, the saloon men whom he had driven out of business, hated him. More than once they had threatened that unless he left the camp they would shoot him. But early in August both men went to Green Valleys on Waggon Creek, and the clergyman, absorbed in his work, forgot all about them. He loved his calling, he loved the North, he loved

the people to whom he ministered, and he never dreamed that his great thoughts were as far above the rough miners as the stars are above the sea.

Unknown to them Gilmore had constituted himself guardian of the minister's little household, and never by word or sign could Phillips or his wife guess that the lieutenant was anything more than the cheery, honest friend of both husband and wife. If sometimes they wondered a little at Gilmore for always refusing to remain or call in the clergyman's absence, they laid it to his instinctive sense of old-world propriety, and laughed a little at the survival in the soldier of that which they had learned to outgrow. Among the policemen Gilmore was always the quiet, self-contained officer with a great many letters to write and a great many visits to make to the minister's cabin. There came a time, however, when the cord of the soldier's self-control snapped suddenly. He looked into Margaret's eyes one night as she sang to the two men at the cabin door, and he knew that he must go away if he would keep silence.

It was one evening in late September, Gilmore came to the clergyman's cabin and found Margaret alone.

"Will you let me come in?" he asked, and she set the door wide and smiled a welcome. She was frailer than ever, her little hands were like snowflakes against the black of her gown. She lit the candle on the table, and they sat down on the covered boxes side by side.

"You have never come to see me like this before." Mrs. Phillips looked at him with a little smile. "Have you some news, then?"

The man was not looking at her, he held his head in his two hands and his elbows on his knees. "It was necessary that I should come to-night if I came at all," he said slowly.

The girl started, and bending towards him touched his arm lightly. "Is there any trouble?" she asked. "You carry both your revolvers. Are you going on the river?"

"All the men have gone to N— until to-morrow," he replied. "I am the only one left at the station, and I am leaving to-morrow."

"For long?" she asked a little hurriedly.

"I cannot tell." He muttered the words.

The girl was silent a moment then she leaned nearer him.

"John," she asked quietly. It was the first time she had called him so since five years before. "John, where are you going?"

The man drew down his hands and turned a haggard face to her. "I am going up to get my discharge," he said. "I have resigned and am returning to England next month."

"Oh!" The little expressionless sound fluttered from the girl's lips, and she started back from him, her face very white. "Why?" she asked. "Why do you go?"

"Do you need to ask me, Margaret?" He turned round to her, resting one hand on the wall behind him and holding the other clenched upon his knee. He leaned down a little, his eyes bright with pain upon her face. "I have been with the Mounted Police for four years," he went on a little quickly. "When you were at Winnipeg I was at a prairie station; when you went West to Vancouver Island I was in Victoria on furlough; when you went to the Stikine I was at the post twenty miles away, and when you came here—" he paused and swallowed hard once or twice, "I thought I could trust myself." His voice was harsh. "But I knew after that first meeting there by the river that I was not brave enough after all. I have stayed as long as I could." The girl kept her hands in her lap and gazed before her with a stonily white face. "For you," the man continued softly and hurriedly, "this friendship of ours is as the friendship of a sister for a brother. I know that. Nay, do not turn from me, Margaret; you know I would kill my love if I could. There, I have told you all—perhaps at the cost of your re-

spect for me. I—I shall go now." He stood up stiffly.

The girl spoke with her eyes still straight before her.

"I—I thought—I hoped you had forgotten," she said. "Now, since you have told me, it is best, of course, that you should go." She stood up, too, and held out her hand. "We shall miss you, my husband and I," she went on evenly. "Sometimes when I—we have been with you, I have forgotten that this is the North and the river out there the Yukon. It has seemed that we—you and I—and my husband were back again by the St. Lawrence, that the roses were clambering over the arbour door and the grapes ripening in the sun." She paused a little, then went on slowly and a little dreamily. "But there are the blue and white mountain blossoms out here on the hills, and the ferns are sweet, still"—she looked up at him, and her eyes were very dry and bright—"still you will think of me—of us, when you are among the sunshine and the flowers down there, I loved them so."

The man watched her, his lip tight in his teeth.

"I will say goodbye now," she said gently, evenly; "before Howard returns, he might not understand—about everything."

Outside the rain had begun to fall and the wind was blowing wailingly. The minister's tall black form walked slowly up and paused before the cabin window. His face was white, but he was smiling happily, expectantly. He lifted his hand to rap on the glass, then dropped it suddenly, and his face turned whiter.

The two within were facing one another. He could see the pallor of his wife's cheeks and the dull hopelessness in Gilmore's eyes.

"Margaret," the latter was saying, "before I go I want you to forgive me for having spoken of my love again. You, pure and spotless, loving your husband, cannot know the suffering it costs me to hold a rein upon myself as I have been doing through the summer.

A little more, I think, and I would have gone mad. I tell you this to let you know why it is imperative that I should go where there is no chance of my meeting you again." He swallowed once or twice and his voice was steady as he finished. "Can you forgive me?" he asked.

The girl brought back her eyes from their rapt gaze into vacancy and lifted them to his face. One moment she looked at him, then she caught her breath and let it go in a long quivering sob.

"Forgive you—Oh heaven," she said, and hid her face in her hands.

A sudden thrill of despairing joy touched the man.

"Margaret," he cried, "Margaret, can it be—is it true?" he went closer to her, bending down to her, "Sweet-heart, sweetheart—"

Phillips leaned forward, his breath coming painfully through his white lips. But his wife dropped her hands and lifted her head high, while her eyes were darkly bright and piteously brave.

"Oh," she said quietly and firmly to the man who bent to her. "Go, and God be with you, John."

She folded her hands on her bosom, the soldier held out his arms for one brief second, his yearning soul in his eyes, and then he turned from her and flinging open the door went out into the night.

Phillips stood quite still for a long time, then with a start he roused himself and walked slowly, heavily into the cabin. His wife leaned against the wall. She looked up at him dully, her young beauty suddenly grown old, her hands, cold and white, at her sides.

"You are late," she said. She picked up the candle and went into the other room. Her husband followed her, drew her into his arms, putting back the soft hair from her face.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Poor little weary girl. This is a very bitter world for you."

He laid her on the bed, kneeling a moment beside her. She kissed him quietly and turned from him with her face to the wall.

The minister rose to his feet, and going into the next room barred the windows and doors. Then he returned and sat down beside his wife. She had closed her eyes and was lying, her hands tightly clenched at her sides. He gathered the rigid little fingers in his; she did not move. Five minutes passed, a half hour, an hour. Presently he leaned down and kissed the unconscious brow, then rose and went on tiptoe to the front room. He had put out the candle and now took down one of the top bars of the window and peered out into the night. He replaced it hurriedly. There was a group of men standing directly in front of the cabin. The moon had come out from behind a pile of clouds, and he could see that two of the men wore masks and that of the others four were Indians and three white men. The clergyman stood still, he was smiling a little. Over and over in his ears he could hear his wife's voice as she bade Gilmore leave her, and before his eyes in the dark room her lovely white despairing face seemed to look upon him. He reached for his revolver and felt the cartridges.

Suddenly a shot rang out sharply and the glass of the window splintered and fell at his feet. He drew back a little and turned his head toward the back room. All was still, he could hear his wife's deep breathing. The little Indian girl, however, came running into the room talking Chinook very fast, and feeling for Phillips with trembling hands.

Another shot and the falling glass.

"Howard, are you there?" It was his wife's voice. "Are you hurt?"

"No, darling, come to me." He took her in his arms. "Are you afraid, Margaret?"

"No, I am not frightened. Have you fired upon them?"

"I have only three cartridges, dear; I will save them until necessary. These shots will rouse the police soon."

"All the police are at N—," his wife whispered the words.

"Oh! oh!" the minister staggered a little; "all of them, Margaret?"

"All but John Gilmore, and he may have gone."

Suddenly a dozen shots rang out, and they could hear the dull thud of the bullets in the heavy logs, one of them, finding a chink, had whistled across the room and lodged in the wall on the opposite side.

And now the whole cabin trembled under the force of a heavy blow upon the door.

"It cannot be long before the miners at the north cabins hear this and come to help us," Phillips told his wife hurriedly. "And even if they do break the door, I have three shots."

The little Indian girl lay moaning upon the floor. Margaret left her husband and went to her, banding down and putting her arm about the shivering child. "My dear, they only want Mr. Phillips and me," she told her soothingly. "They will not hurt you at all."

Again a blow upon the door, and then a sudden and surprising silence, abruptly broken by a cool steady voice that those within recognized at once.

"Fisher and Mears, I know you both and the rest of you, the four Siwashes and the three men from Waggon Creek. What do you want here? In the name of the law lay down your arms."

"We have no quarrel with you, lieutenant," a burly voice broke in; "it's that sneaking, lying, white-faced priest we're after, him as gave the evidence against Fisher's brother that hanged him this spring, him as robs honest men of their victuals and drink."

"Come now, Mears," again Gilmore's voice quiet and cool; "you know the law here. You shall hang for this every one of you unless you lay down your guns and go home quietly."

"The police are at N—," Fisher's thin, gentlemanly voice broke in. "You cannot frighten us, lieutenant, and we have our boat in readiness on the Yukon. Stand from the door or your death be on your own head."

There was a shot. Phillips, watching through the chink, saw one of the In-

dians fall, then another shot rang from Fisher's rifle, and they heard Gilmore swear quietly and his revolver drop to the ground.

"Now will you stand from the door?" Mears cried loudly. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, says the parson's book. If he wasn't such a damned snivelling coward he'd come out here and face the music instead of letting an honest man die in his cursed stead."

Suddenly, before he could finish speaking, the bolt of the door was drawn and the bar dropped, and there in the light of the sickly moon the minister stood, his black cassock falling in straight folds about him, his white face uplifted. Gilmore was leaning against the house, his right arm hung useless at his side, with his left hand he fumbled in his belt for his remaining revolver. For an instant the soldier turned his eyes to the priest.

"For heaven's sake, go back," he

said. "I can hold these devils off until help comes."

But it was too late even if the clergyman had meant to go. Four shots rang out simultaneously, and Phillips fell. Gilmore raised his revolver and fired after the retreating forms, then knelt beside the still figure of the clergyman.

"Bring a light," he called to the weeping Indian girl.

Margaret lit the candle and came to the door, and knelt on the opposite side of her husband.

The dying man opened his eyes and smiled into his wife's face. She handed the candle to the soldier, and leaning over put her arms about the minister.

"I love you so much better than anything else in the world," the dying man whispered. "God bless you, faithful one." Then he looked into Gilmore's eyes. "It was a weary, weary life for her," he whispered, and so died.

THE ONE UNCHANGING

WHEN all the weight of all the world's despair,
 All sobs that ever shook the midnight air,
 Press heavily against the labouring heart
 And death and pain loom darkly everywhere;

When one great grief brings home all other grief,
 And careless joy is driven like a leaf
 Before the wind of bitterness and tears,
 While far behind fades sunshine all too brief;

Then, then how small the things that yesterday
 Had power to move with gladness or dismay,—
 Love, only Love maintains his fixed estate
 In that dark hour that severs soul from clay!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLean Helliwell

AUTUMN

Brook song, and bird song,
Blending on the air;
Golden-rod and asters
Blooming everywhere.
Ceres and Pomona,
Both are busy now,
With the corn and fruitage,
Bending on the bough.

Wind song, and cricket song,
Breaking into trills;
Haze of Indian summer
Lying on the hills.
Autumn heaps the measure
Of fruit and golden grain;
With here a gleam of sunshine,
And there a dash of rain.

—G. W. Shipman

OF late it has become the custom amongst certain writers to cry out without ceasing that the dear old days of home-making and home-keeping are passing forever; that the once popular song, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home," has gone quite out of fashion, since it voices a sentiment no longer cherished of the human heart; and that, in short, men and women no longer delight in gathering their children around them as twilight falls, to bask contentedly in the cheerful blaze of their own hearth fires, but that they now prefer to live always more or less in the public eye, flocking to hotels and apartment houses where sacred privacy is a thing unknown.

Should such a condition of affairs be becoming as universal as these lachrymose writers would have us think, there would, indeed, be ample cause for tears. But we do not believe a word of it, since, if the evidence of one's own eyes is to be trusted, never was

such general interest being manifested in house-building and house-furnishing as at the present time, nor, indeed, were so many inducements to become householders ever before offered to men.

Many of the leading periodicals of the day devote a certain space in each issue to this subject, publishing plans for dwellings of every imaginable style and price, and offering helpful hints and suggestions regarding interior and exterior decoration, to all who dwell in houses made with hands. Nay, further than this, there are magazines devoted exclusively to these things, magazines evidently desired of the people, since from the people comes their support.

Nor is this surprising. Deep down in the heart of every normal man—and woman—lies an intense longing for a home of his own, a local habitation sacred to him and his alone, where the weary toiler or the gay trifler may, when even falls, find rest for his feet and solace for his soul—the impregnable Englishman's castle, where none may enter save through the courtesy of the master.

Boarding-houses may flourish, it is true, and hotels be always crowded—what then? They afford but temporary shelter for the transient bird of passage or make-shift housing for the indolent minority or the discontented few who, restless and unstable as water, are here to-day and there to-morrow.

Man's desire for a home of his own wherein he may reign acknowledged lord and master, if not absolute monarch at least joint-sovereign with one who seldom questions his authority, is a primeval instinct too deeply rooted to be up-torn by any passing enthusiasm

over model apartment-houses or labour-saving flats whose hapless occupants are in perpetual bondage to the omnipotent janitor, who not only stands guard at the gates of entrance and exit, but—oh, hardest to be endured—holds fast the key of the furnace-room.

First food, then shelter, has been the order of man's needs in every age and clime.

From the rough hut of the naked savage to the luxurious palace of the pampered prince is a far cry, but the instinct that prompted the building of the one is the instinct that impelled the erection of the other—the innate desire to provide shelter not only for oneself but for one's cherished Lares and Penates.

To be able to build him a house and get him a wife is the ambition that spurs on to greater effort the lagging energy of many a young masculine toiler, while in almost every European country it is the custom for each maiden to possess a large chest, into which from her earliest youth she puts away

various articles towards the furnishing of her future home—a custom not entirely confined to the girls of Europe, by the way.

In the distant days when man was beset on

every hand with dangers known and unknown; his dominant desire in building his house was to secure in the shortest possible time the strongest possible shelter. Therefore his dwelling-place was a thing of utility rather than of beauty, a material exponent of the dictum of the omniscient Bacon, who declared that "houses were built to live in and not to look upon."

Now, however, that pioneer days are past and we are enjoying that ease

which, we are told, is the lovely result of forgotten toil, man requires more of the roof which shelters him than that it should be strong and water-proof. It must be

trimmed and adorned, that in it beauty and utility may meet in triumph. A house, then, is no longer what the makers of dictionaries would persuade us to believe it—a mere "building for dwelling in;" it must have an individuality of its own, must express character, and bear even upon its outside walls the impress of the taste and culture of its occupant, so that men pausing to gaze upon it may be led to exclaim in the ecstatic words of the enraptured Miranda: "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple!" Besides being characteristic it must moreover be *artistic*—though just precisely what that elastic word implies it is rather difficult to say—for in these enlightened days to be artistic is to be everything desirable, and that which is not artistic, be it a broom-handle or a Pullman car, has no excuse for being.

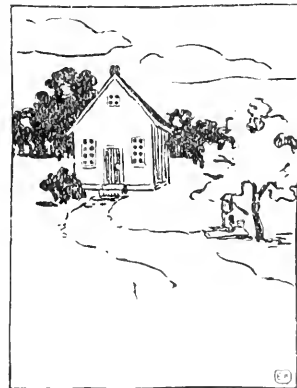
It is only in the Province of Quebec and the wilds of Muskoka that the prim little Noah's-ark houses of a generation ago still find a place, curious little affairs of straight walls and



THE PRIMITIVE HOUSE



THE OMNIPOTENT JANITOR

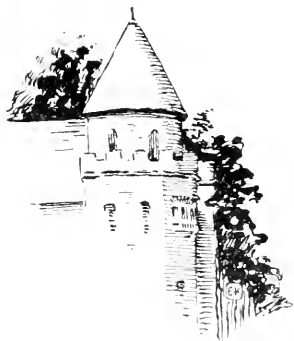


THE NOAH'S ARK

slanted roofs, with a narrow little door exactly in the middle of the front, over which a thin window mounts stiff guard on either side. As one looks out through the window of the train that whirls one through the lower Province, one feels tempted to stretch out a long arm and pick up bodily by the back of the neck, or rather the rim of the roof, one of these ridiculous little toy structures.

Outside Quebec and Muskoka architectural ideas have changed. One class of house-builder insists upon verandahs large and roomy, and if one is hampered by narrowness of frontage, room-space must be sacrificed to the imperative demands of a spacious piazza.

Another class demands before all else imposing towers, round or square as fancy may dictate, with Norman roofs and aggressive bay-windows, so that one frequently discovers in a quiet



THE FORTRESS HOUSE

side street a row of modern houses whose brick-fronts present the threatening appearance of a miniature fortress and whose narrow doors are almost lost from view by heavy overhanging battlements. He who is of a more peaceable turn of mind rejects bellicose towers and turrets for oriel windows, quaint gables, leaded panes, and low roofs finished off with "artistic" green shingles. Thus in happy satisfaction he builds him a modern "cottage," Queen Anne in front, at least, he flatters himself. If, indeed, it be *Mary Anne* at the back, as his jealous neighbours maliciously suggest, what matters that?—The world at large sees but the front, and of what moment is the opinion of the grocery-boy or the criticism of the ash-man?

Without doubt these are the days of evolution in house-building. Old architectural traditions are being daily overthrown; new ideas, some impracticable and preposterous, some excellent and valuable, are continually being advanced and tested. Everywhere in this, as in everything else, the potent influence of Modern Thought can be discerned. Whether out of all this mixture of old and new, this curious medley of ideas good, bad, and indifferent, there shall emerge at last a characteristic, permanent Canadian architecture, it is, of course, impossible to say. One thing, at least, is evident. Men are beginning to realize that it is indeed well for the old order to change, that out of good may come better, and that the four walls that make one's Home are more than a mere mass of bricks and mortar—they are the outward, visible expression of the invisible mind of the builder and occupant, for a man may be known by his house as surely as by his companions.



THE QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE

It is the intention of the Editor of "Woman's Sphere" to trace from time to time in these pages the changes that modern ideas have wrought in house-building and house-furnishing, and to show in what way the several rooms that go to make the dwelling-place of Miss Dolly of to-day differ from those in which Mistress Dorothy of yesterday lived and loved, and mourned and died.

The question of fuel supply for the fast-approaching winter still continues to be of absorbing and disquieting interest to every housekeeper—in the

cities at least. Denizens of the country, surrounded by our splendid Canadian woods, are, of course, independent of obstinate, underpaid strikers and obdurate, avaricious mine-owners; but the effects of the coal strike in Pennsylvania, which at the time that the CANADIAN MAGAZINE goes to press is still in full force, will be so far-reaching and so tremendously disastrous that the attention of every thinking woman cannot but be aroused—even though her individual coal-cellar should chance, providentially for her, to be stored with the precious “black diamonds.” And speaking of jewels reminds one that the ever-alert novelty man has already realized out of the present crisis by placing upon the market attractive little stick-pins composed of a shining “nugget” of coal set in gold, timely souvenirs which find a ready sale.

But to return to the serious side of the question. Is it not a rather regrettable state of affairs that with the vast extent and resources of this Dominion we should be so entirely at the mercy of a foreign country in so vital a matter as that of our daily fuel supply? One is almost inclined to fear that the difficulty is not so much a lack of material resources as it is lack of confidence in our own home products. Therefore, if the distressing circumstances in which thousands of Canadian householders now find themselves serve to awaken them to a realization of our too great dependence upon the country to the south of us for many of the necessities of our existence, the experience, hard though it be, will not have come in vain. It is not a question of coal alone. Too many Canadian women labour under the erroneous impression that no good thing can come out of their own country, and that to be well-dressed, for instance, and properly “set up,” their clothes and accessories *must* be of American (meaning United States) manufacture. Some time ago a special committee of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto undertook to look into this matter, and to inform themselves ex-

actly as to the variety and quality of the materials turned out by their own countrymen.

Samples of Canadian cloth, gloves, etc., were obtained, and it was discovered that a woman could be as well-dressed in every way as the most fastidious taste could demand, and yet be “Canadian” from head to heels. The idea possessed by some women that the only good shoes made on this continent are those manufactured south of “the Line,” is simply preposterous. Ontario footwear can compete with that of any country, while the excellence of the Canadian homespun that come from the Province of Quebec is too well known to require mention.

Of course it is only right that there should be some interchange of commerce between the various countries of the world, but surely it is not unreasonable to expect that Canadian women should in all cases give the preference to Canadian products. With encouragement, the present “good” of our home industries will rapidly become not only *better* but *best*; without encouragement what can be expected but *bad* and *worse*!



While we would rather not be dependent upon our American cousins for our daily material needs, we gratefully acknowledge that we are frequently very glad to borrow their ideas and follow their suggestions. Therefore we openly and cheerfully declare that those Canadians who dwell in cities really could not do anything better than to form and get into immediate working order such an organization as The Watch and Ward Society of Boston, whose object, as defined in the society's by-laws, is “the promotion of public morality and the removal of corrupting agencies.” One has only to glance at the posters that adorn many of our city fences to feel the need for such a society, while the fact that when a play, founded upon the elevating story of the attempted escape from justice of the notorious Biddle brothers, was presented in one of our

cities recently, the theatre was crowded to the doors, proves conclusively that the moral sense of the general public is sadly blunted. A highly satisfactory advertisement for this play, calculated to whet the appetite of those who delight in details of crime and criminals, was the revolver used by one of the criminals, and other "authentic souvenirs" of the original case. These were displayed in a shop window.

The Watch and Ward Society above referred to would speedily have consigned to limbo these interesting relics. "We consider it an imperative duty," says their agent, "to visit the cheaper theatres frequently, to criticize the entertainment, and report objectionable portions to the proprietor, who cheerfully cuts out all we complain of, and we take pleasure in saying that he also co-operates with us, making his own lists of objectionable passages for elimination. These entertainments have also been generally more free from objection in the past year than ever before, some of them entirely unobjectionable in character and of a high degree of professional excellence."

The agent further states with regard to the miscellaneous work of the society: "Over seventy cases have been investigated during the past year, and an account of the investigations recorded. We have caused bill posters to be removed from the streets and pictures from windows, and one from an electric car on a road forty miles from Boston. We have in the work of the society visited thirty-nine cities and towns during the past year."

The society has also effectually suppressed the open sale of immoral literature in Boston and other cities of New England, where highly objectionable books were being sold in appalling numbers.

Truly in such work as this one's energies are well expended.

The number of women employed in the principal Japanese industries and their proportion in relation to the masculine hand labour was, in 1900, as

follows: Silk spinning, 107,348, 93 per cent. of the men; cotton spinning, 53,053, 79 per cent. of the men; matches, 11,385, 69 per cent. of the men; cotton weaving, 10,656, 86 per cent. of the men; tobacco, 7,874, 72 per cent. of the men; matting, 1,641, 59 per cent. of the men.

TWO

I am two women, though the world at large
Knows me for one—the woman you see
here:
Impulsive, thoughtless, thoughtful, weak, and
strong,
Impatient, faulty—yet by some held dear
Because she loves them, and because her
ways
Have grown familiar to their blame or praise.

The other woman wears a diadem.
She dwelleth only in my lover's eyes.
No others see her crown—'tis not for them.
She is a queen all beautiful and wise—
The woman he believes me!
On my knee
I pray that I may yet that woman be!

—Kate Whiting Patch

A WOMAN'S "NO"

She answered, "No." It gave me pain;
But did she mean the sweet disdain
That made her lustrous eyes more bright?
I knew, if not thy chosen knight,
Thy love for her could never wane.
Awhile I brooded, hapless swain!
And then for solace was I fain;
Had I a rival in her sight?
She answered "No."

Still liked I not my love's refrain.
A thought! I'd make it fit my strain!
Again, unto my heart's delight,
I strove to put the question right:
"Sweet, must I always sue in vain?"
She answered, "No."

—S. M. Peck

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That, in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named
themselves a star.

—Byron

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

AT a public gathering in Toronto the other day an Anglican clergyman, declared that our children were

SINGING of men, owing to the absence of religious and moral training in our schools. The man who

would make such a statement can be credited with neither judgment nor common sense. The Canadian boys of to-day are as good as those of past days, perhaps better. The home and the Sunday-school are just as effective as ever, and they are giving all the necessary religious training. To re-introduce religious teaching into the public schools would be a retrograde step, not a reform. It would relieve the homes of a duty and the Sunday-schools of all their purpose. It would be substituting a poor agent for two good agents. Secular teachers can never be religious teachers. To attempt to make them perform a dual duty would lead to disaster.

It is said that King Edward is not enamoured of modern journals and journalists because of their tendency to gossip. The Court officials take their cue from

THE KING AND THE PRESS. the King and are also inimical to the gentlemen of the press. An

instance of this occurred in connection with the Coronation. The Earl-Marshal sent an invitation to the prominent newspapers for one representative's presence in the Abbey. His Mightiness desired each publisher to send him the name of the "individual" who would represent the journal, and also a guarantee of his good conduct during the performance of the ceremony. To say that there was some wrath displayed in

journalistic circles in London is to put it mildly.

This attitude of the King explains, of course, the conduct of certain officials connected with Rideau Hall. It is quite the fashion, don't you know, to keep the press on the level of the hackmen and railway-carriage porters.

Journalism seems to have great difficulty in struggling towards recognition as a profession. So long as the men in it are untrained, without academic standing, and without any code of ethics or conduct, the profession must remain a minor one. Nevertheless, the standing of newspaper men would be much higher if the deference to caste were less powerful.



The trustees of Queen's University have blundered and trailed the good name of that institution in the dust.

A DOZEN OF ESTIMABLE gentlemen have had imposed upon them, by the death of the lamented Principal

Grant, the duty of electing a new head for the University. They met in secret conclave, and decided to proffer their laurel wreath to an estimable clergyman in the city of Montreal. Two or three busybodies told them he would accept it, and they did not trouble to verify the statements. They fell into the trap and their scalps are to-day floating at the belt of the proud clergyman of Montreal. They now have a position to offer which has been refused, rejected and scorned. They thought that what they had to offer was a crown of diadems; behold! one has called a tin bauble and bade them offer to others less worthy than he. The trustees should take sum-

mary vengeance on some person or persons unknown who instigated and advised a proceeding which led to such an inglorious result.

It is probable that the banks will, during the forthcoming session of Parliament, ask for an amendment to the banking law which will enable them to issue notes against a certain portion of their reserve.

SCARCITY OF MONEY. In financial circles reserve is claimed to be of nearly equal strength with capital. Therefore, the bankers claim that notes may safely be issued against 25 or 50 per cent. of it. At present they may issue notes only to the extent of their paid-up, unimpaired capital.

There is a need for more currency. During the second week of October nearly every bank, with the exception of the Bank of Montreal, had issued all its notes and was still unable to satisfy the business necessities of its customers. The great movement in grain drew vast quantities of our circulation to the Northwest and there was not sufficient left to satisfy the general requirements of business in the other portions of Canada.

Of course, another way out of the difficulty, perhaps, would be to forbid the loaning of Canadian bank money in the United States during the months of October and November, the period when most currency is required in this country. The high rate obtainable for call loans in New York during the past few weeks, has drawn many millions of Canadian money to that centre. About fifty millions of our money has been loaned there, on the average, during the past few weeks, and this at a time when the money was in greatest demand by legitimate Canadian interests.

The most interesting topic of the last few weeks has been that of the relation of labour to capital. The spectacle of the head of a great nation vainly endeavouring to end an industrial struggle is not a usual one. This struggle

has been of keen interest to many Canadians, especially in Ontario, owing to the fact that 140,000 miners in the anthracite regions of the

LABOUR United States have been
VS. idle for six months with
CAPITAL. the result that Ontario, which receives nearly all

her supply of hard coal from that region, is being forced to pay from \$10 to \$20 a ton for anthracite coal which usually sells from \$4.50 to \$6.50. The suffering which, in Ontario, will be the direct result of the prolongation of the strike, will not be great. The Province contains large quantities of firewood, and it is being rapidly marketed at good prices. The people in the towns and cities will pay more for fuel, but the farmer will reap the benefit.

But this huge strike, and the inability of President Roosevelt or of Congress to point a way to a settlement, brings up the whole question of the relation of labour to capital. During the past hundred years, the labour unions of Great Britain have won victory after victory, and have materially improved the position of the workingman without any corresponding injury to the capitalists. The labour unions of Australia and New Zealand have during more recent years gone even farther than those of Great Britain, and made the labouring man a greater political and industrial power. In the United States and Canada, organized labour has been strong and aggressive, and won many bloodless victories. The progress made towards a better social condition in all these countries has been very notable, and has been accomplished, until recent years at least, with little permanent detriment to capitalistic interests.

It is questionable, however, if the present tendency is not to press reforms too far. In Australia the labour legislation has been so advanced that progress has been arrested. Capitalistic interests are becoming frightened at this "class" legislation made at the instance of the labour leaders, and are migrating from the colony. Many Australian capitalists are leaving for

South Africa, it is said, and people are wondering if the colonies under the Southern Cross are not likely to suffer materially for the reputation which they have made for themselves as advanced communities. In Great Britain also, it is claimed, the labour unions have so tied up industrial development with rules and regulations that many lines of British manufactures cannot successfully be sold in the markets of the world. The United States has suffered least among the Anglo-Saxon nations, and has made considerable headway in selling manufactured articles to the nations. During the past year, however, this progress has been somewhat checked by the continued rise in wages and the shortening of the hours of labour. Canadian manufactures sent abroad may be subject to the same disadvantage—a high cost of production, if the labour unions continue their aggressiveness for shorter hours and higher wages.

A country managed entirely in the interests of the labouring men would be as unsuccessful as a country managed entirely for its capitalists! The sense of proportion in regulation must be preserved and lasting reforms must be gradual. This is one of the lessons which organized labour must learn. It is to be hoped that the learning will be done without disastrous conflict and without civil war. The indications in the United States point to an imminent conflict between capital and labour which will be disastrous to both. It is to be hoped that Canada will not be involved in any such struggle if it occurs.

At the recent meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress at Berlin a resolution was passed advising union men to keep out of the militia. This was no doubt passed with a view of weakening the force which must be called out to preserve property and order during strikes. It could not have been prompted by any other than a narrow-minded and unpatriotic purpose and is sufficient to make any thinking man view organized labour as a selfish and dangerous factor in our national life. Apparently the leaders

of organized labour here are as socialistic, as bigoted and as narrow as their most bitter opponent could paint them. That labouring men generally are less faulty than their leaders is quite certain, and is a sufficient basis for the hope that, after all, the resolutions passed by the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress have little weight and less force. The leaders who frame the resolutions are aliens and the rank and file are mostly honest and patriotic citizens. Some day the labour unions will drive these aliens from their ranks—at least, there is a hope that this will occur.

Already a protest has been made by certain labour organizations which are attempting to form another Dominion Trades and Labour Congress which will be purely national. The movement may not be successful, but it is valuable as a protest and because it indicates that light has already penetrated to the minds of some of the working-men.

Great Britain seems to have the bonus fever. The bacillus of this disease arrived in England about the time of the advent of one J. Pierpont Morgan, the BONUS New York Hooley. (Of BACILLUS. course, everybody knows Hooley, who gave the gold communion service to Westminster Abbey, and Morgan, who gave the electric lighting plant for the same institution.) This bonus bacillus was carefully planted at Downing Street, and the fever has spread very far. As a result, the Cunard Steamship Line is to get from the British taxpayer a cash bonus of \$750,000 a year for twenty years, and a loan of sufficient money at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum to build two twenty-four knot steamers. This loan is to be repaid by annual payments extending over twenty years.

The Cunard Company agrees to remain a purely British undertaking and not permit foreigners to hold office, shares or vessels. The Company's shares are for sale in the open market, and there apparently is nothing to pre-

vent Morgan & Co. or Bargain & Co., of New York, buying these shares in the name of John Piccadilly, Strand, London, E.C., England. Therefore, it is by no means clear that the British Government will get what it bargained for.

All the British Government receives is a possible chance to turn these merchantmen into naval vessels in the event of a great war in which they would be useful. And even this is a flimsy gain. Supposing the United States was to announce war with England, and two Cunarders were in United States waters, how could the Cunard people deliver the goods?

Again, this bonus is given to a line of vessels plying between a British port and a foreign port, not between two ports of the Empire. If they really desired to throw away some money, why did they not bonus a line of vessels from Liverpool to Halifax, two Imperial ports? For years Canada has been endeavouring in a half-hearted way to get a fast Atlantic service. Low-priced men were tried, but they could not finance the scheme. High-priced people were consulted, but the bonus required seemed too great. If, however, the British Government had added this \$750,000 bonus and the interest on the \$12,500,000 loan to the amount which Canada could pay, a splendid line of twenty-knot passenger steamers could have been secured, owned and controlled by Britishers and Canadians, and plying between Imperial ports. Surely here is justification for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's refusal to hand the control of our militia over to the War Office, or to promise a contribution to the cost of the Imperial navy.

If the British Government had said that it would grant no bonuses whatever, we would have had little room for criticism. But when a bonus is to be given, we have a just ground of complaint that it should go to a line which has, as one of its termini, the city of New York.

In other words, the British Government is willing to give, say, \$15,000,000 to subsidize a line between Liverpool and New York, and nothing, so far as can

be learned, to subsidize a line between Liverpool and Halifax. This is peculiar Imperialism on the part of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.



Canada has lost a notable figure by the death of Sir John Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons. Being in the Civil Service since 1868, and in the Clerk's chair since 1880, he had an opportunity to study closely the procedure of Parliament and the working of the Canadian Constitution. This opportunity he turned to good advantage, and his "Parliamentary Procedure," and his various books on the Constitution were the standard works for parliamentarians, politicians and students of constitutional history. To have achieved so much was enough to make his career notable.

But Sir John did more. He assisted in the foundation of the Royal Society, and has always been the foremost of its supporters. True, he kept that Society conservative and exclusive, but who can say that these were faults or virtues? He wrote articles for the leading magazines and reviews, and though there was little of romance or imagination in his character, he did much to popularize Canadian history at home and abroad. His twelve articles in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* on "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada" attracted attention everywhere in this country. His "Story of Canada," in the *Story of the Nations Series* is the standard popular history of the Dominion abroad.

Sir John was a firm believer in Canadian literature as a nation-making influence. He wrote "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness" to show what had been done and to indicate what might be expected. For this work he was not pre-eminently fitted because he was not a stylist nor very patient with rivals. Nevertheless he did as much as any other Canadian to place our native literature on a firm foundation.

John A. Cooper



BOOK REVIEWS

DONOVAN PASHA

ONE has been for so many years accustomed to associate Sir Gilbert Parker's books with Canadian scenes and Canadian types of character, that a book with Egypt as foreground and background is almost a surprise.* The author says that having written under inspiration of Australia, of Canada, of Jersey—each a portion of the Empire with traditions of its own—he visited Egypt in 1889, and resolved that one day when he could study the country at leisure he would take that land of mystery and charm as a new theme. "The years went by," he says, "and four times visiting Egypt, at last I began to write of her. That is now five years ago. From time to time the stories which I offer in this volume were given forth. It is likely that the old Anglo-Egyptian and the historical student may find some anachronisms and other things to criticise; but the anachronisms are deliberate, and even as in writing of Canada and Australia, which I know very well, I have here, perhaps, sacrificed superficial exactness while trying to give the more intimate meaning and spirit." These tales, he adds, are the *avant courier* to a novel of Egyptian life, on which he has been working for some years. The microscopic critic, who finds his opportunities in allusions slightly astray or in split infinitives is disarmed by such frankness. There is really nothing more to be said about the absolute fidelity of Sir Gilbert Parker's Egyptian pictures. What concerns the reader most is the art, and whether—this is

an intensely practical age—the book possesses the interest and charm which so many have found in the author's previous works. That point can be disposed of briefly. Many of the tales centre round Donovan, the Englishman with an Irish name, who becomes the confidential secretary of the Khedive in the times, not so long ago, when Gordon was living, when the Soudan was unconquered, when slavery, cruelty, bribery and every kind of civil wrong flourished in the land. One discerns no falling off in the dramatic power and vivid charm displayed so easily by this author. To use a commonplace but perfectly accurate phrase the stories one and all are delightful.



MR. YOUNG'S MEMOIRS

It is a complaint as old as the hills, so to speak, that in Canada our stock of political memoirs, biographies, letters and so forth is far too scanty. Where, for example, are the letters and papers of Sir Allan MacNab, of Sir John Rose, of Sir George Cartier, of Sir Leonard Tilley, of Sir Antoine Dorion? Treasured up for another generation, which will not be so well fitted as we are to weigh, test, examine and compare? Let us, however, be thankful for what we have, and greet with some gratitude a work like that just written by Hon. James Young, of Galt.* Mr. Young has been for years, either as a journalist, a member of Parliament, or a politician, in comparative retirement with leisure to

* Donovan Pasha and Some People of Egypt. By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

*Public Men and Public Life in Canada, Being Recollections of Parliament and the Press. By James Young. Toronto: William Briggs.

think, a sound observer of current politics. His more active labours in connection with public affairs extend back to pre-Confederation days, and his matured judgment on the events of that period has all the advantage and insight of contemporary knowledge. It is not easy in a short space to particularize, but his narrative of the events leading up to the B.N.A. Act of 1867 will always be prized by students of our history for its moderation, fairness and the authority imparted by personal testimony. Mr. Young wisely lays stress on so familiar a fact in our political career that its true significance is apt to be forgotten. The union of Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Geo. Brown was an example which the party strife so characteristic of our time is in danger of obscuring. It was on the part of both men, and especially on Mr. Brown's part, an immense political sacrifice. Neither ever served the State better than when he joined forces, braved misunderstanding and indignant attack, and co-operated loyally to lay the foundations of the Dominion. Mr. Young's estimate of the older personal forces in Canada—Brown, Macdonald, Mackenzie, Sandfield Macdonald and others—are valuable. His description of the famous Detroit convention of 1865, which he attended, illumines an interesting episode that had some far-reaching effects in our commercial policy and our subsequent relations with the United States. Throughout the pages of these readable memoirs one comes continually upon some statement which throws light on events that are read in different ways by different people. In respect to Mr. Brown's retirement from the Coalition Ministry, for instance, Mr. Young, while giving the various causes, avowed and unavowed, that prompted it, inclines to the opinion that incompatibility of disposition between the two great leaders was the chief reason. This, no doubt, posterity will view as the true one. Another incident, not so well known, is the original quarrel—apart from divergences of party and tempera-

ment—between Brown and Macdonald. The session of 1856 was stormy, rendered fiercer by Attorney-General Macdonald's attack upon Mr. Brown's connection with the Kingston Penitentiary Commission of 1849 when, as a member and secretary of it, he had, according to his accuser, "falsified evidence, suborned perjured evidence, pardoned convicts and pardoned murderers in order that they might give evidence against" the superintendent. This charge was afterwards disproved and withdrawn, but the personal relations of the two men were never afterwards really cordial. As we know from Mr. Pope's *Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald* they had been enemies previous to the formation of the Coalition Ministry, and that writing a quarter of a century afterwards Sir John Macdonald confessed "we acted together, dined at public places together, played euchre in crossing the Atlantic and went into society in England together. And yet on the day after he resigned we resumed our old positions and ceased to speak." Mr. Young's book will be found full of very interesting political material. The only quarrel which a reasonable critic can have with it, is the lack of an index.



FISKE'S NEW FRANCE

The posthumous work by the late John Fiske, the historian, has lately appeared* and adds another volume to those already in existence by other writers on the great duel between France and England for the possession of the North American continent. Mr. Fiske was a conscientious student of the sources of history and he possessed the rare faculty of grouping his materials and discarding non-essentials so skilfully that his treatise on an old theme has all the freshness of a new narrative. His researches are utilized in such a way as to leave no trace of the dry-as-dust investigator, and yet you are made aware through-

*New France and New England. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

out that the author is not basing his work on other men's labours. The style, too, is clear and graceful, and the taking of Quebec, the striking scene in the whole drama, is related with such force and realism as to challenge comparison with the lengthier account by Parkman. The really new part of the book to the average Canadian reader is that relating to New England, its political and religious development during the period dealt with, and its hostile relations with New France. The book is issued as the author left it, except that a few pages were added to one chapter in accordance with a memorandum found among the papers. It is a fitting conclusion to the life work of an able and accomplished man.

MRS. SHEARD'S NOVEL

Virna Sheard's "Maid of Many Moods,"* which was first published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has been published in book form in the United States and England, illustrated in colour. This in itself is a rare compliment to a Canadian writer. The artist has done fairly well in his representations of the dress and scenery of Shakespeare's day, and has added something to the author's portrayal of the Elizabethan heroine. Deb is a taking person, gentle, winsome, daring. Everyone who makes her acquaintance in the dainty pages of this volume will fall in love with her.

ROBERT BARR'S STORIES

Robert Barr is a great story-teller. He takes the impossible and the improbable and invests it with the air of reality. He romances, and does it with a wit and humour which is irresistible. His tales of the young James V of Scotland, published under the title "A Prince of Good Fellows,"† are

* "A Maid of Many Moods," by Virna Sheard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† "A Prince of Good Fellows," by Robert Barr. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

loosely strung together, but they make one grand moving picture. As a collection of stirring stories, this volume is unexcelled by that of any other Canadian writer.

AN ARTISTIC GIFT-BOOK

One of the first Christmas books to make its appearance is a short story by Paul Leicester Ford, entitled "Wanted: a Chaperon."* The heroine, a young girl from the country, is visiting a wealthy aunt in New York, is invited out to dinner, goes to a wrong address, and is entertained by a bachelor. The mistake leads to amusing developments and complications. The special illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, are printed in colours, and each page has a coloured border. The volume is thus a unique gem of the printer's art, as artistic a production as has ever been offered to the public of this continent.

MORE CONFESSIONS

On the whole, "The Confessions of a Wife,"† by Mary Adams, is a striking book. It delineates with apparent truth and insight the mind of a woman who tortures herself with misgivings of a growing estrangement from her husband, which finally ends in separation. Her feelings are depicted with some vividness, and the mood of a wife who believes that her lover's passion has cooled, but who, from delicacy of temperament, refrains from seeking frank reconciliation at the proper moment, is, at all events, an interesting study in married misery.

TALES FOR THE YOUNG

"The King's Story Book"‡ is one of the evidences of a coronation year. It is a collection of historical stories from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ Toronto: Morang & Co.

from the Conquest to William IV. It is intended as a suitable Christmas present for the young and is admirably conceived. The selections are from the works of Lord Lytton, Charles Macfarlane, Sir Walter Scott, John Galt, Miss Shelley, Miss Manning, Kingsley, Shakespeare, Thackeray and others who have touched historical subjects. The score of illustrations are helpful. The editor, G. Laurence Gomme, has edited several historical works and other books of reading for young people.



MISCELLANEOUS

"Stillman Gott" is a New England "David Harum," with much the same sense of humour, and with a similar fund of stock sayings. Gott is a bachelor, living on a small farm, doing good in his quiet way, and steadily accumulating wealth. He befriends a young man who goes to Boston, acquires a reputation in journalism, and enters the employ of one of the large institutions now so common in all lines of industry. This young man's love-story forms a considerable part of the work. But behind all is the picture of village life, the fishermen, the farmers, the church, the town-meeting, the sorrows and the joys. And chief among the villagers is Stillman Gott, dispenser of charity and homely wisdom. It is a story which goes straight to the heart, though somewhat lacking in literary excellence.

Morang & Co. have brought out a Canadian edition of Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America," first issued about two years ago. One misses the excellent illustrations of the English edition; in fact, the lack of illustrations makes the real difference between the two editions, for the price is the same.

"Flower Legends and Other Poems," by Alma Frances McCollum, marks the advent of another poet. Children and flowers are the theme of this new sing-

er, whose verses are more wholesome in theme than elegant in language and form. They scarcely rank higher than newspaper verse.

The third annual report of the Canadian Forestry Association is being issued from Ottawa. It is worth examination.

Newspaper verse is not often collected into book form, but "Village Verse Story," by Crawf. C. Slack, is an exception. (Printed by the press of the Athens Reporter.)

Among the new books to be issued at once by William Briggs are "The Two Vanrevels," by Booth Tarkington, an Indiana Story; "The Needle's Eye," by Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus;" "Joe's Paradise," by Marshall Saunders, the Canadian author of "Beautiful Joe;" "Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart," an attractive story of child life, by George Madden Martin; "The Whaleman's Wife," by F. T. Bullen, the famous writer of sea stories; and "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor.

Henty's three new books for the Christmas season of 1902 are: "With Kitchener in the Soudan," "With the British Legion," and "The Treasure of the Incas."

"The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, which was completed last month in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has been published in England and the United States in book form. The critics give it high praise. The Canadian edition is under the guidance of the Morang Co.

Colonel Henderson, who is writing the official history of the Boer War in seven volumes, will have the first volume ready in three months. It will discuss the events immediately antecedent to the war, the topography of the country, the forces engaged and the military operations down to December 14th, 1899.

Morang & Co. promise soon the biography of Lord Dufferin by Mr. Black, the official and probably more

* "Stillman Gott," by Edwin Day Sibley. Toronto: William Briggs.

elaborate life by Sir Alfred Lyall not being ready for a year or more.

There is always much secret and unwritten history in the lives of diplomats, as those who read that interesting book, "Shifting Scenes," by Sir Edward Malet, are aware, and they, as well as others, will welcome the autobiography of that noted British diplomatist, Sir Henry Layard. It records his experiences down to his appointment as Ambassador to Spain, and there are supplementary chapters on his parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway.

Justin McCarthy is carrying back his English History to the beginning of the 18th century by writing the "Reign of Queen Anne," which will shortly appear, and which with the same author's "Four Georges" and "Our Own Times" will form a practically continuous narrative of two centuries of British political history.

That industrious and talented man of letters, Mr. Andrew Lang, has several books coming out this autumn, any one of which would tax the literary resources of the average author. These include the second volume of his "History of Scotland," 1546-1600, a work entitled "James VI and the Gowrie Mystery;" an effort to clear the memory of that monarch from at least one reproach, and a new novel entitled "The Disentanglers."

"The Thrall of Leif the Lucky, a Story of Viking Days,"* by O. A. Liljencrantz, must be read most carefully to be appreciated thoroughly, but when read the reader will come to the conclusion that his earnest perusal of its pages has not been labour in vain. Leif Ericsson's character tells of the truest manliness and the most patient, heroic self-sacrifice. The whole story is most attractive.

"The Strollers,"† Frederick Isham's latest work, is a story which is as interesting as it is instructive, as pleas-

ing as it is piquant. One of the principal characters is Barnes, the manager of the strolling players, also the heavy father, the stage carpenter, advance agent, bill poster, and proprietor. He is wrapped up in his adopted daughter Constance, who is the child of a noted English actress married to a French nobleman, who had taken a technical advantage afforded by the French law to annul his marriage. The story is well written.

A new issue in the "Men of Letters" series will be Adam Smith, by F. W. Hirst.

Humanity needs a new sensation in scientific discovery, and now that Marconi's air messages have passed the experimental stage, the next surprise will probably be air ships. If so, young Canada will call across to a friend in England, "I'll be there in a minute," and leave accordingly. A book called "The Dominion of the Air," by Rev. J. M. Bacon, is therefore quite in order, and Cassels announce its early appearance.

The journal of Edward Williams, who was the companion of Byron and Shelley in 1821 and 1822, and who embarked with the latter on the fatal voyage off the coast of Italy, is about to be published. The manuscript is much faded in parts from its immersion in the water. The journal in its entirety has never seen the light before.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York, are issuing "The Jewish Encyclopedia" in twelve large 8vo volumes of nearly 8,000 double-column pages. They claim that it is the work of over 400 of the world's leading scholars. The first two volumes are now ready and show much care in the editing, illustrating and printing. The work is so vast in its conception and so monumental in its performance that it is difficult to find language in which to describe it. It will be indispensable to a well-stocked library. It will no doubt be a work of enduring authority.

* Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

† Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



IDLE MOMENTS



A JOKE ON THE CANADIANS

A GOOD story on themselves is being told by two well-known young men who were with the coronation contingent in England.

The twain were strolling about the city taking in the sights when the desire for a bath became so strong that they went in search of some place in which they could have a dip. They came to a large building on which were inscribed the words "Bath House," and they were overjoyed that their search was so soon over.

They proceeded to the entrance and rang the bell. They were met by a servant in livery, but at that moment one of the Canucks concluded that a change of underwear would be the right thing. Instead of entering they went and made the purchase. On returning to the building they proceeded to a side entrance and were greeted by another man in livery who called:

"What are you fellows doing here?"

They replied that they desired to have a bath. The servant gazed with a surprised look for a moment and then gave them the merry ha! ha!

They were incensed at this and asked in angry tones to be taken where they could have their dip. Their tormentor, instead of replying, called some others in the same uniform as himself, and all appeared to enjoy the joke immensely.

Afterwards the servant told the Canadians that the building was not a bath house.

"Well," said one of the khaki heroes, "what does b-a-t-h-house spell if it does not spell Bath House?"

The servant explained the building was not a place for bathing, but the city home of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Canadians were considerably taken down, but after being directed to the place they wanted to reach they

soon recovered their good humour and laughed heartily over their mistake.

ANECDOTES

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was once traveling in a special train over the Beira line. In the very heart of the fever-haunted belt the train stopped at a small station to take in water. Rhodes' secretary noticed a man who had been dismissed from the De Beers mine nearly three years before. When the train was in motion again he mentioned it to Rhodes. For a moment the latter was silent. Then, pulling the alarm signal, he ordered the train to stop, and put back to the last halting-place. Ten minutes later the discharged employee was before him.

"This is no place for a white man to be," said Rhodes. "Don't you know that you're a goner, for the fever will be sure to wipe you off?"

"Fever is no worse than starvation," was the sad rejoinder, "and I have all but starved since I lost my billet at De Beers. I suppose I shall die in this swamp, but I don't seem able to find any other job."

"No, no, I can see to that," said Rhodes, in his gruff, hearty way. "I shall make the people at Beira send up another man to take your place, and then you go up to Salisbury, and give this note to my agent there. He will let you have a bit of farm, and advance some cash to work it, and I wish you the best of luck in your new start."

Lord Roberts is generally known as a man of infinite tact, yet on one occasion he "put his foot in it" to such an extent as to reduce half a hundred persons to roars of laughter. This (says "B. P.") was when as a subaltern in India he was invited by his commanding officer to a dinner.

As the station was a hill one, there were plenty of grass widows present, their husbands having sent them up from the plains to escape the great heat. Lieut. Roberts being seated next to a very pretty young lady, remarked casually, "Your husband is not in this room, is he?" "No," came the expected reply, if uttered with an unexpected catch. "Awfully hard luck on us poor beggars!" remarked the future Field Marshal, "the way we have to work and drill this hot weather. The hills are delightful after the heat of the plains." The conversation drifted from one subject to another, but, though he tried his utmost to make himself agreeable, his pretty neighbour grew more and more depressed, till Lord Roberts, bethinking himself of her soldier husband, whom he thought on duty at some plain station, said sympathetically, "I expect you would enjoy yourself if only your husband could be here?" "I should, in-

deed," she replied plaintively, her eyes filling with tears. "Well, suppose we forget him. Let us live in the present, so don't think any more of his grilling down below." The young subaltern was amazed at what then happened. "How dare you!" she cried hysterically; "how dare you say such a thing!" So saying, she rose and followed the other ladies, Lord Roberts' discomfiture being further increased by the merriment of his brother officers, his commanding officer remarking consolingly, "You have succeeded in making a champion idiot of yourself, Roberts. That lady's husband has been dead only a little over a year."

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff writes in the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the late Lord Derby, and recalls one or two anecdotes which will bear reprinting. The late Lord Arthur Russell once said to him, after



FERGUSON (THE POLITEST MAN IN THE WORLD)—"When you go back, Nora, please ask the cook if there is any cold meat in the house. (*Exit Nora*). TO THE COMPANY: I beg you to excuse our maid. These accidents happen to her somewhat overfrequently. She was bred, I believe, a dairymaid, but had to leave that employment because of her inability to handle the cows without breaking off their horns. —*N. Y. Life*.

he had been buying some property in Southern England, "So you still believe in land, Lord Derby?" "Hang it," he replied, "a fellow must believe in something!" It was to the same companion that he said, when looking for a book at Knowsley, and passing his candle along the shelves he came to the poems of William Morris, "If I had known that he was going to turn Socialist I wouldn't have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco!"

In the Cairo winter season two calls were and are obligatory to every self-respecting tourist; you must leave cards on Lord Cromer and on the British General commanding the army of occupation, and write your name in their "books." A third call became fashionable among lady tourists when an attractive, eligible bachelor was Sirdar of the Egyptian army. A bold mother and daughter just arrived ferreted their way one bright January morning to the Sirdar's villa. They got inside the garden and were wondering whether they had the courage to get any farther, when a dark-skinned man in his shirt sleeves looked up from his hoe and curtly accosted them with, "What do you want?" "Oh, we've come," said the elder lady fearfully, "to call on the Sirdar." "Well," replied the gardener, "you'll find the book in the hall," and he resumed his hoeing. And that was about all they did find. The Sirdar was the man in the garden.

Most youngsters have their own ideas of greatness, as they have of everything else that comes within their reach.

Lord Wolseley, who is fond of children, was once introduced to a boy four years old. The child gazed at him with an expression half-incredulous, and then said:

"Are you the Lord Wolseley that fought in the battles?"

"Yes, I was in a good many battles," said Wolseley.

The youngster looked at him in wondering silence, and then said:

"Let's hear you holler!"

THE ART OF HER

The form of Beryl Berryman shook with suppressed emotion. Her head swayed until her perfumed tresses brushed Geoffrey Gordon's face.

"Tell me that it is not true, Geoffrey," anxiously inquired the maid.

"That what is not true?"

"That dreadful report about you."

"What on earth was it?"

"I heard that you er—er—are a coward."

"Ah, Beryl, I'll die for you!"

"Yes, I know; but——"

"But what?"

"They say that you dare not kiss a girl for fear of microbes."

"Beryl!"

"Geoffrey!"

A CHINAMAN'S JOKE

A committee once called on Wu Ting-fang, the ex-Chinese Ambassador to the United States, to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the fact that the youthful pastor of the church had recently resigned to enter upon a new field of labour on the Pacific Coast.

"Why did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu.

"Because he had received a call to another church," was the reply.

"What salary did you pay him?"

"Four thousand dollars."

"What is his present salary?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius; "a very loud call!"

NOT SHE

Her Reason.—Edith—"Why did you refuse him?" Ethel—"He has a past." Edith—"But he can blot it out." Ethel—"Perhaps; but he can't use me for a blotter."—*Puck*.



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



A RARE DECOR-
ATION

A CURIOSITY is found in a rare collection of medals, the property of Major Peter Clarke, of Toronto. It consists of the bronze decoration commemorative of the great Napoleon issued to his companions in arms (under direction in

his will) at his death. The inscriptions on it, the design can be seen from the cut, are:

"Compagnes de 1792 a 1815."

A ses compagnons de gloire sa dernière pensee.

St. Helene,
5 Mai,
1821.

There is no doubt that Napoleon's last thought was of his companions in arms and of "what might have been." Nevertheless the cruel despot, even with eternity before him, appears to have had no thought for the fatherless and widow, made so by his insatiate ambition, lust of conquest and of power.

WIRELESSNESS FOR EVERYONE.

The following account of what the company formed to exploit the Armstrong-Orling patents promises the public is offered for what it is worth. The London *Electrical Review*, which rarely misses an event of importance in its field, has apparently been outdone in this instance by the *Westminster Gazette*, from which we quote.

Last fall Messrs. Armstrong and Orling made some public experiments or demonstrations with their wireless electrical apparatus, exchanging telephone and telegraph messages across a field, lighting a lamp, and controlling the movements of a torpedo at a distance of five hundred yards, the current, it was said, being conducted through the ground from transmitter to receiver. The current employed was generated in an ordinary carbon and zinc battery, then led through a transmitter concealed in a cigar box, and thence the electrical impulses travelled with no other conductor than the earth to the receiver concealed in a similar box at the end of a large field, several hundred yards long.

The *Westminster Gazette* now reports that the Armstrong-Orling Company has issued a catalogue and price-list of its wares, a perusal of which suggests the possibility of everyone being enabled to buy at a very moderate price a handy wireless telegraph or telephone apparatus for private installation and use, and it would appear that it will be the simplest matter in the world to connect all the rooms of a house, or one's house and office, by telephone at the shortest notice, without having to recur to the services of the telephone company.

"The inventors are now able," the *Westminster Gazette* says, "to telegraph or telephone through the ground without any special installation, without any poles of a certain height, and, of course, without wires, to a distance of fully five miles, and by the time the company is in working order they expect to sell apparatus wherewith anyone will be able to telegraph or to telephone from anywhere to any desired

ed spot within a distance of at least twenty miles. The ground is used as a conductor; all that is needed is to connect in one's room the transmitter or receiver by means of a short wire with the nearest gas or water pipe which will carry the current from or to the earth—and all is ready for establishing instant telegraphic or telephonic communication. Walls and houses form no obstacle whatever for the electrical impulses in Messrs. Armstrong and Orling's system. It is only when

signals over short distances are quoted £10, and for long distances £15, while a further royalty of £1 is chargeable per annum. A complete telephone for short distances is quoted at only £4, which is the initial expense, and a further royalty of £1 is payable every year. What a saving compared with the present rates for the telephone! Among other goods offered, mention should lastly be made of a portable, combined telegraph and telephone, which is specially adapted for use in



OBVERSE SIDE



REVERSE SIDE

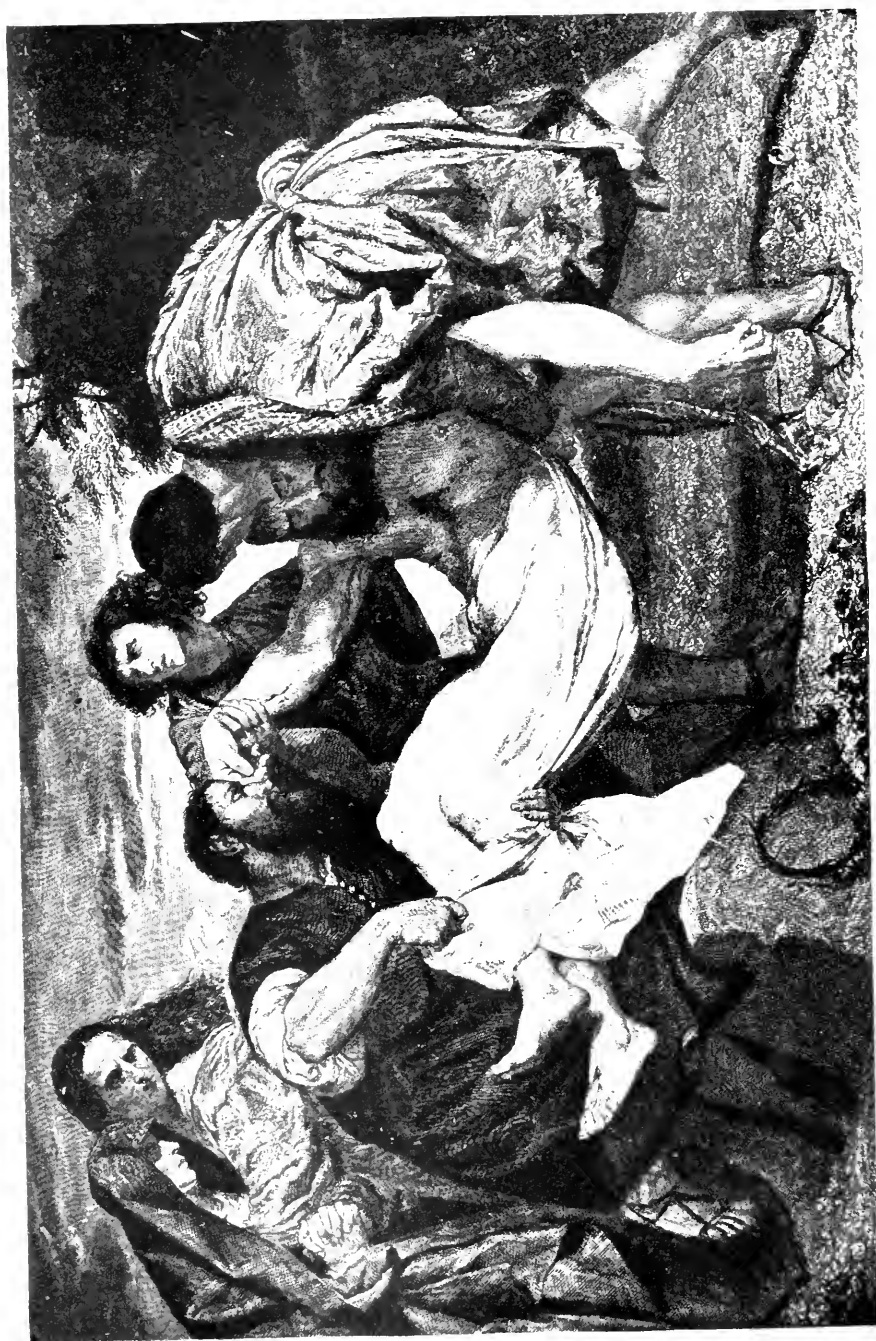
NAPOLEON'S LAST GIFT TO HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS

telegraphing at a greater distance than twenty miles that Messrs. Armstrong and Orling are still forced to avail themselves of the air as a conductor, similarly to Signor Marconi, employing high poles and relays in connection with the sending and receiving instruments."

The *Westminster Gazette*, also quotes from the price-list already mentioned the charges that will be made for wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus: "The spaces for the prices of 'relays' are still left blank, to be filled up later; but transmitters for sending Morse

the army and navy. An illustration shows how this apparatus is carried about and worked. The telephone arrangement, it is claimed, will carry speech through the ground distinctly for two miles. Beyond that distance communication will have to be established by means of the telegraph appliance, and by the use of the Morse code. The price for this portable telegraph and telephone is ten guineas, and the usual £1 royalty is further payable every year."

"Verily, a programme of amazing promise!"



THE ENTOMBMENT BY TITIAN
AN OLD-TIME, IDEALISTIC CONCEPTION

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

REALISM AND RELIGIOUS PAINTING

By John Henry Hughes

EDITOR'S NOTE—A controversy has arisen in France which centres in the question of whether Christ did or did not have a beard. One writer has catalogued all the known portraits and statues of Jesus in chronological order and states emphatically that until 325 A.D. Jesus was always represented without a beard. This tradition, he maintains, was followed in the West for two hundred years, but in the East, after Constantine's dream, the official sculptors and painters represented Christ with a beard. In the article which follows, Mr. Hughes deals with the broader question of the proper method of depicting the scenes in which Christ took a leading part and shows why he prefers the realistic methods of Tissot and Munkacsy to the idealistic methods of other painters.

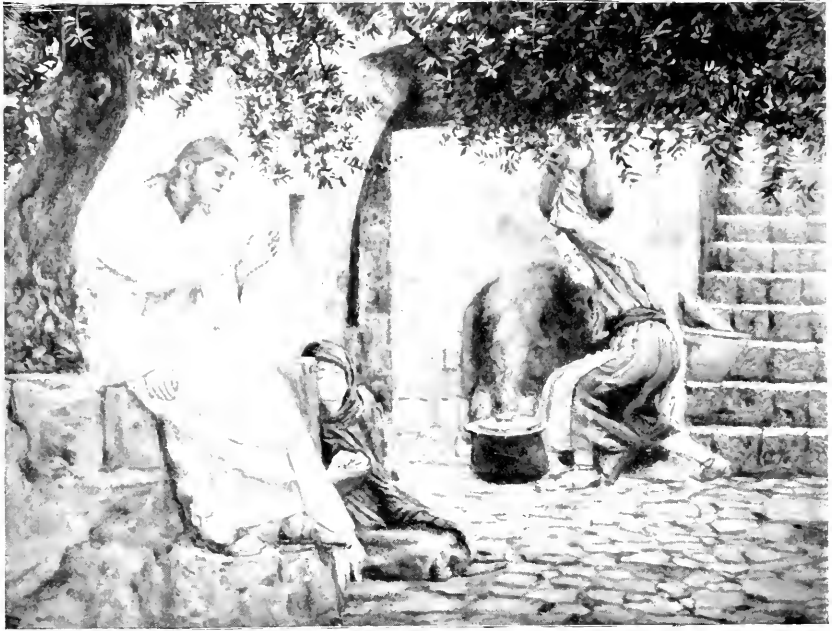
THE death of James Joseph Jacques Tissot, who passed away, in Paris, on August 9th, after a protracted illness, suggests a query as to the painter's most distinctive contribution to the art of his day. In America the artist is doubtless best known as the painter of religious pictures—illustrations, one might call them, of the life of Christ. So largely does this phase of Tissot's work predominate, that one is likely to forget he attained signal success both as a painter and as an etcher long before he experienced that peculiar change of heart which transformed him from the luxurious Parisian to the religious mystic, and made him world-renowned as the illustrator of incidents in the life of the Saviour.

What caused him to become a mystic and a religious devotee, and such an absolute believer in Jesus Christ as the Son of the living God as to induce him to renounce former scenes and successes and devote his life to a single religious purpose, it might be difficult to say. Certainly the step he took was as radical as it was unusual.

Born at Nantes, in 1836, and educated at the École des Beaux Arts

under Fladrin and Lamothe, he painted Parisian frivolities for years. Then he went to London, where he took up his residence, and for ten years followed his profession with a success, both in reputation and in financial returns, such as is rarely the good fortune of an artist. In London he lived as an artist-prince, and maintained a house that was commonly called a palace of painting. He entertained with a lavishness little less than regal, worked nevertheless indefatigably, exhibited regularly at the salons, and sent out pictures from his studio that commanded admiration.

Then for some reason best known to himself he lost interest in the old subjects that had engrossed his attention, turned his back on France, to which he had returned, and in 1886 set out for the Holy Land. There for years he studied the people, and as a humble follower of Christ, lived in the places made memorable in the early history of Christianity. This was for him the beginning of a new life and of a new art, and despite the fame acquired in the earlier years of his artistic effort, it is this new art which will doubtless



MARY MAGDALENE AT THE FEET OF JESUS—BY J. J. TISSOT

go down to posterity linked with his name.

It is an art of refined realism as applied to religious painting. Tissot, one suspects, felt that if Christianity were the vital thing that priest and moralist claimed it was, it should be depicted in art with absolute verisimilitude. He no doubt felt that there was something radically wrong in the current depiction of Christ and the Holy Land, and his protracted residence in Palestine, his association with the Jewish people of that country, his studying of types and localities, were simply a means to reclaim religious painting, and make Christ for the masses some-

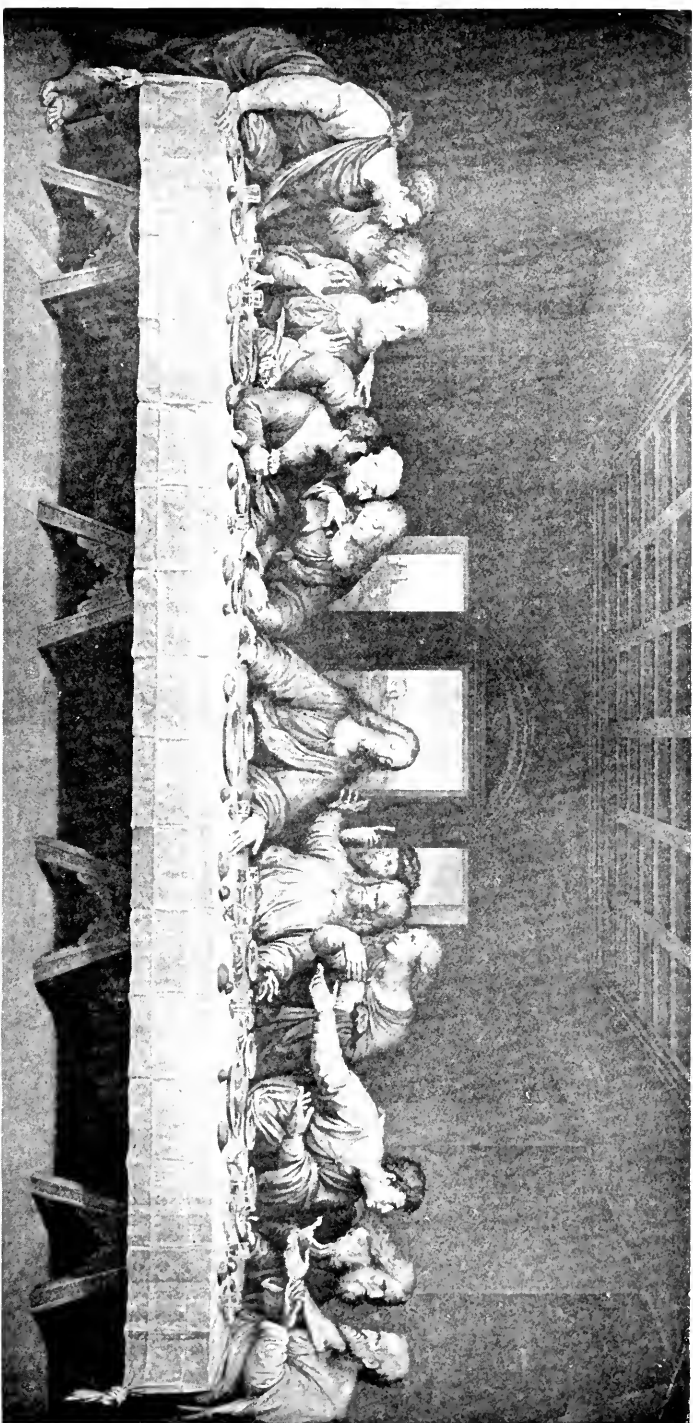
thing more than the idealized conceptions which the artists of the ages have been bodying forth in their canvases.

As a matter of fact, the conviction that impelled Tissot to leave France, and in a sense bury himself in Palest-

tine in the interest of art, has long been felt and has frequently been voiced. Especially of late have preacher and artist insisted on a renunciation of old models, and an honest endeavour to seek facts. One may thus regard Tissot as a forerunner in a wide-spread latter-day movement. To him is the honour of having undertaken systematically, and with insight not less scientific than poetic, what a very few



THE CRUCIFIXION BY J. J. TISSOT



THE LAST SUPPER BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

A FAMOUS ITALIAN MOTIF

modern artists have undertaken sporadically; and to him is the further honour of having accomplished by laborious efforts what other artists have for the most part failed in.

Strict adherence to facts was, for instance, one of the cardinal principles of the pre-Raphaelites; yet even these devoted artists, who brought contumely upon themselves by their rejection of conventional standards and models, lost themselves when they essayed re-

a man of peaches-and-cream complexion, sleek, golden hair, immaculate in respect of dress, and perpetually wearing an expression which, if we were to see it on a living face, we should consider to be polite boredom. Nor is the objection to the pictured Christ confined to facial expression and impossibilities in dress and grooming; it is the type that is wrong.

Ninety-nine in every hundred of the uncounted pictures of Christ are offens-



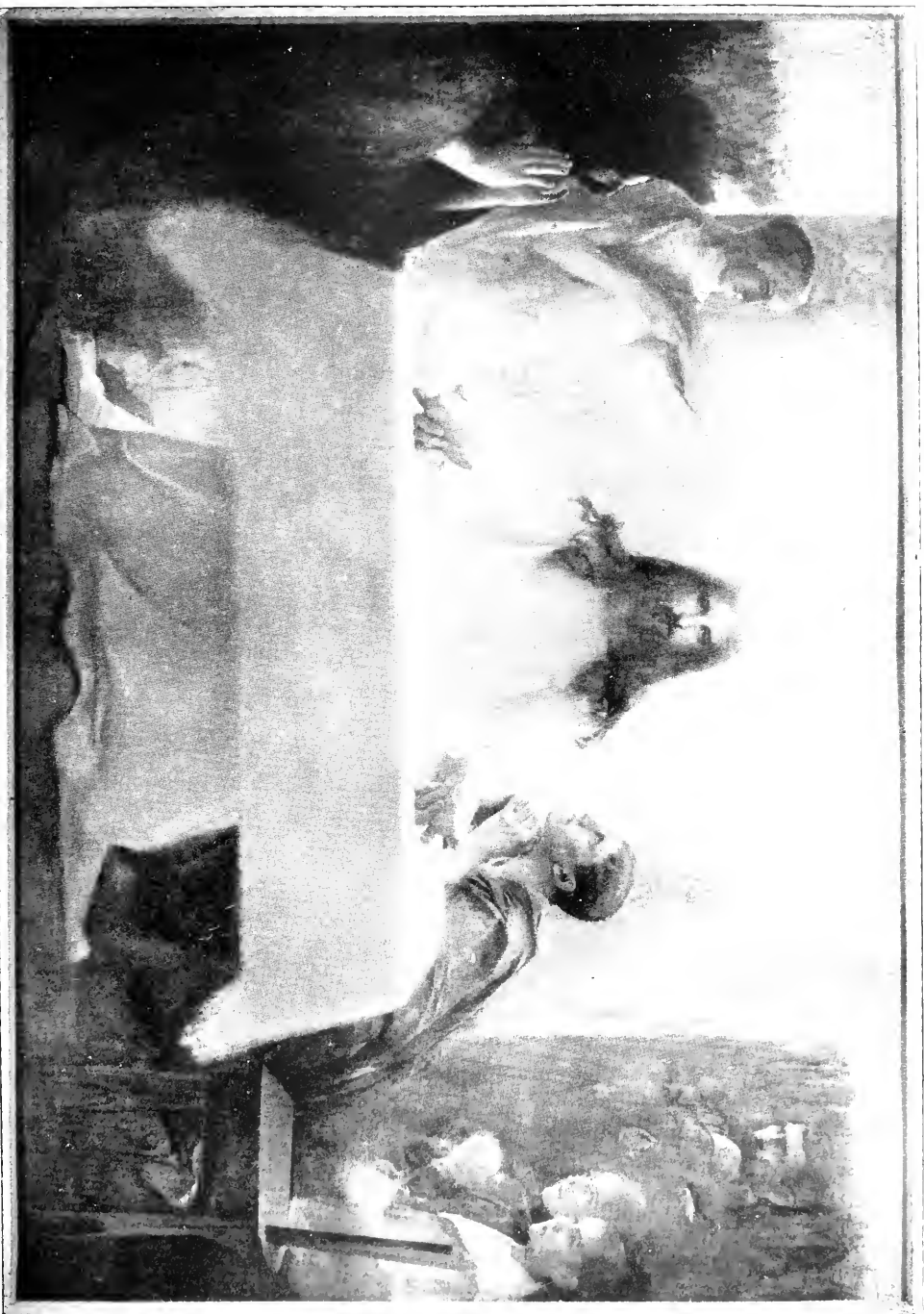
THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER — BY J. J. TISSOT

ligious painting, and, as shown by some of the pictures herewith reproduced by way of comparison, sacrificed truth to poetry.

Instead of improving on the precedents established by the old masters, the painters of our time, as was recently pointed out by a careful student of religious art, are for the most part only refining upon the Christs of Germany and Italy. They continue to believe that the Man who wandered about the hot fields of Palestine, sleeping in the open air and living like a peasant, was

ive because they lack truth of environment, and because they show a weak, lackadaisical man, instead of a strong individuality. Christ was a leader. Not only did he win the Apostles to him, but he drew the multitudes. One who does that sort of thing is not a pretty man, not a man nice in his manner, not a man who minces words and moves feebly, but a man of vitality and courage, who says what he means, who has such faith in himself that he cares nothing for opposition, whose mission in life he is determined to fulfil. The

THE SUPPER AT EMMAS - BY A. J. DUGNAN-ROUVERET



A PRESENT DAY CONCEPTION

man with whom the majority of painters have familiarized us is a milksop.

This unfortunate type, it can readily be understood, results from an extreme of reverence in those who made it. The painters feared to impart the grosser attributes of humanity to an ideal. They stained the spiritual with as little of the earthly as it was possible to concede and continue the shape of man. The result was a compromise, in which there was none of the substance and vigour of the man, and in which it was impossible to represent the purity or tenacity of spirit. Their Christ was a girl—I am using another's words—and one of chlorotic tendency. Is it possible they thought a Christ like this was most admired by women worshippers? It is time for a reaction, for we have hints of it in other arts as

well as in pictures, the poetry of the Christian religion preferring a man who lacks the obvious traits of manliness, while in oratorio the words of Christ once invariably given to a high tenor are now assigned to a barytone.

He who scourged the money-chang-

ers out of the temple, who tramped the hills of Judea, who from his birth in a stable to his death at the hands of public executioners knew none of the softness of life, we may be sure was

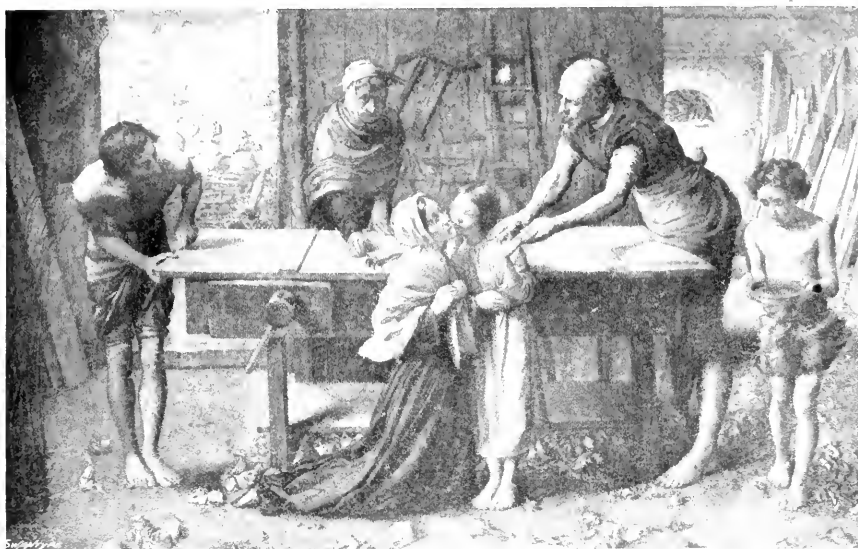
not the kind of teacher that was embodied from the respect and timidity of the early painters. The American Page is cited as one who painted what was known as "the butcher Christ," in which he tried to emphasize exactly those phases that the older painters had repressed; and more recently Munkacsy has painted a "Christ before Pilate," and a crucifixion, in which the central figures were modelled from Hungarian Jews, with which the painter was familiar. Tissot, who studied for years in the Holy Land, came still nearer to the possible type, for he painted the Jew of Palestine. The crowds that fig-

ure in the sacred pictures are not clean persons, glowing in robes of crimson and blue, but are like low-grade crowds everywhere, dirty, unkempt, half-clothed, and low-browed. The artist is ever faithful to facts.

If carried to extremes of realism, it



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—BY W. HOLMAN HUNT
TYPE SUBORDINATED TO ALLEGORY



CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS

A STUDIO DREAM

is contended, the art of Munkacsy and Tissot would be more offensive than the art of Raphael, Tintoretto, and other goody-goody men — fine colourists, good composers, if you like, but indif-

ferent diviners and creators of character. Yet there is no reason why sacred art should be any more or any less realistic than landscape art, or the *genre* of the academies of the present



CHRIST BEFORE PILATE BY MIHALY MUNKACSY

FAITHFUL TO FACT

day. The medium should be sought. There must be a veracity that will assure us of the painter's knowledge, and a refinement, a spirituality, that will win us to his ideal—a higher ideal than

Tissot has done much to abolish what is here called the maudlin, weak, effeminate figure that has so long been the artist's ideal of the world's most purposeful and courageous man. Upon



THE VOICE IN THE DESERT—BY J. J. TISSOT

he can ever express, but which he can hint in form and colour. And there must be a doing away with the maudlin, weak, effeminate figure that has so long stood for one of the most purposeful and most courageous men in the world's history.

his arrival in the Holy Land he began those studies which resulted in his masterful series of five hundred or more water-colours descriptive of the life of the Saviour. There is no suggestion in these paintings of conventional ideas. As has frequently been

pointed out, the Christ of other painters has been surrounded with a halo of ideality and of "conventional divinity," but Tissot's Christ is, first of all, a man, a Jew, a person of character.

In all the other details of his work, in the minor personages surrounding his central figure, he is loyal to the same spirit—ever devout, not afraid to be critical, devoted ever to the truth, and bent ever on presenting Christ in his proper character and in his proper environment.

There is more truth than fancy in the comparison sometimes made between Tissot and Renan. Tissot is for Christian art what Renan is for Christian theology. The two men are equally devout, equally devoted to an exalted purpose. Those who have read Renan's "Life of Jesus" know how reverently, care-



THE WORLD'S GRATITUDE BY W. S. BURTON
TRUTH SACRIFICED TO POETRY



THE YOUTH OF JESUS BY J. J. TISSOT

fully, painstakingly that gifted writer strips away theological accretions from the personality of Jesus, and from childhood to the awful tragedy on Calvary, presents the founder of the new faith with all the attributes of humanity, without divesting that exalted character of the elements of genuine divinity. And so those who have studied Tissot's wonderful series of biblical pictures will recognize that the artist, following Renan's critical but reverent methods, has, pictorially speaking, given the world a new Christ, one so realistic as to appeal to us from the purely human side, and at the same time so ideal as to incorporate all the divinity that other artists sought to acquire by falsifying facts in the effort at spiritualizing.



ANDROMEDA BY ALIX JOAN.

Author of "The Night-Hawk"

IT was a dreary December afternoon, chill and rainy, even in the presumably "sunny south." The brightly-lit and decorated shop-windows in

the Rue d'Antibes at Cannes, France, lent a spurious gaiety to the scene.

Where are shop-windows more enticing, millinery more chic, trinkets and bon-bons brighter, than in that haunt of the rich; that "pay des millionnaires?"

But Geraldine Singleton who stood peering so wistfully into a jeweller's window was sadly the reverse of a millionaire. She was only a poor little Irish girl, in a shabby serge suit and sailor hat, but with big grey eyes, and a big stout heart in her slim little body.

These latter came from a long line of jolly, reckless ancestors, who had enjoyed life so well in their own fashion that they had left small material for their descendants to do the same.

What enjoyment there was in her life was distinctly of her own manufacture. Geraldine was the helpless fag and slave of a cantankerous old grandmother, who seemed to have solved the problem of living forever on nothing a year, or on as little over as possible.

The old lady had two weak spots, one being her grandson, from whom his inheritance of Mount Michael had passed, but who scraped along cheerfully in the casual family fashion in a line regiment. Her other interest was her collection of postage stamps, which having been commenced in the grey dawn of philately, when, as wife of a

colonial governor, she had enjoyed unusual facilities, had with time acquired an enormous value and a well-known rank amongst collectors.

Geraldine was the slave of this collection, but a willing slave, for had it not always been destined to be sold for her cousin Michael's benefit on starting in life?

When it came to the point, the old lady shirked parting with her treasure, but still, tough as she was, she could not live forever. Then those flimsy stamps that Geraldine handled so tenderly with slim white fingers, would bring in a store of golden coins for Michael.

Being hopelessly behind the times, and unselfish, Geraldine did not consider her own prospects, but took it for granted, with pathetic resignation, that when her grandmother died she should be passed on to an aunt, as cantankerous and economical, but even poorer than the former.

This resignation did not prevent a feeling of girlish longing for some of the pretty things in the bright window.

They were not valuable, the things at which she was gazing; only the flimsy yet dainty trifles familiar to all Mediterranean wanderers; daggers and crescents of turquoise and coral, and necklaces of slim gold chains and Swiss stones, cheap, but sparkling,

On one of these latter, of pale yellow topaz, Geraldine's eyes were so closely fixed that she never heeded that a man had paused beside her.

She started when a husky voice asked:—"Picking out Christmas presents, Miss Singleton?"

She looked round to see the slight figure with the drooping shoulders and the pointed fair beard of Mr. Ravenel, the lonely Australian in their pension,

for whom she was so sorry when he coughed and because no one to cheer or comfort him.

She laughed now;—"No Christmas presents for me. Grannie isn't on speaking terms with Santa Claus. And as for giving them! Well, I can give you my good wishes, Mr. Ravenel?"

"I shall value them highly," he answered with a significance she failed to grasp. "But what were you looking at?"

"Only thinking that if I ever should have a necklace, I would choose the yellow one. Oh, but how wrong in you to be out in such weather," she said, her instincts as a nurse aroused.

"I have only been to the library in that cab. And I am going to have a cup of hot chocolate before I drive home. Won't you come with me?"

Geraldine hesitated. The pâtisserie looked very tempting, and she was in that chronic state of hunger known to the inhabitants of cheap pensions.

Besides, the way was long to the dull back street where stood the Pension Deux Soleils, and her parcels were heavy, comprising a bottle of whiskey

and a package of candles, all to be smuggled in without the landlady's inspection.

Who hesitates is lost, and presently she found herself half-way through her third brioche and her second cup of chocolate.

"You will think I am a cormorant?" she said, smiling at her entertainer with childish compunction.

"Do I not also inhabit the doubly radiant Deux Soleils, and have I not also lunched off eggs and stewed rabbit," he re-

torted with his friendly smile. "Your grandmother's gloom was portentous."

Geraldine laughed.

"Oh, grannie is seraphic to-day. An American cousin sent her a lot of those surcharged Cuba and Porto Rico stamps. To get a stamp for nothing makes her lamb-like for days."

"You're as bad as she is, I believe. But that reminds me, I have some of the new Tasmania issue for her at home."

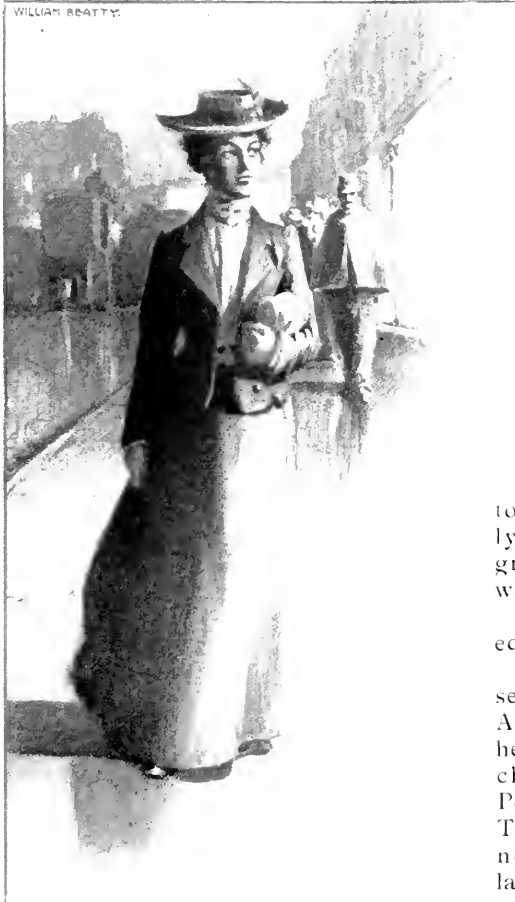
"She will worship you."

"Enough to show me her precious books?" he asked carelessly.

"Ah, that is another question. But if I stay longer, I'm afraid the good humour may have vanished."

"We will go then," and they fared forth into the gathering night.

WILLIAM BEATTY.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY.

"She was only a poor little Irish girl"

II

On Christmas morning Geraldine flung open her shutters when the sunshine was still ruddy upon the Esterel peaks, of which she got one glimpse between house roofs.

True, she expected no kindly gift from anyone, but the sun smiled for her and the first violets in the garden border sent up their message, and her impressionable Celtic soul rejoiced.

When the beaming Swiss, Marie, brought her coffee tray she had a guilty consciousness of the smallness of Lady Mount Michael's tip, but Marie must know what to expect by now, and still she beamed.

"Look, mademoiselle! You are not forgotten this time."

Sure enough there was a little white package on the tray, which, when opened, revealed the topaz necklet she had coveted.

A crimson tide swept over her face, and with the oft-times sad lips parted in a smile of pleasure, Marie saw her in a new light, and thought "She will be a beauty after all."

After her first delight, Geraldine felt extremely uncomfortable over her gift. It made her hot all over to wonder if Mr. Ravenel could have possibly supposed that she had been hinting at such a thing. Then her clear common-sense reasserted itself, and with only one pang of regret she went straight to her grandmother with the package.

Selfish and cantankerous as she might be, they would be as one in any matter concerning the family dignity.

But Lady Mount Michael only showed an indulgent amusement.

"Very pretty, child, and, yes—I think that you may keep it. It's not as though it were expensive jewellery. Just a Swiss trinket like that. No doubt the poor young man is grateful to you for little kindnesses. You've fetched him books, and all that, haven't you? Poor fellow, he looks very delicate. It would be unkind to refuse it."

And the girl carried off her treasure while the old woman chuckled to herself.

She was too wise a grannie to give a hint of her delight at the idea of a match of any kind for her penniless granddaughter.

"He must have money to be so careless about his wine and candles, and even if he didn't last many years, he'd probably make some provision for her," she decided.

Geraldine thanked Mr. Ravenel with well-bred simplicity, and wore his gift at the evening's festivity.

In her gratitude she looked so well after his comfort in getting him a warm seat, and sat so long beside him that the pension widows and old maids chuckled to each other over it.

After Christmas came a time of mistral, snow white upon the mountain tops, and the treacherous southern cold everywhere. Lady Mount Michael took to her bed, and Geraldine's life was even less to be envied than usual.

Her time was spent between running errands for the old lady, and the endless work of the stamps; doing up packages for exchange, writing the accompanying letters, sorting and cataloguing according to each new theory of the hour.

She had noticed that Mr. Ravenel had been for three days absent from meals, laid up with a cold, as Marie reported.

She felt guilty at his absence being a relief to her; but of late his round blue eyes, which were wont to seem so kindly, had revealed a languorous self-complacency from which she shrunk, and his friendly smile had displayed an unpleasant sense of proprietorship.

Although so young, her wandering life had given her a certain experience, and she shrank before a touch of revealed commonness. What would Michael think if she allowed that kind of a man to scrape up an intimacy over the stamps, at which he himself always jeered.

All the same, the sound of his weary cough touched her compassion as she passed his door on her way out one bright, cold afternoon. She even took some of her scanty pennies to buy him

a bunch of fragrant violets, with which she paused at his half-open door on her return.

Huddled in an uncomfortable arm-chair, over a skimpy wood fire, the

"How good to think of a poor dervish like me," he said fervently, as she half-shyly presented her gift.

"Ah, you're not as bad as that," she protested. "I wish that I could do something to make you look less forlorn."

"I shan't be forlorn any more. I shall have this to remember."

Before his fervour she retreated doorwards.

"Ah, don't go just yet," he urged. "If



WILLIAM BEATTY.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Huddled in an uncomfortable arm-chair"

poor soul was a pitiful enough figure.

A transfiguring light came to his worn face at sight of Geraldine, her hair dishevelled by the wind, but bringing the gladness of the day with her into the dull, shabby room.

you only knew how long the day has been."

Then, as though making conversation to detain her for a moment longer—"What is that weighty volume tucked under your arm?"



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

" . . . flung the door open with the vigorous touch of the big, handsome Irishman "

Geraldine laughed with recovered ease. After all, she might as well be shy with a footman as with this poor little white rabbit of a man.

"This," holding up the morocco-bound book—"Oh, this is the very cream of Grannie's collection, the 'English Colonies' volume."

Mr. Ravenel's eyes hardly glanced from the bright face to the book, but he was quick to seize the chance of prolonging her visit.

"Don't you think you might give me a glimpse of some of its treasures? It would make such a welcome change from this tiresome novel," he said wistfully.

The wistfulness and a little hard cough which he suppressed settled the business. No one had ever appealed in vain to Geraldine's pity.

She laid the book on the table, and stood looking down, while with slim, agile fingers he deftly turned the pages.

He was too wary to ask her to sit

down and so startle her. The door behind her was open, and there was nothing to alarm the proprieties.

The genuineness of his interest in the treasures before him was evident enough.

"Not a blank in the whole page," he said, pausing at a sheet of Mauritius. "There must be few such complete sets as this going."

"Only four, I believe," Geraldine answered complacently. "That page represents, at the lowest, a value of £200. The Nevis page comes to another hundred, I believe."

"They should be a dower for you," and he looked up at her with the manner from which she shrank.

A clock on the mantel rang out four, a welcome diversion to her.

"Good gracious!" she cried, in sudden alarm. "Four o'clock, and the post-box will be emptied, and I forgot Grannie's letters," and she was off, leaving her packages behind her.

Down the stairs she sped, only in

time to see the blue back of the retreating postman. She gave chase, catching him before he reached the gate, and returned slowly, breathless but triumphant.

A gay little laugh broke out as she paused in Mr. Ravenel's doorway.

"Grannie would have a fit if she knew that I had left the precious 'Colonies' out of sight for a moment," she began, but paused at sight of her friend, lying back with closed eyes, pale and exhausted. The book had been closed, and shoved farther away on the table, as though he had been too weary to trifle with it longer. At sound of her voice he seemed to make an effort, and looked up with a wan smile.

"An extra bad fit of coughing," he explained. "I've fought my best, but must soon give in now."

Over the fresh face looking down upon him came the awe which the young feel for death.

"I am very, very sorry for you," Geraldine said simply; all fears of his claims at intimacy vanished.

"I know you are. It has helped me to hold on a bit longer. But I mustn't keep you. I know you are in a hurry. Poor little Andromeda, take the book back to the dragon. I wish that I might have been your Perseus."

She flushed, and was about to protest when something in his face told her that he would be better alone, and with a gentle good-night she went.

The passionate pity of youth made her wipe away a few tears before she went to give an account of herself to Lady Mount Michael.

III

The sunshine returned and the invalids revived, and a few days after this Geraldine actually had a holiday.

It was a whole long afternoon on the heath-clad hills beyond Auribeau in the society of young folks as cheerful and nearly as impecunious as herself. Colonel Minden's family were distant cousins of the Mount Michaels, and were approved of as such.

The sunshine and breath of the pines

and heath, the luncheon on a warm hillside all went a bit to Geraldine's head. She flirted in the most pronounced fashion with Geoffrey, the son out from Oxford for Christmas, who had adored her from childhood.

The short, golden twilight was just closing when Geraldine appeared in her grandmother's room looking like a very Persephone, laden with sprays of pearly heath from the hills and the first narcissus from the meadows.

The smile was still on her lips with which she had bidden farewell to Geoffrey at the door. It vanished quickly enough at sight of the ogre-like figure facing her.

Lady Mount Michael sat, an open stampbook on the table before her, the landlady standing helplessly staring at the awesome wrath that flashed in the cavernous eyes, and at the trembling lips that mumbled and mouthed, and broke into a shrill scream as they found intelligible words at sight of Geraldine.

A skeleton hand pointed at the terrified girl, who turned in mute appeal to the good-natured "patronne."

"Never mind her, mademoiselle. She is in her dotage," Madame Soissons whispered, but could say no more before the cry broke out:

"I have been robbed! Robbed of the treasures and toil of a lifetime, and all through that girl's carelessness or worse, perhaps! She may be in league with those who—"

"Hush, madame; hush!" Madame Soissons interrupted.

Meantime, Geraldine, dropping her green armful, had crossed to her grandmother's side, an awful premonition at her heart. One glance at the familiar book confirmed her worst forebodings; the Mauritius page with all its treasures had been neatly cut out.

"And the whole Nevis set is gone! Three hundred pounds worth at the least! And my British Guinea provisionals! And the first Newfoundland sheet! Only four pages in all, and yet representing from eight hundred pounds upwards," shrieked the old lady. "Who could have done it? It

was someone who knew all about their value. But no one ever had the key to it save you, Geraldine, and yet to-day I found the clasp unlocked. What does it mean?"

A wail of despair broke from the girl, who had dropped, a huddled heap, in the corner of the sofa.

"Oh, Grannie! Grannie! I never let a soul touch the book; never let it out of my sight save for a few seconds the other day, when I left it in Mr. Ravenel's room while I went to post your letters."

"Mr. Ravenel!" This time it was Madame Soissons who wailed. "Mr. Ravenel received this morning a telegram saying that his mother was dying, and left by the afternoon train! Mon Dieu! If it was him, he may have done other harm!"

Here Geraldine solved matters for the present by fainting away for the first time in her life.

A long course of fatigues and poor food, the day's excitement and the sudden shock of shame and grief, all had proved too much for her.

Madame Soissons kindly cared for her while the old ogress bewailed her treasures and muttered vengeance against the culprit, or rather against her nearest victim, Geraldine. A pale, dishevelled wraith on the sofa, the girl heard her doom pronounced.

She had proved herself untrustworthy, and should go back, second-class, to her aunt in Ireland. There in the wilds of County Clare she would have leisure to repent her ingratitude and carelessness.

This sentence cut off at one fell swoop every alleviation of Geraldine's unhappy lot.

The beauties of climate and surroundings; the amusement of meeting strangers; the chance of an occasional sight of her cousin Michael, were to be exchanged for a damp, dreary wilderness, and utter banishment from all society save that of a deformed, cruel-tongued woman, who, sickly and poor, hated all the world more lucky than herself.

But in the frenzy of her self-accusa-

tion, her punishment seemed almost welcome to Geraldine.

What could be severe enough retribution for having robbed her cousin Michael of what seemed to her such an enormous sum as eight hundred pounds?

She had often planned the growth of the collection until it should sell for enough to repurchase Mount Michael, and now some of its choicest treasures were gone.

And so the poor child cried herself into a sleep of exhaustion while Madame Soissons pursued investigations which led to the discovery that Mr. Ravenel had before his departure operated on a gentleman's trunk quite as neatly as he had upon the famous stamp-book, thereby securing a booty of a thousand francs, spoil from Monte Carlo. The police authorities when summoned displayed a cheerful admiration for the double achievement.

"Aha," said the fat inspector. "It is that little Englishman, Brewster, at his tricks again. We knew that he would soon turn up somewhere in these regions. Will he never, then, hurry and die of that cough of his? We shall hear of him next in Algiers or Egypt, no doubt! He has a 'flair' for a good climate, the little rogue. But he must soon go to the last and hottest of all!"

Nothing was heard of the thief or the booty, however, and it was supposed that he had hidden his tracks at Marseilles.

In broken-hearted silence Geraldine made ready for the journey to Ireland.

Her modest little trunk was packed, and she sat awaiting her last luncheon at the "Deux Soleils" board, while her grim ancestor scowled at her from the warm corner by the fire.

A quick, firm step was heard on the tiled passage floor, and Geraldine started with the nervous anticipation of tidings which had grown habitual with her.

But the polite police inspector had never flung the door open with the vigorous touch of the big, handsome

Irishman, who stood revealed as Sir Michael.

Geraldine's cry of rapture ended in a wail of despair, and she cowered and hid her face in her hands, as though convicted of some deadly crime.

Her grandmother broke out into quivering wrath of age, but Sir Michael interrupted her without ceremony.

"Whatever is the matter with Geraldine, and where is she going? You couldn't have heard already?"

"Heard! We have heard quite enough! That you have been robbed of the stamps that I have toiled and slaved over, and all through her carelessness! And where would she be going but back to Ireland to try a little of her Aunt Julia's tongue."

"Oh, Michael, forgive me!" wailed Geraldine, looking up with the imploring gaze of a victim led to the sacrifice.

Both women were startled by a hearty peal of laughter, which yet was not without wrath.

"The devil she shall go to Aunt Julia to be bully-ragged by her! And the devil take all stamps, I say. Why, here I am come out to have a spree over bringing you good news, and this is the reception I get!

"It's nothing less than that that half-crazy old uncle of ours did really and truly make a fortune in America out of some of those inventions of his,

and that he has died and left that same fortune between Geraldine and me. And I'm thinking of adopting her myself for the future, Grannie, and saving you the trouble of looking after such a bad girl—hey, Gerry? Only no more tears. They're forbidden now."

He had gone to the sofa and taken the poor little, forlorn creature into his arms, while she clung to him in a passion of happiness.

Lady Mount Michael executed one of those rapid "volte-face" for which old ladies are celebrated, and in a few hours was benevolently planning the future of the young couple when Mount Michael should be repurchased and they settled there, but Sir Michael's views were very different.

"No more mouldy old castles for us, thank you, to swallow all our cash. Why, we've neither of us ever had a spare penny in our lives! And now it is going to be a crack regiment, and a jolly house, good clothes, lots of fun all round! That's my idea."

His ideas were Geraldine's, and so there was no difficulty on that score.

And thus Perseus had really come at last, and little Andromeda was carried off to be a smiling bride and universal favourite with a smart cavalry regiment, while another hapless poor relation was had from Ireland to handle stamps and run errands.

Let us trust that she, too, in time found her Perseus.





A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE:

THE SERVICE OF WOMANHOOD

By Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonny Brier-Bush," etc.

WHEN the Catholic Church pays semi-Divine honour to the Virgin Mary, Protestants may consider that the Catholic Church has gone too far in her respect to the Mother of Jesus; and it is interesting to notice that the worship of the Virgin rises or falls in its intensity with the thermometer, being most reserved in the North and most luxuriant in the South. But when Art in her finest period placed the Madonna with the Child Jesus, and lavished on her pure and meek loveliness a wealth both of hand and soul which fills us to-day with amazement, Art was guided by a true instinct, and wrought a great deliverance in the world, for no one can estimate what the Madonna of the altar-pieces did to safeguard the honour of women and to maintain the glory of purity. And when an ordinary man bows within his soul before his mother or his wife—as a man in his best moments does—then he acknowledges what women have done for the world since the day when Mary bore our Saviour, on to the last work of mercy or example of heroism set before the race by woman's devotion. The chief benefactor of us all has been Mary's Son; but, next to Jesus, it has been women who have redeemed and inspired humanity.



George Meredith is credited with the remark that one of the most brilliant proofs of St. Paul's genius was the dis-

covery of the service women could render in the Christian Church; and we recognize the effect of the Apostle's personal influence in Lydia, the foundress of the Christian Church in Europe; in Priscilla, who was to the learned Apollos what certain old women of Bedford were to Bunyan; in Phœbe, the deaconess and the first of a distinguished order, besides many others who flit across the pages of his correspondence, and who rendered him many a gracious service. It is, however, more than his due to ascribe this felicitous discovery to St. Paul, for, while he was still a persecutor, Dorcas had been the inventor of a world-wide charity which has afforded an innumerable number of quiet women their opportunity of service; and John Mark's mother, in whose house Apostles lodged, was the early Lady Huntingdon of the new Christian community. It is not in the Book of Acts, but in the Gospels, that one sees this new spring of benevolence opened, and begins to imagine what women may do for the world. Jesus exercised an irresistible fascination over women of all kinds—from patri- cians to peasants, from saints to sinners. Ladies of Herod's evil court supported the Master with their substance; Mary Magdalene washed His feet with her tears; two sisters provided for Him a home in Galilee, and, during the strain of Passion Week, soothed Him in the quiet of Bethany; the wife of the Roman Governor pleaded with her husband the cause of innocence; and women received His body from the Cross and laid it reverently to rest. When one remembers what women have done for Christ, one is tempted to agree with the French sentimentalists, but in a nobler sense than

he intended: "Divine power of love—sacred moments in which the passion of one possessed gave to the world a resuscitated God."



When Jesus desired a dynamic for service He found it in the latent devotion of woman's nature, and He alone of all religious masters has been able to make it burn to the highest ends. "A woman," says James Hinton, "will always love the man who says to her, 'Lay down your life,' better than the man who says, 'Take up your right.'" The Cross is a divine response to the secret and often unintelligible longing of a woman's heart; and Christianity, as an enterprise of sympathy, is designed for the culture of womanhood. For the purpose of Jesus, what we call with unconscious irony a woman's weakness, by which we mean her pity, tenderness, trust, and hopefulness, are the finest strength. Mary Carpenter, whose name is inseparably associated with ragged schools and reformatory work, writes: "O God! why hast Thou given me a woman's heart?" and the answer is: "The better to do Thy Will." For three centuries women served the world—not so much by what they did as by what they suffered. A great historian has given five causes for the success of Christianity in the first age; he might have added a sixth—the martyrdom of women. Nothing so convincing had ever before been offered as evidence for a religion or as an example to sanctify the world. "We were condemned to the sword," wrote the youthful Saint Perpetua, "and with hearts full of joy returned to our friends." Women of all classes perished by the sword or by wild beasts with patience and with joy, from Blandina, the slave, to St. Cecilia who confessed her Lord so bravely that the people,

Bathed in tears,
Confessed themselves to be like her of Christ.



Down the centuries, indeed, Christian women have moved along the Via

Dolorosa—yesterday when the well of Cawnpore was choked with the corpses of women who could have bought their own and dearer lives had they "borne to bend the knee to the false prophet"; to-day when the slum lassie, wiping the blood from her face and conquering by love, is the purest strength of the Salvation Army. From the fourth century to the end of the eighteenth women fulfilled Christ's calling,

In the silent life of prayer,
Praise, fast, and alms.

And before anyone condemns the conventual system without reserve, let him read the story of the Nuns of Port Royal and the life of La Mère Angélique, their famous Abbess. They were only a handful of Cistercian Nuns in the seventeenth century, yet these helpless women defied the united power of the Jesuits and the throne of France in their loyalty to truth; and although they were persecuted, and at last dispersed, they never yielded. Unto this religious home came soldiers, statesmen, high ladies, and men of letters; and in their defence Pascal wrote his "Provincial Letters." Angélique was herself a very lovely character, and the delicate refinement of her piety should be studied by the religious in this bustling day. "As for me," she said, "I am of the order of all the saints, and all the saints are of my order." And religion owes a debt to the Cistercian Abbess for a winsome type of pure and chastened faith.



With the developments of life the ministry of women has escaped from the limits of suffering and prayer, and become a place of "broad rivers and streams;" so that beside the history of physical invention runs the story of the ingenuity of love. When Mrs. Elizabeth Fry went down into the Inferno of Newgate to recall to womanliness a herd of degraded creatures; and when Miss Nightingale inspired the ladies of England to undertake the charge of the sick; and when Miss Carpenter wrote, in 1861, "If permitted by the orderings of the Father I

will go to India and do all I can for native women and children"; and when certain women of our day have taken up the cause of the oppressed, and have worked for the emancipation of our white slaves, they have opened up new fields of service and created new orders of chivalry which every year gain in usefulness, and add fresh names to the roll of the saints. We are beginning, perhaps a little late, to realize that if certain people in the world are to be helped they must be taken in hand by women. The service of men is limited by certain conditions of temperament and education; the service of women is a perpetually unfolding revelation—an infant science, an unexplored country. If the women of the East are to be educated and raised to their just place; if seamstresses are no longer to sing the "Song of the Shirt"; if our Magdalenes are to be gathered to Christ's feet; if working girls are to be saved from coarseness and vice; if some refinement, as well as thrift and comfort, is to be taught to working mothers—this must be the duty of their more favoured sisters.



Women have laboured under a great disability until lately. It was not that they could not vote—that does not matter much; it was that beyond their home they had hardly any work. Women of originality might force a door open, but such women can only be few. The many were left without the public call of Christ which men obey to the salvation of their life and the good of the community. That call has now come to the drawing-room as well as to the office; it comes to matrons and it comes to young girls; it comes in many forms and with many pleas, and while yesterday it was counted strange that a woman should take part in the service of Christ, to-morrow it will be counted strange if she is not allowed. Perhaps, however, the greatest work which women have done for the world and for religion has not been that of public service, but the

ministry of home. We are not so careful as we ought to be to distribute our rewards between the person who acts in life and the one who inspires. We have built Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey—his wife we have left to die in the depths of the African forest! We glorify Lord William Russell in history as a noble patriot, and we forget the wife that sustained his heart. Inspiration is really more than action, and this must not be forgotten in our day of publicity. It is single men who have turned the gates of history upon their hinges and directed the destinies of the human race, and we fail to see that behind each man has stood his mother. Without a Hebrew slave woman full of faith we had not had Moses; without Hannah, with her pious imagination, we had not had Samuel, the first of the prophetic order; without Elizabeth, with her spiritual insight, we had not had John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ; without Salome, with her high religious ambitions, we had not had St. John the Divine and the friend of Jesus.



The race of mothers, who by their patience and sacrifices, by their faith and high spirit, have given great men to the world, has not been confined to the records of Holy Scripture. It has lasted from Monica, to whom we owe St. Augustine, to Susannah Wesley, to whom we owe God's apostle to England; and from Mrs. Wesley to many a woman of our own day and generation who has been the mother of scholars and of saints, and the nurse both of their learning and of their holiness. A scholar is still living, and doing good service, whose mother used to carry him, a cripple lad, upon her back every morning several miles to the parish school, and took such care of him and laboured so hard for him that he outgrew his bodily weakness and grew into a scholar of Christ. And after the death of Dr. A. B. Davidson, the master Hebraist of his day, it was told how his mother

walked nineteen miles every alternate Saturday from their country home to Aberdeen carrying the meal, eggs and butter which were to be her son's humble fare for a fortnight at the University. Thirty-eight miles back and forward—half of it with a heavy basket—was a long and weary trudge; but she had her recompense in having given a scholar to the Commonwealth. It is often supposed that one is indirectly depreciating the ability of women in saying that for most of them the best sphere of labour is home. One is really giving them the highest place, and one is paying to them a seasonable honour at Christmas time, for the first of women in the history of the race is the Mother of Bethlehem. It

is better far to be a queen, ruling men's hearts and moving them to do high things, than to be a speaker and a voter. When a woman maintains the altar fire in her own soul, when she makes the men who belong to her pure, pitiful, generous and brave, she has done her part well; and she has deserved the gratitude of the world when the man she loves—husband, brother, son, or betrothed—comes forth from her presence with this charge upon his conscience:

"My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
And break thro' all till one will crown thee
king
Far in the spiritual city;" and as she spake
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Thro' him.



OUR CHRISTMAS

NO country in the world has so great reason to celebrate the Christmastide of 1902 with joy as has this Canada of ours. The year has been marked by no great disaster, no national misfortune. The Goddess Plenty has opened the windows of her storehouse and showered good things upon us. Our barns are full of wheat and other grains, and the ships of the sea are carrying our surplus to foreign lands. The bowels of the earth are yielding us gold, iron and coal in quantities limited only by our powers and our desires. Our cattle and sheep cover a thousand hills and wander in herds across the succulent foothill country. Fifty thousand men of other lands have signed the citizens' roll this year—the roll of a country in which liberty is curbed only by respect for law and order. The promise of next year is a hundred thousand, mostly sterling Anglo-Saxons from Great Britain's once banner colony, the United States.

Our banks are multiplying in number and their vaults are bulging with the deposited wealth of the people. The coffers of the Government are full to overflowing, so much so that the spenders of our national income are chagrined to find they cannot employ it all.

Truly this should be a merry Christmastide. Surely such poor and such needy, and such unfortunates as we have, will be overwhelmed with the gifts of the many who have overmuch! Surely the heart of every citizen will be filled with gratitude to the great Creator and Ruler of mankind for the blessings which He has bestowed on this new nation! And surely we may celebrate with heart and voice the anniversary of the natal day of Him who came to be an Example to all mankind!

This should indeed be a Merry, Merry Christmas.

THE GOSSAMER THREAD

By Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald

WINTER sunset, a winding country road, and the indefinable sense of expectancy that, even to the world-weary and the unimaginative, forms the natural atmosphere of the week before Christmas!

Adrienne was far from being world-weary, and her imagination was clear and strong; she felt to the full the magic of the season and the hour. The winding road lured her on with fairy promise, the sunset filled her with a longing as keen as homesickness, for something her thoughts could not define. A few more turns in the road would bring her to the house of "the Squire," and there she would be in the full tide of holiday preparations. Madam North would look up from her lace-work and smile her greeting, with the somewhat wistful look that Adrienne so well understood. Sylvia (whose eyes were like Hubert's) would throw impetuous arms about her and hurry her off to the great hall, where the wreath-making would be begun. Yet she lingered, and let her mind drift back to the Yule-tide of a year ago. That had been the close of her first year of teaching in the village of Little Emberton. She had spent her holidays then, as she was to spend them now at the Squire's. And on Christmas night, as they sat around the table at dinner, she had told for the general entertainment a curious and beautiful dream which she had dreamt the night before. It was a fantastic, complicated dream, and it was natural that they should all listen with interest while she told it, but there was surely nothing in it to account for the fact that Hubert had turned very pale and watched her face with a breathless stare. She hastened her narrative, rather disconcerted by his strange look, and then asked abruptly: "Hubert, what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," he had replied, the colour returning to his face, and a

mischievous light (or so she chose to regard it) to his eyes—"nothing in the world—except that I dreamt that same thing last night, every bit of it, *and more*. It's like Kipling's 'Brushwood Boy' story, don't you know; there must be a mysterious bond between us!"

Then, angered more than she could understand by his light tone, she answered impatiently: "A bond, indeed! It must be a gossamer thread, then, spun in a moment, and easily broken!"

But all that was a year ago, and now Hubert was in New York, winning with his pen some laurels and less gold, and they in the quiet New Brunswick country were looking forward, with varying kinds and degrees of eagerness, to his home-coming.

The sunset colours were dimmed to a faint soft blue when she entered the white gates at Northcote Hall. The griffins on the gate-post grinned down at her as she passed, and the lodge-keeper's rosy children, playing snow-balls in front of the mimic ch[^]let, greeted "the teacher" with shy affection. As she went slowly up the avenue, the clock in the hall struck five rich musical strokes. Then the door opened—Bruno, the mastiff, rushed tumultuously to meet her, while Sylvia called and waved from the portico, "Oh, Adrienne, Adrienne, a letter from Hubert! Such a queer letter! Come in, quick, I want you to see it!"

Adrienne was hastily divested of her heavy cloak and furs, and led upstairs to the large, cosey room which Sylvia always shared with her in the holidays. Sylvia, whose forehead was gathered into a frown, pushed a deep arm-chair in front of the fire and snugly ensconced her friend therein, then thrust a letter into her hand. Adrienne half-laughing, yet alarmed, held it and looked inquiringly at Sylvia.

"Look at it," Sylvia said with emphasis; "blue paper, red ink and

the most extraordinary writing in the world! Look at it, and then read it."

"I couldn't read it *without* looking at it," murmured Adrienne flippantly, but her pale face grew a shade paler, and the hand that held the letter trembled. It certainly was an extraordinary epistle, written, as Sylvia had said, with red ink on blue paper, in very small cramped characters and decidedly crooked lines, the impression conveyed to a casual glance was surprising; to those who knew the writer its tenor was even more so.

"Dearest Sylvia,

It's more than possible that I may not get home for Christmas, but I will try to come sometime this winter. There's a lot to do to get my book finished—it's to be out for the spring sales—and I've a great many invitations, too. Heaps of love! Don't let the Mater mind, dear!

As ever, thy

HUBERT.

Excuse this scrawl, I'm in the dark.—
H. N."

When Adrienne had twice read this strange document, her eyes filled with tears, and she looked at Sylvia in hopeless bewilderment.

"What *does* it mean?" she faltered. "Why, it's not like your brother in the least!"

"So heartless," said Sylvia, excitedly, "and so snobbish! 'A lot of invitations!' Why, Hubert never cared a straw about society."

"Yet I think," said Adrienne, "that Hubert has been going to dances and dinners a good deal lately; it is quite natural (with an unconscious sigh) that he should. But let dances or dinners keep him from home at Christmas—why, he never, never could! It's preposterous!"

Now Sylvia's eyes drooped; she twitched nervously at her necklace.

"It is so *crooked*," she said, "and the letters are so uncertainly made. Do you think—could he be—he's so steady, Adrienne!"

Then Adrienne's pale face flushed indignantly, and her soft, grey eyes flashed.

"Sylvia!"

There were volumes of reproach in

the tone, and Sylvia, all her own confidence in Hubert restored by her friend's unquestioning faith, beamed at her with a look of profound relief.

"Oh, you may say what you like, and be as cross at me as you please, as long as you don't believe *that*. You are a much better judge of character than I am—but I didn't really believe it—you know—only I was frightened!"

"What does the Mater think of it?" asked Adrienne, relaxing the severity of her gaze.

"Oh, the dear Mater!" She is hurt and angry, and puzzled, just as we are—I mean, as *I am*. Honestly, Adrienne, can *you* think of nothing that may be keeping him away?"

There was a veiled significance in Sylvia's little speech which Adrienne met quite frankly.

"Nothing," she said gravely. "I have not heard from Hubert, as you know, for months; our correspondence was never regular, and—well—I had left his letters a long while unanswered, sometimes. But, Sylvia, we are only friends, you know that—and not always in perfect accord as friends. You needn't imagine he cares for me—he does not!"

"Only friends," repeated Sylvia disdainfully; "oh, yes, of course. But come, we are late for dinner, and father will be asking for you, and the Mater waiting to accuse you with a look. Let us go down!"

That night Adrienne dreamt that she was walking in the Squire's garden. It was winter, and the ground white with snow; but the rose-bushes in the oblong beds, though leafless, bore rich store of blossoms. She thought in her dream, "how strange to see flowers here in winter!" and stooped to pick one. As she gathered a great creamy bud, and began to fasten it in the lace at her neck, she realized that she was all in white, of some soft gauze-like fabric, yet she did not feel the cold at all. She was unutterably happy, as we can be sometimes in a dream.

Looking up the garden path toward the vine-covered summer-house, she saw Hubert coming toward her, with his hands held out, and walking with hesitating steps. She ran toward him in great delight and held out the rose, but he did not notice it, and then she saw that his eyes were closed. She whispered eagerly, "What is it, oh, what is it?" And he cried out in tones of entreaty, like a frightened child, "Adrienne, Adrienne, come! I am alone in the dark!" And suddenly an awful darkness settled down over the garden, and she tried to touch Hubert, but he was gone. Then she woke, sobbing, and clutching Sylvia convulsively.

II

That night Hubert sat late by the fire. His lamp was unlighted, and the fire threw weird shadows on the wall. The table beside him was littered with papers and books. A row of photographs at the back of the table leant up against the wall. His father and mother, Sylvia, two or three pretty cousins, and, side by side in the centre, Adrienne and a tall slender girl in a ball dress, with an ornament almost like a little crown in her high-piled hair. Half-a-dozen pipes and a big blue tobacco jar completed the adornment of the writing table. There were books everywhere, on the chairs, on the floor, on the bed. There was dust everywhere, too. A closet-door stood half-open, showing a dress suit, a thick overcoat, and a gay dressing gown, and on the floor along one wall stood boots, a truly wonderful array of them. This was evidently Hubert's weakness in the dress line, for there were many pairs, and all in an excellent state of preservation.

Hubert had been sitting with one elbow on the arm of his chair, and his head on his hand. Suddenly, with a long impatient sigh, he leant his head back on the cushion as if he had given up the problem that oppressed him, and gradually sank to sleep. His clear-cut features and sensitive mouth were lit with strange effect by the dancing flames.

For months he had been making a valiant struggle to prove that his move to New York was not a mistake, and to justify his faith in his own powers. His father had reminded him at the outset of his venture that there was no actual necessity for him to live by his pen, and had mildly suggested that if he had genuine literary talent it would be as well to cultivate it without the danger of being reduced to writing "pot-boilers." But restlessness, the wish to win his spurs, and more than all, the desire to make a certain quiet little lady regard him in a serious light, combined to force him away from home and into the literary vortex of a great city.

His mother, though an ardent Canadian, had been educated in New York, and he had letters of introduction to her friends that opened to him the doors of some very exclusive homes. So, though he worked hard and became known favourably to editors and publishers, he also overcame to a certain extent his dislike of general society. Indeed he overcame it to such a degree that Lilian Van Thorne, the belle of every gay assembly and daughter of his mother's oldest friend, sometimes almost obscured in his mind the thought of disdainful little Adrienne. Almost—but never quite. Then, when he found that the social diversions had been taking up too much of his time, he took to writing day and night, and was inconsequently surprised when his eyes began to give out.

Early in the autumn he consulted an oculist, who gave him careful treatment and advised entire rest. But Hubert did not realize the danger he was in, and his book was to be in the publisher's hands before Christmas. So he still worked, though more moderately. In his letters to Northcote Hall he made very light of the trouble with his eyes; a drop of pity—pity alone—from Adrienne would be more than he could stand!

And winter came, and thoughts of the snowy spruce-woods of home tugged more and more at his heart.

Then one day—it was well on in December—a sudden horrible pain shot through his eyes so that he cried out in agony—and then he could see no more. The specialist, hastily summoned, gave him small comfort. “Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done for some time! North must go home—must have complete mind and nerve rest;—at the end of three months, if his general health were toned up, he could return to New York, and then—well, time would tell! But they must not give up hope!—and so on, till Hubert did not know, indeed, whether to hope or to despair.

It was on that night, that awful night, that he wrote the letter to Sylvia which caused them all such uneasiness. It was born of a foolish determination not to “spoil their Christmas” by letting them know of his trouble. Afterward would be time enough, he thought, not considering that the letter itself was enough to take all the heart out of their liveliest Christmas festivities. He never knew how the dreary days passed until that evening when, worn out with fierce sorrow, he fell asleep in his chair by the lonely fire. It was the third day since he had sent his letter home; it was the night on which Adrienne dreamt of “flowers out of season.”

Now a strange thing happened, for Hubert also dreamt of the home garden. In his dream he came out of the summer house, which was covered with vines, and walked down a path all white with snow. He noticed with wonder the flowers on leafless bushes, lifting their splendid colours above the dazzling whiteness of the drifts. Then suddenly Adrienne appeared, dressed in shining white, with a gauzy veil that fluttered about her shoulders like wings. She held in her hand a rose whose creamy petals sent out a pale soft light. When she saw him, her eyes lit up with that most unmistakable and loveliest of expressions, a look which never, even in dreams, had Hubert seen in them before. She ran toward him, and he held out his arms and cried, “Adrienne, Adrienne!”

Then the awful darkness of his waking hours settled down about him, and he groped wildly, calling like a lost child, “Adrienne, Adrienne!” The effort to make her hear awoke him. He had risen from his chair and stood with outstretched hands—alone in the dark!

III

It did not take “the Squire” long to make up his mind what to do, when Adrienne, with pale face and shaken voice, had told him her dream.

“I wouldn’t think anything of it,” she faltered, if it were not for that other time—last year, you know—when Hubert and I dreamt the same thing. *That* was only a pretty, fantastic dream, but this—it seems as if it must mean something.

“Mean something!” said the Squire; “of course it does! It means that we are all upset by Hubert’s absurd letter, and naturally we dream nonsense!”

Nevertheless, he left for New York that afternoon. The clasp of his hand, the tone of his voice, the quiet strength of his personality, brought instant solace to Hubert. He could not be long in his father’s presence without the feeling that, however things went, here was something strong and cheering and unchangeable.

So it came to pass that the family group was unbroken at Yule-tide, and that all the old customs were kept, though with somewhat of an effort in the keeping. But, though the travellers reached Northcote Hall two days before Christmas, it was not until late on Christmas Day that Hubert found an opportunity of speaking to Adrienne alone.

It was the quiet hour before dinner, and the family, who had been assembled in the drawing-room, had drifted away in an apparently casual manner. First the Squire was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and retired to his study for a ten-minutes’ nap. Then Mrs. North became nervous as to the arrangement of the dinner-table and departed to supervise that.

A wood fire crackled and sparkled on the hearth; the wax candles on the

mantel and piano shed a soft white light. Outside, the wind roared and the snow was driven in clouds against the windows. Hubert sat alone in the bow window; Adrienne, in her white cashmere gown, stood near the fire, like a wild bird poised for flight; and Sylvia, who had been restless all day, strummed idly on the piano, trying to think of some excuse for leaving the room which would not serve Adrienne as well as herself. At last she sprang up, exclaiming: "Oh, I want to speak to father about something; I'll be back in a minute!" and departed.

Adrienne stood with down-cast eyes in a silence that she longed to break but could not. Finally, in a very small voice, which surprised herself when she heard it, she said:

"I—I think I left my handkerchief upstairs; I must run and get it."

But still she did not move, till a smothered groan from Hubert made her look up. He had risen, very pale, and stood with his hand outstretched, about to grope his way from the room. The sight swept away, somehow, pride and reserve and all her faint doubts of him; she ran towards him and clasped the outstretched hand in her little soft fingers.

"Hubert," she whispered (and the tone was an unconscious caress), "oh, what is it?"

Hubert caught her other hand, and stooped his dark head till it leaned against hers.

"What *do* these dreams mean, Adrienne—when you dislike and avoid me so?"

"Dislike!" gasped Adrienne; "dislike! Oh, Hubert, don't make fun of me!"

Then a flood of colour rushed to Hubert's pale face.

"Adrienne," he breathed (and it seemed to him he would have given ten years of his life to be able to see her face), "you must know that I love you. You must have known all this time?"

Adrienne shook her head vehemently.

"You didn't know? Why, surely I showed it plainly enough! And you—you laughed at me, you were sharp and cold and—yes, and bitter sometimes; I wondered why I couldn't help adoring you—dearest!"

Then she hid her face on his coat, and whispered:

"I truly, truly thought that you just *liked* me a little, and—I was afraid you would guess; I was afraid you knew that I—"

"That you? Say it, Adrienne!"

"That I—that I—loved, loved, loved you—dear!"

"And it is more than 'a gossamer thread' that binds you, after all," the Squire said—some hours later, when a quietly happy group was gathered around the fire, while the storm shrieked more fiercely than ever without.

"It is something much stronger than gossamer," said Hubert, clasping closely the little hand that could lead him to all enchanted lands; "it is such stuff as dreams are made of."

LIFE'S SWEETEST SWEET

WITH all the blessings from above
The gods in generous bounty give;
'Tis infinitely sweet to live,
But sweeter still to live and love.

Peter Johnson

THE ACTING MANAGER

A STORY OF BANKING LIFE

By Philip Marché

AS every Canadian knows, the Gibraltar Bank is a colossal institution with branches scattered profusely in every Province of the Dominion, and enjoying a reputation for solidity equal to that historic Rock from whence it selected its name. To belong to its service is an honour eagerly coveted, and the managers of its branches are a power in the land.

John Durram ranked among the younger of these managers; but although his experience as administrator of the affairs of a branch was short, he had succeeded in creating at his head office a very favourable impression as to his capability and worth. When, therefore, the Gibraltar's manager in the chief city of an important Province sought and obtained a year's leave to recruit his health, the general manager announced to the branches by circular that Mr. John Durram, whose signature was already known to them, would take charge of the branch during the manager's absence.

The acting manager had entered upon his new duties some weeks ago, and had been directing his energies towards obtaining a thorough knowledge of his office and its customers before issuing forth to take an active part in the deadly strife perpetually waged among the different banks for the business which the city and district had to offer. He nevertheless found time to drop round occasionally for a smoke and a chat with his cousin and school chum, Murray Clarke, who had lately married an Eastern belle and was comfortably settled in a lovely home by the side of the river.

"I suppose you haven't got married yourself because you think 'He travels the fastest who travels alone.' Is that the reason?"

The question came from Mrs. Clarke and was addressed to Durram.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Clarke, you don't think I'm posing for an empire builder, do you?"

"Like Cecil Rhodes? Wasn't he grand? If I were a man I'd love to be like him."

"If you had been a man what would Murray have done?" asked Durram, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Taken the next girl that came along, I guess. You men are all alike."

They were interrupted by her husband, who had been called out on business, and had just returned.

"Well, my dear, John looks as if he was about dying for some of that Glenlivet. Hand the decanter over here, will you?"

"One word for Mr. Durram and two for yourself," rejoined his wife, pushing over the vessel.

Clarke poured out a man's horn each for himself and Durram, added some soda, and pulled his chair up to the table to join the group.

"I say, Helen, I've some news for you. You remember George Milliard? He's coming here to live."

"You don't say! He's the queerest man, Mr. Durram. Rich, and knows all about business, but can no more see through a joke than a brick wall. But what's he going to do here, Murray?"

"Start up a big elevator and mill-
ing business."

Clarke turned to Durram and continued: "It's to be called The Prairie Mills, Limited. Hallman, Senator Lockridge, and Brown—of Brown & Jones—are interested, as well as Milliard. There are to be any number of elevators and two or three mammoth mills. It will be a grand account for a bank; they will borrow between five hundred thousand and a million."

The two men sat and discussed the

new enterprise, and the prospect of getting the account for the Gibraltar. Clarke was a Gibraltar customer but had not interested himself in the bank's welfare prior to his cousin's coming.

Mrs. Clarke occupied herself with an illustrated magazine and only listened to snatches of their conversation. She paid enough attention, however, to learn that the manager who succeeded in capturing the business would likely receive very substantial marks of appreciation from his headquarters. Apart from the fact that her husband was so interested, she liked Durram and wished him well.

Finally the visitor got up to go, apologizing for devoting so much of the evening to "shop." But his hostess assured him that she didn't mind; that she knew the occasion was important; and that she had been interested too, although she didn't know enough about business to talk it.

"Have another drink before you go, old man," said Clarke, again filling the two glasses. "Helen, will you join us?"

Mrs. Clarke said water was good enough for her, and poured some from a pitcher standing on the sideboard. The trio stood around the table. Clarke raised his glass.

"The Gibraltar's new account."

"I hope so," said Durram as the glasses were drained.

On his way to his hotel and while undressing for bed the banker allowed himself to dream dreams and see visions. Starting with the successful handling of the matter in hand, he read imaginary letters of congratulation and approval from his general manager, saw his salary increased and himself launched upon a meteoric career of advancement, ending by his occupying the chair of the chief executive, and then, far down in the lane of years, retiring by way of the presidency into a well-earned and reposeful private life.

These dreams and fancies companioned him till he awoke the next day. That they were begotten of Clarke's "Scotch," and not founded on fact or

reason, was soon demonstrated. He sent out for Hallman, one of the promoters of the new concern, who was a Gibraltar customer, and whom he counted an ally. He was rudely disillusionized. Hallman bore a grudge against the bank for something Durram's predecessor had done, and while it was not of sufficient consequence to cause him to take away his business, it was quite enough to quench any enthusiasm he had ever entertained for the bank. Durram's advances were received with an exasperating coolness and indifference, and he was given to understand that the Gibraltar had a very poor chance of getting the coveted new account.

The announcement of the new undertaking was the signal for the commencement of a hot campaign. All the banks entered the contest, and a veritable network of intrigue and wire-pulling was at once in full swing, such as would have done credit to an European court of the eighteenth century. All wanted the account, down to the little Banque de St. Denis whose manager wrote to the promoters saying, "We take the honour to say that we would be pleased if you shall give us a part of the account of Prairie Mills, Ltd. Of the sum required we have to offer you \$25,000."

It was soon apparent that the decision would rest with Milliard. When Durram mentioned to Clarke the result of his conversation with Hallman, Clarke had replied that he had a string on Hallman; and that Hallman would be all right. The string was pulled "good and hard," and Hallman made the "right about" at once, and became an active Gibraltar man. Brown was a zealous partizan of the Bank of the Commonwealth. All that was known about Milliard's attitude was that his private account in the East was with the Britannia Bank, and the presumption was that he would be inclined to favour the local branch of that institution. His was the predominant interest, but until he arrived it was impossible to say with certainty whom he would favour. Senator

Lockridge took no interest in the matter whatever. He was an old man, and content to leave everything to his colleagues.

Time passed. It had come out that the account would not be divided, but would be given to one bank, in its entirety. This had the effect of shaking out the small institutions, and leaving the Gibraltar, the Britannia, the Commonwealth and another; but the strife, far from lessening, became the fiercer. Milliard had arrived, but had given no outward sign of partiality, it being his game to take advantage of the rivalry to get the best possible terms. Rumours of all kinds were rife. The interest in the question spread from the inner circles of banking and finance to social and club life, and the whole city exercised itself about what bank would get the Prairie Mills account. Bets were laid and taken, and people took sides as during an election. It was said that the Commonwealth had offered to return to the company ten per cent. of the profit made on the account at the end of every year; that the Britannia would pay the salaries of a part of the company's office staff; and other stories, equally absurd and improbable, were freely circulated and readily believed.

Clarke worked like a Trojan, and was as much excited over the business as Durram himself. Mrs. Clarke caught the infection from her husband, but could find no means of helping. Although she and Milliard came from the same town they had had very little to do with one another. Milliard was not a ladies' man, and did not shine in polite society. Clarke, for his part, had not much use for him.

One day Hallman sent Milliard to the bank to have a talk with Durram. Unknown to Durram negotiations were getting dangerously advanced between Milliard and the Britannia. Durram thought the battle was yet in its infancy, and did not wish to have his trump card—his final rate—forced too early in the game. Milliard wanted to get straight quotations from all the banks and then to settle the question.

The interview, therefore, resolved itself into a sparring match.

After a few preliminaries Durram asked:

"How about the account? Any nearer a decision?"

"We have some good offers, but have done nothing yet."

"Waiting till all the tenders are in, I suppose?" a little ironically.

"If the Gibraltar would only send in its tender we would settle the question very quickly."

"You know that we can do as well as any of them in the matter of rates, and that none can give you a better assurance of being able to carry you through good times or bad."

"Yes, yes, I know the Gibraltar is a great bank, but you don't come out very definitely about your rates."

"*You* don't tell me what rates you want."

"That wouldn't do. I'd rather know your offer first."

"And have one of the others shade it?"

"You can depend on my keeping it quiet and giving you fair play."

"And you can depend on our doing as well as the rest of them."

And thus it ended. Durram was unable to get any information as to what the others had offered; and Milliard as to what the Gibraltar would do. He left the bank somewhat irritated by this sparring and fencing, and had pretty well made up his mind to give the account to his own bank, the Britannia. It had made him a good offer and he intended, unless the Gibraltar offered better, to go there.

Things were in this state when a grand ball was given in the Horticultural Hall. Milliard's coadjutors and other prominent business men with whom he had become acquainted, pressed him to go, as it was to be a public and exceptional affair, and all the high government, military, and civic personages would be present. There were also some distinguished visitors in the city who were expected to attend. Now Milliard did not find comfort at social functions, and he

made it a practice to avoid them whenever possible; but as he considered it politic to put in an appearance in this case, he reluctantly donned his evening suit and sallied forth—regarding it as a disagreeable necessity.

The dance is woman's court. Here she holds her triumphs. She "reigns here and revels." And who shall blame her? Do we not know that many a weary heart would break under the strain of a dull monotonous life were it not for the distraction afforded by these pleasure gatherings, the bustle of preparing for them, and the joy of afterwards discussing them?

Mrs. Clarke was a general favourite. She had pleasing, patrician features and a superb figure; danced divinely and untiringly; and her conversation overflowed with wit and vivacity. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the men eagerly sought the privilege of having their names inscribed upon her tablets. To-night was no exception to the rule. She had been particularly happy in her toilet, and appeared at her very best. The Lieutenant-Governor's household, officers of the garrison, and the beaux elite of the city fluttered about her. The distinguished visitors put up their eye-glasses, stared at her in their well-bred way, said "By Jove!" and asked who she was; then made haste to join the crowd of suitors.

The festivity was in full swing. Milliard was standing alongside a prominent citizen watching the dancers. His own accomplishments in that line did not extend beyond a rather crude performance of the Lancers.

As Milliard gazed at the scene, and noticed the wealth of admiration bestowed upon Mrs. Clarke, his attention became more and more fixed upon this "Queen Rose" in the garden. He began to see that life did hold something worth striving for besides store of gold; and to have a vague suspicion that in giving his whole attention to its pursuit he had overlooked treasures quite as precious, enjoyed by Tom, Dick and Harry—the love of woman, a place that could be called

home, and the pleasure that comes from sinking self in a life-time's devotion to another self. In brief, the heart of this man of flint, this disciple of Mammon, was in a state bordering dangerously near the sentimental; and the music, the perfumed air, the shaded lights—delicately coloured—and the mysteriously subtle influence exerted by a crowd of people intent on pleasure, all combined to reduce him to a strangely susceptible condition.

He knew Mrs. Clarke but slightly, notwithstanding that they came from the same town. The pursuit of riches had occupied his whole time, and he had none left for society. Clarke, he barely knew. When, therefore, Mrs. Clarke, who was promenading with an English lord, stopped opposite him and shook hands—it being the first time she had seen him since his arrival—he was knocked endways, so to speak. Such a mark of gracious condescension from the reigning beauty was indeed very flattering and gratifying. He was stimulated to attempt a compliment, wretchedly conceived and awkwardly delivered, but which was graciously received. Encouraged by his success Milliard ventured a bolder flight.

"I suppose it would be useless to ask for the honour of a dance?"

"You can never tell. You better try."

"Oh," (with a clumsy bow) "may I have the pleasure?"

She curtsied an affirmative.

"I can give you number nine—the next but one—a two-step."

Here Milliard remembered that he knew no more about the two-step than he did about the war dance of the Patagonians, and he confessed as much to his prospective partner.

"Then we'll sit it out," she replied.

"You are sure you don't mind sitting out?"

Assuring him to the contrary, Mrs. Clarke led away the astonished Englishman, who was none too well pleased at being temporarily relegated to an inconspicuous place.

The swish and rustle of the dancers



DRAWN BY FERGUS KYLE

"Such a mark of gracious condescension"

continued, the music swelled and diminished, the numbers passed—all too rapidly for some—and nine came round. Milliard sought his partner. It was not a difficult task to find her. She was surrounded by a distinguished throng—indulging in gay raillery and jest, and dealing blow for blow and thrust for thrust with the keenest wits in the land.

She joined him at once, and proposed that they go for their talk to a curtained-off nook of which she knew. Milliard was nothing loth.

When they had got comfortably settled, and after she had asked after some of her acquaintance in the East, she said to him:

"I didn't expect to see *you* here, Mr. Milliard. I thought your time was too valuable to waste on frivolity. You never would go to anything at home!"

"It's not altogether a waste of time. My partners thought it might be 'good business' for me to come."

Ignoring the boorishness disclosed by this explanation, she nodded her head knowingly.

"Ah! I see. A stroke of policy? I have so often heard the men say that you could give them all lessons in that."

This was an attack on his most vulnerable point. Mrs. Clarke thought she knew her man.

Milliard was tickled—almost as much as if he had been patted on the chin, and it was with a fatuous smile that he replied:

"I do usually gain my end. You know there is a lot in knowing how to manage men."

She thought: "What insufferable conceit?" but she said: "I'm sure there is, and you have been so successful in everything. I think women just adore men who can command their fellows," and she looked at him admiringly.

What wonder that after a little more of this, Milliard became as dough in her hands. The unaccustomed scene, the sensation of being *tête-à-tête* with the most beautiful woman in the room, her openly expressed admiration of

what he most prided himself on, speedily effected the result which was from the first as inevitable as death and taxes.

Her conquest was complete, but, as if to make assurance doubly sure, at this moment they were interrupted by a gilded youth, who came confidently to claim what he said was "Ours, isn't it, Mrs. Clarke?" But she told him that he must have made a mistake, and that she was engaged to Mr. Milliard for this. Whereat the gilded youth retired much discomfited, and Milliard's chest went out like a pouter pigeon's. After this, feeling that delicate art and finesse would be wasted on him, she fairly jerked the conversation round to the matter of the Prairie Mills.

"Tell me, Mr. Milliard, about your company and the banks. We are all so interested in the manœuvring. What bank is in the lead now?"

But Milliard protested that business was secret and that he couldn't tell her that.

"But I am not the Public. Surely you don't think I would tell? Is it the Britannia Bank?"

Milliard was silent.

His interlocutor continued:

"It *is* the Britannia. Isn't it now?"

He did not answer, but she could tell by his look that she had hit it. Her manner changed. In an indignant tone she said:

"And you mean to tell me that you think of going to them? I can't see how you could have anything to do with that nasty Mr. Belairs."

Milliard ventured to remark that he thought Mr. Belairs, who was the local manager of the Britannia, very nice.

"Oh, but you are a stranger, and you don't know him. He isn't—a bit. Not nearly as nice as Mr. Durram. Have you met Mr. Durram?" (sweetly).

"The manager of the Gibraltar? Yes."

"I want you to do something for me, Mr. Milliard. Will you?"

Milliard thought that he would—almost anything, but before he could

find a phrase that would adequately express his readiness to serve, she continued:

"I want you to promise to go to the Gibraltar," and she looked at him imploringly.

This was asking a good deal—perhaps more than she knew—and the business instincts of her victim rebelled. There was a struggle between this new influence that had so suddenly dominated him, and the man's nature; and the latter gained the upperhand for the moment. He forced himself to say:

"But we can do better at the Britannia!"

"That doesn't matter. I want you to promise to go to the Gibraltar."

Milliard sat undecided and hesitating. They could hear the music strike up another dance—the Lancers, which Mrs. Clarke knew he danced. Leaning closer to him she said:

"Come, Mr. Milliard, I'll give you the Lancers. That will be three in a row—something that no man, except my husband, has ever had since I have been married. *Now* will you promise?"

Milliard struck his flag and surrendered unconditionally just as Clarke came to seek his wife. She said: "Murray, I'm going to dance this with Mr. Milliard. The next is our waltz, I think."

Let no man say that it was a thing of little worth for which Milliard bartered the bank account of the "Prairie Mills, Ltd." The pages of history are full of instances of whole kingdoms going to purchase a woman's smile. King Herod was no fool; and the un-wisdom and impolicy of granting Herodias' request must have been fully apparent to him. And who was Milliard that he should resist a greater than Herodias—greater in that the accumulated wiles and arts of nineteen centuries have since been added to the armoury of woman's charms?

As Milliard laboured through the square dance with his beautiful partner, she was graciousness itself to him. Some people who did not know her very well, whispered a little. The English lord adjusted and readjusted his monocle, and wondered what it was

that gave that insufferable bounder an honour for which *he* had sued in vain.

That night his wife gave Murray the particulars of her flirtation. He laughed till his sides ached, but was greatly pleased at her success. He knew that Milliard's word, once passed, was as good as an underlying bond.

It is needless to say that Durram was overjoyed at thus getting the great prize he had striven for without being obliged to cut all the profit from his rates. He had the great pleasure of sending down to his head office a document in which the Prairie Mills, Limited, bound itself to keep its whole account with the Gibraltar Bank; to circulate its notes and to further its interests whenever possible—in return for a credit of seven hundred thousand dollars.

The next time Durram called at Clarke's he had been preceded by a magnificent silver dinner service, which he and Clarke had been admiring in the show cases of a leading jeweller. This time it was he, not Clarke, who proposed the toast for the parting glass of Scotch, and the subject was the fair diplomatist whose efforts had given the Gibraltar its new account.

Of course the general manager and the directors of the bank were gratified by this important accession of business, and they showed their appreciation by promoting Durram from "Acting" Manager to Manager, with a generous increase in salary to boot.

In conclusion, good reader, we would have you believe that the relations between the Prairie Mills and the Gibraltar Bank proved unbrokenly happy and harmonious; even as the old-fashioned story-books teach us is the case when the wooing of a maid by a man culminates in holy matrimony—but always with this difference: that whereas the man and the maid cannot reasonably expect their earthly happiness to last beyond the space of a human lifetime, the wedded life of these two corporations might go on—like Tennyson's brook—for ever; at least till wheat ceases to grow in the Northwest, and the children of men cease their borrowings of banks.

OUR WINTER NIGHT SKIES

FOURTH AND LAST PAPER

By *Elsie A. Dent*

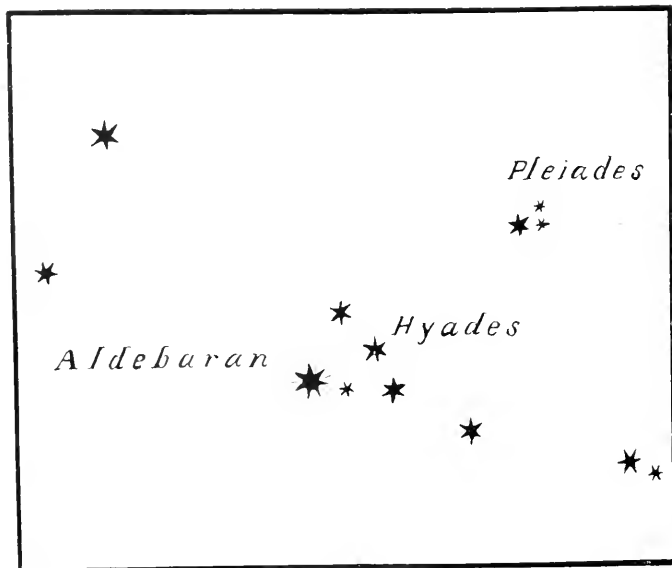
ALTHOUGH Our Lady of the Snows enters this month upon her most rigorous season, the December evenings will be found to be among the finest in the year for star-study. They are seldom uncomfortably cold; often, indeed, they are as mild as those of October, and the stars shine with a clear, clean-cut brilliance such as the warmer evenings seldom give. The prudent observer, who takes reasonable precautions to avoid a chill from the often damp ground by donning overshoes and warm wraps, will find the half-hour just after nine o'clock under the stars to be entirely enjoyable.

Below the Pleiades the bright star Aldebaran is shining, the fierce right eye of Taurus, by the Greeks believed to represent the gentle milk-white bull in whose guise Jupiter masqueraded in order to attract the attention of the

Phœnician Princess, Europa, as she wandered with her maids in her father's meadows. The beautiful docile animal so delighted the lovely girl that, after patting and feeding him, she mounted his back for a ride about the meadow, whereupon he straightway made off with her to the seashore, and swam across the Mediterranean to the new continent which has ever since borne her name. The constellation is chiefly remarkable for the first-magnitude orange-coloured star Aldebaran, and the two star-groups of the Pleiades and the Hyades, the latter of which is V-shaped and forms the face of the bull. The Hyades were sisters of the Pleiades, who so mourned for the death of their brother Hyas that they pined away and died. After death they were placed among the stars, and the ancients supposed that the vernal setting and autumnal rising

of the tearful Hyades were attended with much rain. Tennyson, in *Ulysses*, says "Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades vext the dim sea," and Johnson's *Dictionary* actually defines the word "Hyades" as "a watery constellation."

Orion, probably the most imposing constellation in the heavens, is now well above the eastern horizon. The two bright stars at the upper angles of the kite-shaped figure



THE CONSTELLATION OF TAURUS

mark the shoulders and the two in the lower angles the right knee and the left foot of the mighty hunter, who, brandishing a club, is in conflict with the bull.

"Those three stars of the airy giant's zone
That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark,"

are easily recognized. Betelgeuse, the first-magnitude star in the right shoulder, and Rigel, of the same magnitude, with its lovely companion, in the left

foot, are great blazing suns beside which our own would be inconspicuous. The star Theta (θ) marks the heart of the finest nebula in the sky, known as the Great Nebula in Orion. The opera glass shows little more than the whitish nebulous glow visible to the naked eye, but in a fine telescope its splendour is beyond description. Theta is sextuple, and seems to be much involved in the mass of glowing world-stuff which reaches out over a considerable part of the constellation.

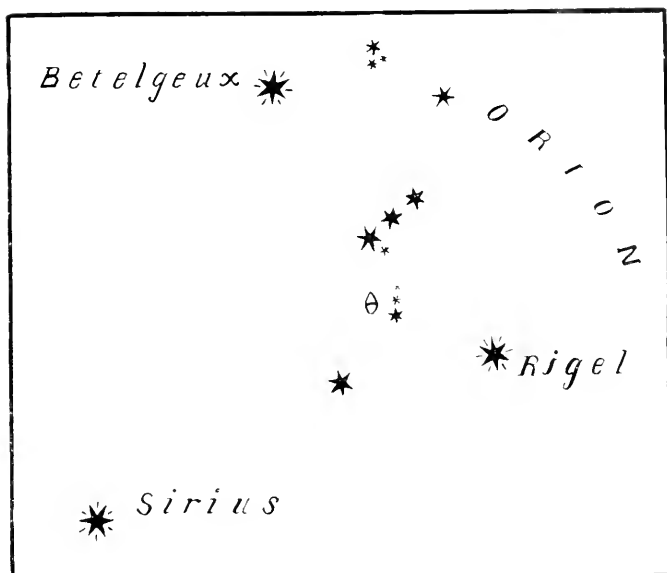
"Regions of lucid matter taking forms,

Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,

Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms

Of suns and starry streams."

Flammarion, the great French astronomer, says that "It may be . . . that these six stars are in reality completely independent of each other, situated at immense distances and depths, but being on the line of sight very near together, they appear to us collected in one plane. Nevertheless there are probabilities in favour of the opinion which considers this sextuple star as an actual system, especially when we see that the movement be-



THE CONSTELLATION OF ORION

longing to the principal star is shared by the five others." The best time for observing the Great Nebula this month will be during the absence of the moon on the evenings preceding and following the 29th. Orion was a splendid-looking young giant, enormous in height and strength, and when he asked in marriage the daughter of the king of Chios, the father, not daring to refuse, imposed what he believed to be an impossible condition—that Orion should first rid the island of wild beasts. This accomplished, Orion demanded the maiden for his bride, but the father drugged him with wine and then, taking advantage of his condition, blinded and left him lying helpless on the seashore. When he awoke from his stupor and became aware of his misfortune his distraction and grief were at first uncontrollable, but as his passionate mood spent itself and a hopeless calm succeeded, voices came to him, and from the sea, from the hills, from the very rocks they whispered, "Get thee up to the hills and thou shalt behold the morning." A friendly guide led him to the mountain-top and turned him so that the

first rays of the rising sun should fall full on his face.

"He, intent, leaned towards the gates of dawn
With suppliant face, unseeing, and the wind
Blew back from either brow his hair and cooled
His eyes that burned with that so foul dishonour
Late wrought upon them, whispering many 'things'
Into his inmost soul. Sudden the day
Broke full. The healing of its radiance fell
Upon his eyes, and straight his sightless eyes
Were opened. All the morning's majesty
And mystery of loveliness lay bare
Before him; all the limitless blue sea
Brightening with laughter many a league
around,
Wind-wrinkled, keel-uncloven, far below,
And far above the bright sky-neighbouring
peaks."

Several efforts have been made to change the name of this constellation. In the early part of the last century it was proposed to commemorate the victories of Nelson by giving it his name, while in 1807 the University of Leipzig resolved that it should be thenceforth known as "the Constellation of Napoleon." It is not prob-

able, however, that the old name, the one by which it has been known for centuries, certainly from the time of Job, will ever be dropped in favour of any modern designation.

Sirius, the Dog Star, not far to the south, is incomparably the brightest in the heavens, flashing and scintillating like a great jewel. This mighty sun is famous in all mythology, but in Egypt, where its rising at sunset heralded the annual flooding of the Nile, it was held in special reverence. Four hundred years before our era its rising corresponded with the hottest season of the year, hence the origin of "the dog days." The constellation is known as Canis Major.

Procyon, the chief star in Canis Minor, the Little Dog, lies north of Sirius. It is not to be compared with Sirius in magnificence, but it is a very pretty yellow star. The authorities tell such contradictory stories respecting the origin of this canine, that perhaps we had better regard him, as someone has said, as "just a stray sky-terrier."

North of Orion two bright stars are rising, Castor and Pollux, in the Constellation of "starry Gemini," a most interesting group to the opera glass astronomer, small attendants appearing for many of the larger stars. The contrast in colour between Castor and Pollux will be noted when the glass is turned on them, Castor shining with a white light and Pollux with a yellow glow. Castor and Pollux were twin sons of Jupiter, who were regarded as mighty



THE GREAT NEBULA OF ORION

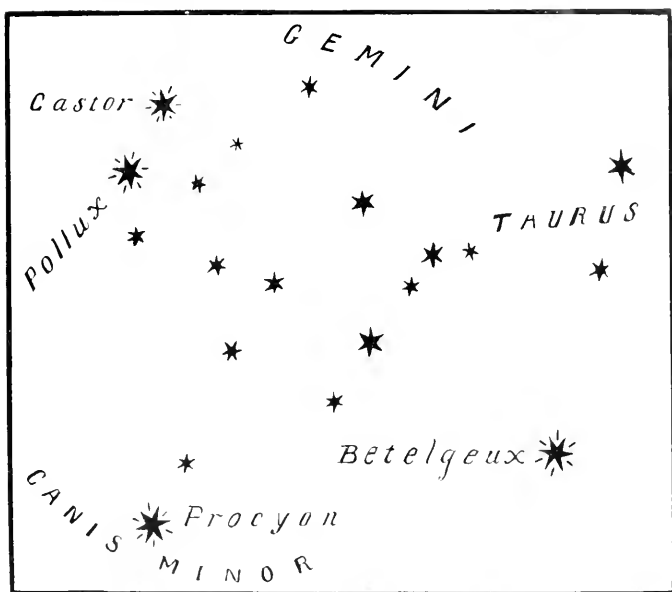
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY, CALIFORNIA

helpers of men, and as the protectors especially of seamen and voyagers by sea, Neptune having rewarded their great love for one another by giving them power over wind and wave. It will be remembered that Paul set sail in a ship of Alexandria "whose sign was Castor and Pollux." There are occasionally seen at sea certain lambent flames, an electrical phenomenon, playing about the mast-head and yard-arms of vessels, which are even yet called by their names.

"Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
Sit shining in the sails."

Between Pegasus and Vega on the Milky Way lies the Constellation of Cygnus, the Flying Swan, containing the famous Northern Cross, along which Perrine's Comet passed in October last. The form of the Cross is quite distinct, the stars Alpha (α), Beta (β), Epsilon (ϵ), Delta (δ) and Gamma (γ), outlining the figure. Beta in the foot of the Cross, also known as Albireo, is one of the finest orange and blue doubles in the sky. These beautiful companions may be seen with the aid of a very good opera glass. The star Omicron (\omicron) Cygni has a small companion near it. Turn the glass upon Omicron and see it divide into two; then, if a stronger glass be at hand, examine the double again and see the larger member of the pair divide.

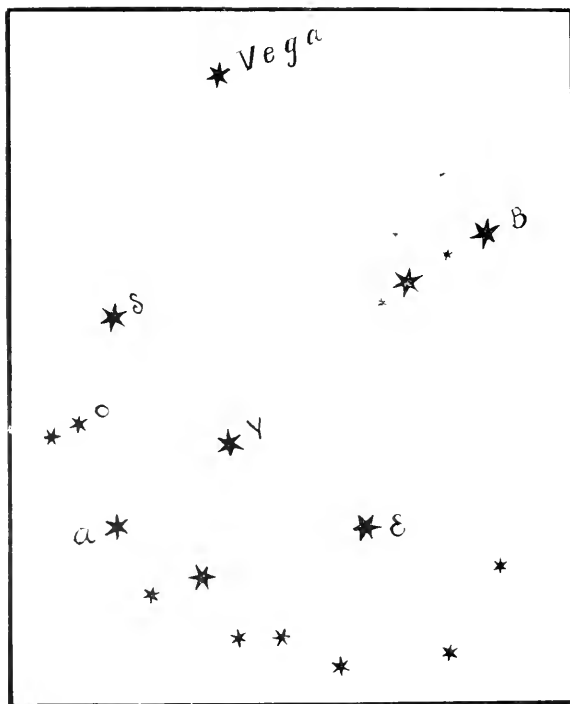
The Milky Way, often called "the Galaxy," is that lovely, filmy drapery of star-mist festooned across the sky.



THE CONSTELLATION OF GEMINI

It has had many names and many are the legends of its origin. The Ottawa Indians, it is said, thought it was muddy water stirred up by a turtle as it swam along the bottom of the sky. The Greeks called it the "Pathway of the Gods" and the "River of Heaven." The marvels to be found in this wonderful stream of stars and nebulae are apparently limited only by the capacity of the instrument employed. Higher and higher magnifying power fails to sound the star depths, a task which the photographic plate carries on with splendid results when the telescope has reached the limit of its powers. And what is revealed? Only that the sky is studded with millions of such systems as our own, the universe appearing to be actually boundless. The stars powder the sky like golden sand, with here and there nebulae, clusters and star-systems innumerable, and on scales of magnitude beyond the human intellect to realize,

"bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun enthalls the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon."



THE CONSTELLATION OF CYGNUS

"And if there should be
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited
By greater things, and they themselves far
more
In number than the dust of thy dull earth,—
What wouldst thou think?"

Surely in so magnificent a universe this small planet of possibly a fifth rate or twentieth rate sun is not the only body on which intelligent beings may live. It would be unreasonable to think that the Creator singled out this insignificant earth alone for the development of life. There must be life elsewhere, not, perhaps, as we know life, but life suited to other conditions, as life is suited to varying conditions on this planet.

"Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent spheres,
No sleepless listener of the starlight hears?
In vain the sweeping equatorial pries
Through every world-sown corner of the
skies,

To the far orb that so remotely strays
Our midnight darkness is its noonday blaze;
In vain the climbing soul of creeping man
Metes out the heavenly concave with a span,
Tracks into space the long-lost meteor's trail,

And weighs an unseen planet
in the scale;
Still o'er their doubts the wan-
eyed watchers sigh,
And Science lifts her still unan-
swered cry:
'Are all these worlds, that
speed their circling flight,
Dumb, vacant, soulless,—baw-
bles of the night?
Warmed by God's smile and
wafted by his breath,
To weave in ceaseless round
the dance of Death?
Or rolls a sphere in each ex-
panding zone
Crowned with a life as varied as
our own?'"

DECEMBER PREDICTIONS

The moon will be full on the 14th of the month and new on the 29th.

Jupiter and Saturn are still evening stars, quite near the western horizon at sunset.

Venus will be an evening star before Christmas-time, and glowing over the sunset. Owing to the fact that she lies nearer to the sun than the

earth, she is usually observed to the best advantage in the evening hours or before sunrise. Her atmosphere is so densely filled with vapour that it is a question whether her surface has ever been really seen from the earth, though faint markings, which are supposed to be the crests of mountain ranges, are occasionally observed. Venus is about as large as the earth, and probably resembles her in her physical features.

Mars rises soon after midnight a little north of east, and is on the meridian at sunrise.

There is a splendid collection of first-magnitude stars visible in the heavens during the December evenings. In the east we have Sirius and Procyon on the horizon, Castor, Pollux, Capella, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse and Rigel, and in the west Fomalhaut, Altair and Vega. There are also many fine stars of the second magnitude, such as the five in Orion, seven in the Dipper, Algol, and others.

THE ART OF HOMER WATSON

A LEADING CANADIAN LANDSCAPE ARTIST

By Katherine Hale

A STRIKING figure among the little band of Americans— in the best and authentic sense of the word American—who form a genuinely native school of art, is Homer Watson, a Canadian whose name is already associated with the best masters of an older age in his chosen line of landscape painting, and who, it is safe to predict, will carry far the fame of his country by the right of work that is strong, distinctive and true.

While the American, and this includes the Canadian, connoisseur of modern landscape is certainly aware of the art of Homer Watson, to the dilettante he is only a name to be spoken of vaguely with Horatio Walker and

that lot. To the general public it may be that he is not even a name as yet, although in England he has for nearly a decade been placed among the foremost landscape painters of whom James Mavor, in an estimate of his work, recently remarked: "It is perhaps not too much to say that not half a dozen modern painters, Rousseau, Diaz and a few others, compare with Mr. Watson in his knowledge of tree structure and in his capacity to render it with admirable artistic effect."

In various English galleries and in certain famous private collections, Mr. David Croal Thomson at Agnews, Mr. Alexander Young of Blackheath—one of the foremost collectors of England—



CANADIAN WOODLANDERS—BY HOMER WATSON

OWNED BY JAMES ROSS, ESQ., MONTREAL

and others, the work of Watson has found its place, and the slow, difficult English recognition is a fact accomplished. That enthusiastic America is not yet "aware" is a matter of no unhappiness to Mr. Watson, who is strangely averse to publicity, and has indeed with deliberate intention chosen the most impenetrable solitude it is possible to obtain, the solitude of a prosperous, agricultural, art-forsaken corner of Canada. In the untamed



HOMER WATSON

West or the picturesque East, at the Isle of Orleans or round about Quebec, "atmosphere" may be had for the seeking, but the man who is by far the most significant figure in the art of this country, whom I do not hesitate to say will leave his impression on the art of America, has deliberately turned his back on the enticement of the picturesque to seek nature lodged in an unexciting wilderness.

In the art gallery of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo last summer a good many visitors found themselves

returning again and again to gaze at a little group of pictures hung (amid many enormities, I grant) in the "Canadian Room." These were "Crossing the Ford," "Moonlight," "The Meadow" and "Through the Woods," by Homer Watson. I used to go and look at them filled with the radiancy of Sargent or the mysticism of Innes, and, forgetting comparative art, forgetting all things else, would return straightway to nature, to the far-off *bois épais*, to the glades dark and lonely, to a summer world of forest or the divine mystery of trees in moonlight, to a quiet genius which spoke of much knowledge and much love. Homer Watson won a gold medal from the Buffalo Exposition, which means little to him. But he also won the chance detection of a few discerning critics, to whose prophecies no artist would be altogether indifferent.



In the meantime few are the passionate pilgrims that make their way to Doon.

It was an amber day in October, when with a sense of adventure we set out for that village; the kind of day when, as Mowbray says, "Nature holds a bit of yellow glass to our eyes till, like children, we catch a glimpse of the golden ages." Doon, nestling somewhere near the heart of Ontario, is get-at-able by a "local" train, when it resolves itself into a station-house and half a hundred cottages. The other

Doon is the one you reach by driving along the country lanes, and following snake fences, and watching for brown glimpses of the guiding River Grand; a way that seems to lead into narrow, misty, sun-riven recesses of the echoing, forsaken, withered woods. Certain stubble fires announce civilization, a sudden wayside group of dirty little baggy-kneed Doukhobor children scatter like chickens before the horses' feet—and here is Doon; a village set in trees, which climbs a shaggy hill and goes carelessly down the other side, which looks at itself in mill-ponds

COUNTRY ROAD, STORMY DAY BY HOWER WATSON

OWNED BY ANDREW WILSON, F.S.A., MONTREAL



lying like black-backed hand-glasses here and there, and tells the time by an ancient clicking water-wheel that wears the hours away. To the left on the straggling village street is a charming old stone house in the last stages of decay, enwoven in vines and orchard-set. Convinced that it is our Mecca we turn for confirmation to a respectable citizen on the sidewalk.

"Last house to the right, stranger,"

spaces that are wide, or a low sky of leaves, Scotch impressions into which the gravity of the moors has crept, forests obviously French in feeling; and always, as the *raison d'être* of each landscape, the tree — the "sweet, burly-barked, man-bodied tree," which has wrought the design of his knowledge till it would seem that the human figure is almost jealously suppressed. Lanier-like, he is a poet of the trees,



NOVEMBER IN THE CLEARING — BY HOMER WATSON

THE ORIGINAL OF THIS WAS THIS YEAR HUNG ON THE LINE ON THE WALLS OF THE NEW ART CLUB OF LONDON, ENG.

he says decisively, and disappointed we drive on.

My painter will not pose even in his habitation, which is square, weather-tight, conventional—and warm enough in winter I dare say. The studio is small, shabby and workworn. Its pictures are like windows on the forest world. There they were, piled about regardless; lovely landscapes, which the most untrained eye must declare true. Canadian woods by day and night, emerald twilights and soft dusks of wood-aisles in the noonday fire,

and has loved them, lived with them, learned of them all his life, until from intimacy has grown tremendous power.

"How you avoid a sense of ego in all this," I said, turning from *bois épais* to my host, "and with all your restraint how the intangible individuality will escape!"

"Yet," he answered, "this personality which counts for so much in one's work is a thing we take no account of generally. It is because if in painting I kept in view of myself, work would become self-conscious. It is when we

forget ourselves that work goes on at its best; and this gets to be a habit."

"You should take your place in American art, Mr. Watson," I remarked impatiently.

"By which you would suggest an exhibition in New York?" he asked, with a shrug which means, I fear, indifference. "Yet American art will eventually lead," he added warmly. "I speak feelingly, for I am in London

virility, originality, vivacity and life in an almost explorative sense of the word."

Indeed, the overworked term "atmosphere" came easily to the lips on such a day. One literally drank it in with each breath of radiant wine-like air until it became easy to agree with the painter that better than the sweet soft mists of any island over-sea, better than the languorous South, better



THE HARVEST FIELD BY HOMER WATSON

half the year, and they talk of me as an English artist with a weird predilection for Canadian summers. I went over to Buffalo directly from England last summer, and I tell you that Exhibition was a wonderful revelation of American art. We are working something out of this New-World atmosphere of ours—and perhaps we have hardly found the secret yet—that may revive again in a new and vigorous art the ancient glory that seems to have fallen low in the England of to-day. There is conventionality, dull composition—and careful work, I grant you; here is

even than the gusty, changeful sea was just this clear, sheer, light-riven landscape for study of sky and space and wind-blown tree.



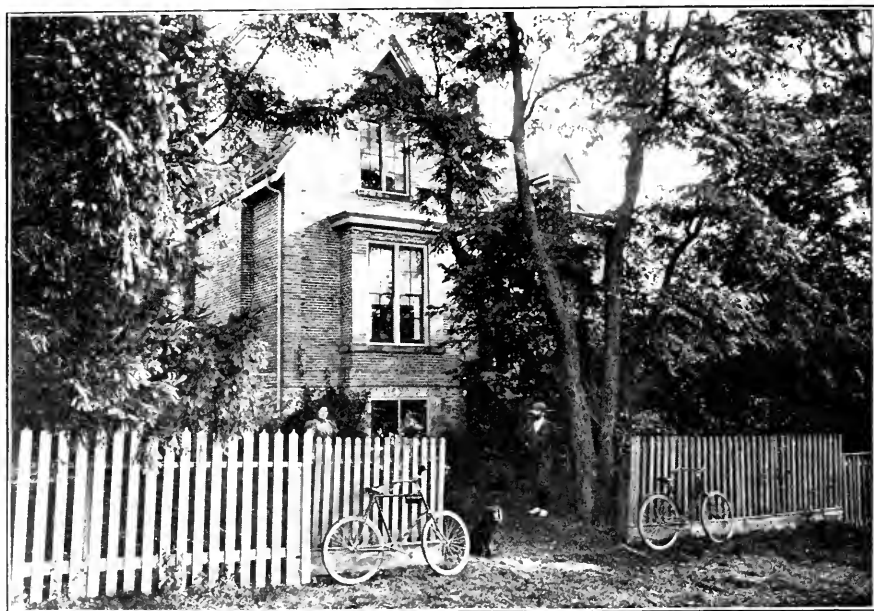
Doon was Homer Watson's birthplace, and Doon was originally cut out of the forest primeval, so that in his youth there were many kingly trees remaining—giants of whose presence there is now no trace—and the young art aspirant wandered under them by day and night, studying their anatomy and the structure of their foliage, acquiring an immense store of memo-

randa, and working out his own salvation with fear and trembling. Then the Princess Louise, whose husband, the Marquis of Lorne, was then Governor-General of Canada, became attracted by the beautiful promise of his work and so came recognition.

"Apart from that placed in galleries and collections, you have a good deal of work scattered about abroad, have you not?"

"Principally in England," he replied.

lated towers above the distant trees; for the woods were then aristocratic, round and full of verdure, expressing sylvan glades and wooded heights just waiting for such a castle as Windsor. Some years after, strolling out of my studio at Cookham Dene in Berkshire, I reached the river, the Thames this time, much the same in point of verdant fulness as our own Grand and not unlike the view at home, only when I looked up—there were the fairy towers



HOMER WATSON'S STUDIO AT DOON, ONT.

"I have certain pictures here and there. Two are in Windsor Castle: 'The Pioneer Mill' and 'The Last of the Drouth.' One, 'The Torrent,' is in Kensington Palace. These three are early pictures, and were bought by the Duke of Argyll when he was Governor-General of Canada. The two large ones, 'The Pioneer Mill' and 'The Last of the Drouth,' he presented to the Queen. *A propos* of these pictures, when I was a youngster I used to roam on the banks of the Grand River, and with romantic fervour longed to see castel-

completing the landscape. Then I thought, 'Sure enough I remember wishing for a castle long ago, and here it is; besides, I must go up to it and have a look at two pictures hanging there which were painted when I was near the other river in Canada.'"

Of course, the trial of schools and training has had something to do with the foundation of Mr. Watson's art, but it was in those silent, watchful days alone in the forest that he worked out the rationale of his method. Mr. Watson says that this rationale contains no "literary interest," yet I think

you will agree that it is highly intellectual. Briefly, he believes that the movements of wind in foliage, the movement of clouds, is too evanescent to be painted in detail directly from nature, because each phase escapes before it can be set down in paint. Half of artistry is therefore generalization; and fidelity to nature means fidelity to characteristics rather than fidelity to detail in any single aspect of a scene

the first place, to possess not merely technical skill in painting, but a certain quality of mind which is akin to that which we find in most poets who have devoted themselves to the expression of nature.

So it would seem that Mr. Watson has passed through all the phases of strident realism, *plein* air and so forth, and considers that there is something to be got out of landscape more than



THE BEECH BY HOMER WATSON

OWNED BY JAMES WILSON, ESQ., MONTREAL

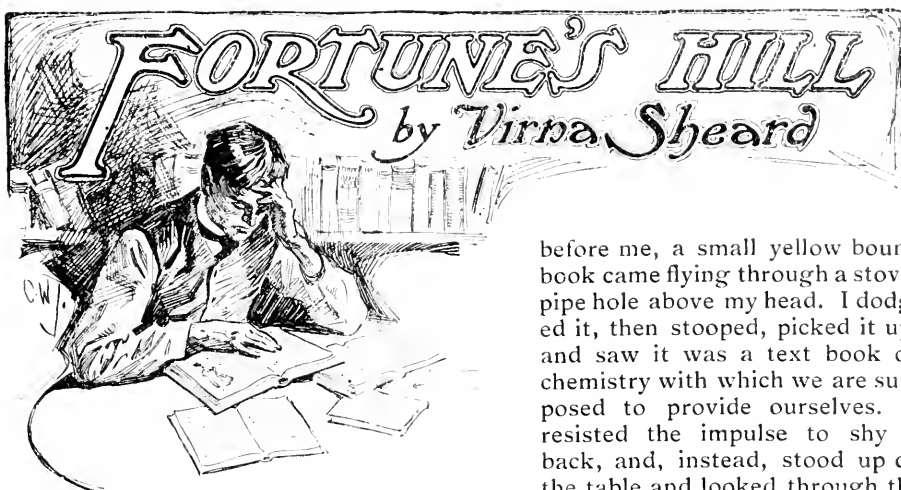
under the varying moods of nature. When one knows a landscape very thoroughly, and the effects of sun, wind and cloud are forever studied, he will find himself observing it under a particular set of conditions, having present in his mind not only what he happens to have in his eye at the moment, but what he has seen before, and therefore a habit of close observation is necessarily linked to the habit of generalization. In order, therefore, to cultivate this habit it is necessary, in

any of these methods afford. Whatever the secret he has found it. I cannot tell where this mysterious inward glow, this luminous colour comes from, but there it is; slanting warmly through the loaded midsummer wains or deifying the copper-coloured autumn, or flooding with ghostly silver the woods of night. It is there, and so is reserve and passion and power, and an infinite something that explains what logic of greeting lies "betwixt dear over-beautiful trees and the rain of the eyes."



CANADIAN SCENERY — GATHERING DAISIES

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR REALES



"What merit to be dropped on Fortune's Hill,
The honour is to mount it."

CHAPTER IV.—THE FURTHER REFLECTIONS OF DAVID TRENT

THE term is speeding to its close, and the days are taking to themselves wings as days do in which every hour is over-full of work. A passion to learn, to get at the heart of things, often carries me away, and I lose all count of time and find I have been reading till the dawn has faded the light from the lamp. Then I sleep a sleep for four or five hours that would defy anything but the last trump.

On such mornings I miss the early anatomy lecture—more's the pity, for the man who gives it, one Professor McGregor, is an authority on the subject, and has a way all his own of inoculating you with it, at least that is how Darryl puts it, though he's hardly a judge, as he seldom turns out before ten o'clock.

Darryl and I have been comparatively good friends since I was lucky enough to anchor here after a short but rough passage in another lodging-house.

On my first evening in this room, while sitting peaceably by the table with a volume of Foster propped up

before me, a small yellow bound book came flying through a stove-pipe hole above my head. I dodged it, then stooped, picked it up, and saw it was a text book on chemistry with which we are supposed to provide ourselves. I resisted the impulse to shy it back, and, instead, stood up on the table and looked through the hole into the next room. Darryl was there, stretched at full length on a sofa. He was smoking, but appeared to be abjectly miserable and down in the mouth. The room was not nearly so comfortable as mine. In fact, it was one of the most dismal rooms I ever chanced upon.

The furniture was of an antique horse-hair variety, devoid of curves, and there was a huge bed—a relic of departed grandeur—with dark curtains so draped and knotted into rosettes about it that it was unpleasantly suggestive of funerals. All it needed was the plumes on the four posts.

I tossed the book down to Darryl, and while thanking him for it told him I had one of my own.

"Did you ever read such absolute rot as those chemical equations?" he said, viciously, "such tommy-rot. They're evidently intended to give a fellow softening of the brain."

"That certainly seems to be their object," I returned mildly, "but things are not always what they seem. Perhaps you have not discovered their true inwardness."

"They're enough to make me pitch up the whole thing and go to the Klondike," he said, half roughly.

I suggested that he come around where we could go at the chemistry together. In a few moments he

came. I was glad that my room had a grate, and, incidentally, that Mrs. Tupper and I had forever settled the question as to when it should contain a fire. She assured me that there never *had* been a fire in that grate since the memory of man, and that even when the weather went down to zero one was not needed; but by dint of much arguing—and other means—she was reluctantly forced to admit that a grate in winter without a fire was an ornamental folly.

"By George, Trent, but you have decent quarters," said Darryl, crossing to the hearth. "I didn't dream that there was such a place in the house, nor for that matter that you were in it. My room now—did you see the hearse?"

I told him I had.

"Well, I *sleep* in it," he said, with that flashing smile of his, "and, 'pon my word, sometimes I wake in the dead waste and middle, you know, and fancy I feel the thing moving off slowly—and that it's leading a procession."

"That feeling will pass," I said, reassuringly.

"Perhaps," he answered, laughing. "Anyway, you are jolly warm in here. I thought it was part of the order of this education that it should be administered while we are *cold*. A general discomfort is supposed to make it strike in better, isn't it? Make it *take*, you know, like vaccination?"

I told him I wasn't trying it that way, but that undoubtedly too much luxury would have the opposite effect.

"Oh! luxury!" he returned, "I like that. Why, when I hinted yesterday—you know the sort of day it was, a chilled-to-the-bone sort—when I gently hinted that I thought I could enjoy a little more hot air through the register, our festive landlady rolled her eyes up in that epileptic way she has and fairly gasped, 'Oh, my dear Mr. Darryl,' she exclaimed, fanning herself with her handkerchief, 'you simply couldn't stand the 'eat of it, you really couldn't. It would fly to your 'ead! No young gentleman is hable to study

with 'is 'ead 'ot. It turns the insides of it to a jelly!'"

"She didn't put it just that way to me," I returned, "though we tripped up on the subject once or twice. Bring your books in here when the temperature drops on the other side of the wall; it will help you out a bit, anyway."

He said if I didn't mind he thought he would, although he was rather given to whistling when he wasn't feeling very jolly, and probably it might disturb me.

I said I would risk it, and so that was settled, and we attacked the particular equation that had rattled him. Afterwards we talked about the school.

Evidently Darryl is being put at the whole thing against his will, and takes no interest in any of the work for its own sake.

I have often noticed in the dissecting-room, when he is watching the demonstration, how colourless he is; but a good many of the fellows go white just at first, and I did not think much about it.

He says that he dreads that hour of the day unspeakably, and could never force himself through it if he did not brace up with a glass of brandy before. I suppose he acted upon some sort of impulse in telling me this. It seems a rather dangerous method of getting over the difficulty, and I said he had better use a little more will-power and drop the other thing.

"You are right there, Trent," he answered. "I think it would be better. To-morrow morning I won't take a drop. It's a kind of courage I hate to administer to myself. I'll go in with you and keep a stiff upper lip. Perhaps you will give me some of your nerve."

The following day the result was not quite all that could be desired, for he fainted in the most complete and alarming fashion I ever saw anyone attempt. One moment he was watching Dr. O'Mally like the rest of us, the next I felt a weight against me that slipped heavily and gradually down—and it was Darryl.

In such a case it's hard to know just what is best to be done, but as he has told me about it, I shall try to key him up and help him to overcome the sensations that upset him. They will probably go, but if they do not I shall be heartily sorry for him. It is difficult to imagine what they are like, but easy to see that they are real enough.

It is a regular handicap, and if he cannot face it when the body on the table is but a dead thing—"A *Sub.*," as the boys say, a poor broken wreck, the spent thing from which often all semblance of humanity is gone—how will he endure the sight of the quivering living body beneath the knife. I am thankful for his sake the hospital work comes later on.

As for myself, I have no thought but to press up this difficult path whose end I cannot see, but whose every step is truth. I have no thought but to master the detail of every branch of the science of medicine, for it is a blessed science, and life will be too short to learn it. It has taken possession of me, I think. It is fascinating, because the facts and the mysteries are interlocked at every turn, and there is a key to every mystery, if we could but find it—yes, even to the doors behind which lie life and death, though we may not open them yet. I would live but to lessen some of the burden of suffering laid upon men—men—women—and little children. It is possible that by so doing I may forget myself, and there will be the less time to dream of the unattainable.

I do not speak to Darryl of his cousin. I will not hear anything of her through my own seeking, and yet when I close my eyes I see her as I saw her that day—my lady of the lightning. There are the little glints of gold in the waves of her hair, and the blue of the forge flame is in her eyes. Having seen her once I can care for no other woman. Sometimes I think it is a vision that may vanish—that the loveliness of it may wear away, but it does not. I do not know that I desire it.

"You are a fool, David Trent," I say. "A fool and a dreamer of dreams. To work. The world is before you, it is a ball at your feet."

A man can fight everything but the thoughts that haunt him, and I know against myself I hold desperately to what is a hope, the shadow of a hope, that Fate will some day bring me my own. Yet I will not light my way by so faint a thing.

I know that she has gone home to England. So much Darryl told me, for he touches in his light fashion on every topic in heaven above and the earth beneath. While he is friendly, he leaves me in no doubt but that in his eyes I am a sort of human curiosity, and he marvels to find we have so much in common. I am neither fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring to Darryl. In his school of thought they divide the world into distinct classes, label folk decently and shelve them according to rule. Therefore, it puzzles that handsome blonde head of his to find a place for me or to give me a "local habitation and a name."

I saw Margaret Darryl again before she sailed. It was in the theatre upon Hallowe'en.

The students had taken the galleries, and Sir Henry Irving held the boards in "The Bells." He swayed the people as the wind sways a field of grain. They bent towards the stage and listened with their very souls, held by the mysterious magnetism which we feel but cannot define.

As for me, I saw only a girl in one of the boxes. Her profile, as I caught it, was like a certain picture of Gibson's that everybody knows. It is a type of beauty for all time. There was the same purity of outline, the little strong uplifted chin, the marvellous curve of the throat, the lovely mouth, tender, yet wilful, the aureole of waving hair catching the lights and shadows and reflecting them in living colour.

She also leaned towards the stage and watched the passing of the play in that breathless intensity with which she had watched the storm from the

window in my father's forge. Once, in an interval, she turned as by some impulse and looked up at the gallery.

Across the glittering house our eyes met.

Afterwards I left the theatre.

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CHAPTER V.—AS NOTED BY TEDDY DARRYL

I NEVER knew a fellow with such a thirst for information as Trent.

He burns the midnight oil in a recklessly extravagant style that sets Mrs. Tupper wild, and he has a sponge-like way of absorbing knowledge that simply fatigues the rest of us to watch. It would give me brain fever to study the way he does. I said as much the other night when Jimsy and I dropped in to see him about two a.m. We had been at a Grenadiers' Assembly, but left early.

Trent looked up from the physiology he was plugging away at and smiled that faint enigmatical smile of his. Then he shut the book with a quick snap.

"I believe I'd risk it if I were you, Darryl," he said.

Upon this Jimsy was immediately seized with an uncontrollable spasm of mirth. His habit of laughing in an asinine way at nothing is wearing.

"Oh! doubtless you both count on my being plucked," I said stiffly, lighting a cigarette; "but don't worry or lose any sleep over it. I'll pick up enough to pass, and that is all I am aiming at."

"Darryl remembers it was *ambition* that caused the angels to fall. Don't you, Ted?" put in Jimsy, still chirruping.

Trent didn't say anything. His long pauses can make a fellow most uncomfortable, they are so suggestive of the unpleasant things he hasn't said. Jimsy calls them his "brilliant flashes of silence," and Jove! it hits them off.

"There is not a shadow of doubt but that I'll pass," I reiterated stubbornly, "though I can't read steadily the way you do, Trent. It would turn me into a gibbering idiot. The only way I can inwardly digest such books as that, is to have them talked at me

—talked at me, you understand—rubbed in; it's not the least effort to memorize them then, Glory be! And I'll bank on the lectures to tide me through."

"In Teddy's little lexicon is no such word as *fail*," chipped in Jimsy, irrelevantly.

"That's all right," Trent responded in his cool voice, but in a moment added as by after-thought, "You've attended all the early lectures, I believe?"

As I have only turned out to three, of course he had me there.

"Hardly any of the firsts bother about McGregor," I answered, blowing up some smoke rings—remarkably good rings by the way. "Undoubtedly he's fine and all that, but the line should be drawn at eight in the morning for such work. I loathe getting dressed in the dark when the room is as cold as a tomb. I'll know my bones when the time comes, for one of the grads has promised to grind me up a bit on them.

Trent went over to a shelf and took down a volume about the build of Webster's Dictionary. He laid it with a dull thud on the table where Jimsy was perched and opened it casually, yet with a certain significance. The book was a Gray's Anatomy.

"Oh! put that up, Trent," said Jimsy, with a yawn and groan. "Put it up, I tell you! You're never going to wallow in it at this hour. I can't see a Gray, but I ache all over at the mere memory of the mental gymnastics I've performed over it. Talk about roller skating! Well, it is only fellows like Ted who can view such a book unmoved," then he chortled ironically.

He certainly at times is very crude. It will forever remain a mystery to me how he got as far as his third year. Every time I look at him I am inspired

with a lively assurance that what he has done any other man can do. I blandly told him this, upon which he went into another convulsive attack.

"Great Scott! you don't count on having my luck, do you, Darryl?" he said, on recovering from the paroxysm. "Why, bless you, I can't help getting through. An unseen force propels me—destiny or something of that sort. The stars foretold it. I'm a mascot and the seventh son of a seventh son, don't you know?"

"Then I'm safe," I remarked, showing no undue astonishment at the statement. "I'm a seventh son myself."

"Oh! yes!" he returned, "you may be, just a *simple seventh son*, that's nothing, the woods are full of them, dear boy—you've got to be the seventh of the seventh or the magic won't work. A miss is as good as a mile, you see, Darryl, in such things. However, it's beastly luck to come so near and yet miss it; it's like getting the next number to the winning one in a lottery ticket."

"Oh! stow it all," I answered gloomily, "the only thing that troubles me is that the Governor didn't take your view of it. You can't both be right. Apart from that, I don't know that I relish being dubbed 'a *simple seventh son*.'"

He hastened to assure me that this was but a flower of speech. After which, as it struck the witching hour of three, and Trent looked fagged, we bade him good-night, lit our candles and turned into our respective rooms.

In spite of occasional twinges of anxiety connected with the coming exams., for I cannot feel that I have altogether improved the shining hour, I really have not had a dull minute. My people here in town positively exert themselves to make it pleasant for me, and although I tell them plainly enough that I must get to work, they don't take it seriously.

Aunt Marshall has renewed her youth this winter, and while dipping into all the gaieties of the season insisted upon my being her esquire as

occasion offered. This, consequently, has led to my dipping into a good many of them also. Uncle Felix is graciousness itself to me, and Dick and Madge Travers made themselves undeniably attractive also. Altogether I can't say I have felt so homeless as I expected to.

The Travers' house is the jolliest place imaginable. It doesn't possess a single sacred room. A fellow may smoke wherever he happens to be without worrying. There are no hard-and-fast rules in it either, or deadly fixed hours for certain things to be done; but it all works out by a sort of charm, and when I am there I find it positively easy to be good. It is just one of those houses where peace reigns, where comfort and cushions abound, and cosy corners and red-shaded lamps hold sway. After my apartment at Mrs. Tupper's with the slippery horse-hair furniture and the hearse, it resembles heaven.

Of course, it is hardly as much calculated to stimulate one to mental activity as to induce physical repose, but that, Travers says, is his idea of a home.

Margaret Darryl maintained that she would much rather stay here in Canada with Madge than go to Sybel—that is Lady Brandon, her other sister—in London, but my father thought it advisable that she should go for the winter, which settled the matter.

These three cousins of mine are orphans and wards of the Governor. In fact he has been their guide, philosopher and friend for many years, a position which entailed considerable exertion on his part.

They lived in England and so he was forever crossing to look after their business affairs and see that their governesses taught them all they ought to know, and, furthermore, as beauty fairly runs riot in that branch of the family, he had of late his own time in other ways.

When Sybel married Lord Brandon—who was unobjectionable himself and no end rich—it was a case of "bless you, my children," and the family,

collectively and individually, smiled on the union. But, "contrariwise," as Tweedledum says, when Madge decided to marry Dick Travers, who was desperately in love with her, but merely a civil engineer with the ladder to climb, the Governor, backed by the aforementioned family, opposed it tooth and nail.

He considered it one of life's little ironies that he should have brought Madge over to Canada himself, and witlessly allowed her to meet Travers at our house, which is the way it happened.

Things were in a royal ferment for a while, but when they reached their worst—on the very day, in fact, that

Madge was to have sailed for home and thus removed herself from danger—the obstinate young couple walked into a church and an obliging parson—a Methodist, I may add—did the rest.

My father was most annoyed about it, and his plans for the final disposing of Margaret, his sole remaining ward, were immediately finished and framed.

But the end is not yet, for no man, unless he be gifted with second sight, can tell what a girl will do anyway.

The Governor writes that he hopes I will pass my examinations with flying colours. I'm sure I hope so too. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.



CHAPTER VI.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

I HAVE just finished reading a most characteristic letter from Teddy in which, after three pages of delightful nonsense, he suddenly realizes the solemnity of life and seriously solicits my unceasing prayers that he "may get through on his Anatomy all right."

Dear boy! if he knows it he will get through, and if he does not, what will my prayers avail? Heaven helps those who help themselves in such matters.

I gather from what he tells me that the town has been very gay this season, unusually gay. He appears to have taken Aunt Marshall about a good deal, and to have been on hand whenever Madge wanted him; but then he always was a "Squire of Dames." I cannot help wondering how he could spare so much time for the yacht-club balls, the military assemblies and other affairs, and yet have enough left over for his work.

But what can a mere girl know of a man's ability to accomplish the seemingly impossible?

He mentions David Trent a number of times—that is the blacksmith's son from Grandville.

I fancy he has made a deep impression on Teddy's volatile nature. It is

not strange, for they happen to be lodging in the same house and so must see each other often, and I, who have seen David Trent only twice, find him quite unforgettable.

I saw him first upon the day of the storm, when Teddy and I took refuge at his father's forge, and I saw him again at the theatre upon All Souls' eve. The students from the different universities had the house, and it was gorgeously decked with their different colours. Although Sir Henry Irving and his company played, pandemonium reigned between the acts. The students in that college city have their own peculiar way of expressing enthusiasm, and have established a precedent in the matter, so it is said. In any case there was something wildly barbaric and picturesque in the whole thing, and as for the noise of it, it utterly upset any preconceived ideas of mine as to what a noise really is. There was silence only for those few moments in which the great actor came out alone before the curtain and spoke with sweet graciousness and simple directness that must have made each man feel that he was in a way a personal friend, so did he show his love and sympathy with youth and

the vivacity of it. Once I glanced up at the gallery and saw David Trent looking down steadily, yes steadily, at me. It made me feel a little strange, for he seemed so apart from all that clamour; so still in the midst of it. The things around him do not appear to affect him whatever, and he is not easily moved. For one moment, across the house, his eyes held mine irresistibly.

When later on I looked up again, against my intention or desire, but as one will do such things, he was gone.

It is odd that he should be studying medicine, for he certainly is not of the class from which our physicians come.

But yet, of what class is he? He has a high-bred, masterful face, and it is most unreadable. His eyes are deep set, wonderful light eyes, with heavy black lashes; they are most cool and quiet, though upon the day of the storm I saw for an instant a glow in them—that may have been the reflection of the lightning, but was dangerously suggestive of fire within. A self-repressed man he is, undoubtedly, and one who is his own master. He sets one thinking. He is very tall and straight, and is as spare as a young Indian might be in the spring after the northern winter had tested his strength and hardened every muscle of him to the likeness of iron and every fibre to whip-cord. And in other ways he is not unlike an Indian, for his skin is clearly dark, and his hair, while there is a bit of wave in it, sits with singular closeness to his



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"He seemed so far apart from all that clamour; so still in the midst of it."

head. Moreover, he has a grave dignity of manner, and for his age, while he cannot be old, he does not look young.

For some reason the interior of the dusky forge—the queer smell of it, the restless horses, the small glowing fire beyond the great bellows, the still figure of David Trent and his mask-like face lit by the blue flash-lights—are etched in detail upon my memory.

Teddy was there, of course, but he hardly seemed part of the picture. The only thing I remember distinctly about Teddy is, that when the storm was at its height and vivid lances of light were piercing the forge through and through, he remarked pensively, "that it was the good who died young."

I wonder at myself for having noticed all these things, and certainly



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"But so goes an idle hour and a pen that loves to scribble."

did not realize I was doing so. On second thought it is more to be wondered at that I should take the time and space to write them down, but so goes an idle hour and a pen that loves to scribble.

My words belie me, for I have written nothing in this small book since I came to England, perhaps because the days have been so much alike and so filled in with the usual things.

I wish I could have spent the winter in Canada. After promising myself (and being promised by Teddy) such joys as skating over unlimited, crystal-clear ice, after counting upon riding Mazeppa-like on a wild untrained

Tartarian steed in the shape of a toboggan, after counting on all the fun of snow-shoeing, after dreaming of days with a keen, frosty edge on them, and nights of purple skies decked with golden stars that glitter as only the cold, they tell me, can make them, it is a little hard to put up with London's chilly grayness, damp frostiness that tints one blue instead of pink, a perpetual uncomfortable-ness out of doors, and endless afternoon teas, solemn dinners and midnight dances within. But Uncle Edward, who is my governor as well as Teddy's, insisted that this course was for my own good, as

I find indeed that most of the unpleasant things in life are; and to his inscrutable wisdom I needs must bend.

It is somewhat unfortunate that Sybel and I have so few thoughts in common, and further that I should be so much fonder of my other brother-in-law, Dick Travers, than of dear little Lord Brandon, who is always nice, quite irritatingly nice and unruffled and perfectly attired, but who never expresses anything that could be called a definite *idea*, and who is not, in fact, the sort of man one would give a second thought to, unless he happened to be a relation.

CHAPTER VII.—AS REMARKED BY TEDDY DARRYL

I REMEMBER reading, in an antiquated penny almanac, edited by one Josh Billings, a composite humorist and philosopher, this sentence: "When a man iz goin' *up* hill, all nater iz agin him; but when he iz goin' *down*, it's all fixed for the occasion." It struck me at the time as containing a truth (though atrociously expressed) and I am still of the same opinion.

If ever a fellow had diabolical luck, I've had it. After working on Physiology till I knew it backwards, the Faculty set the exam. on the only day in all my life I ever had a raging toothache, and as the afflicted molar monopolized the whole of my thoughts at the time—you could fairly hear it ache—it is superfluous to say that I made a dismal failure of the paper.

Only a special Providence could have carried me through on Anatomy, but I never dreamt of being plucked on any other subject, and so I told my father. He is tremendously annoyed about the whole thing though, and it was only his wholesome fear of apoplexy that prevented our having a still more unpleasant half hour than the one we had.

I am awfully sorry to have put him out so, for he isn't feeling up to it. Of late he has been suffering for the high living of his ancestors (doubtless, the worst of all, that old chap who was the "physician extraordinary"), and has a particularly bad attack of gout. It doesn't let him get any rest, or, for the matter of that, anyone else.

He did not have the least sympathy with my tooth, however, and said there was no excuse for its aching when *his* teeth

at *his* age were as solid as rocks. I didn't keep up the subject by telling him that mine were equally solid now, as I'd had the one that spun me on Physiology forcibly removed directly afterwards; there wasn't the slightest use, he would only have said it should have been removed before.

There is a supplementary exam. in September which I'll have to get through, though it will necessitate my putting in the whole summer at the loathly task of committing pages of stuff to memory that I don't care a rap about knowing.

It's a jolly good thing I matriculated after I left King's, or I'd have that before me too, and Latin has such a beastly trick of evaporating from the brain as soon as it's absorbed.

However, as Lord Chesterfield his-



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"I do wish you had worked, Darryl."

torically said:—"Latin is a language that every gentleman should at least have forgotten."

David Trent took the first year scholarship, and, by George! there's no fellow I'd rather have seen do it. It meant an average of ninety-nine per cent., as the rest of us have reason to know.

It didn't seem to surprise Trent in the least, and I believe now he knew he'd take it.

When the returns were out, and just as I was gasping over the painful discovery that I was not on the list, Jimsy came up cheerfully whistling the "Dead March in Saul," with that total absence of tact which distinguishes him.

Trent was standing near, and he gave Jimsy a look that made him drop the tune. Then he laid one hand on my shoulder and wheeled me round—

"I do wish you had worked, Dar-

ryl," he said; "this would never have happened if you had. Believe me, I'd gladly give you half my marks to see you pass."

The way he said it, and the knowledge that he doesn't take me for a fool made me feel uncomfortably chokey.

"Thanks," I said, "but I'll worry through in September."

I honestly believe he would have given me those marks though, if he could, and been content to come in about fifteenth himself, instead of first. He's such an unusual sort of fellow, Trent.

My father is not pleased at his success, I may add.

"Exceeding unpleasant position for me!" he wound up our interview by saying; "exceedingly unpleasant! *You* get plucked, sir, and *Trent*, the town blacksmith's son, comes out on top! The deuce take it all, sir—the *town blacksmith's* son!"



THE GARDEN OF THE YEARS

WITHIN the Garden of the Years

Grow flowers of laughter and of tears—

Fugacious flowers that come and go

Forever with the seasons' flow.

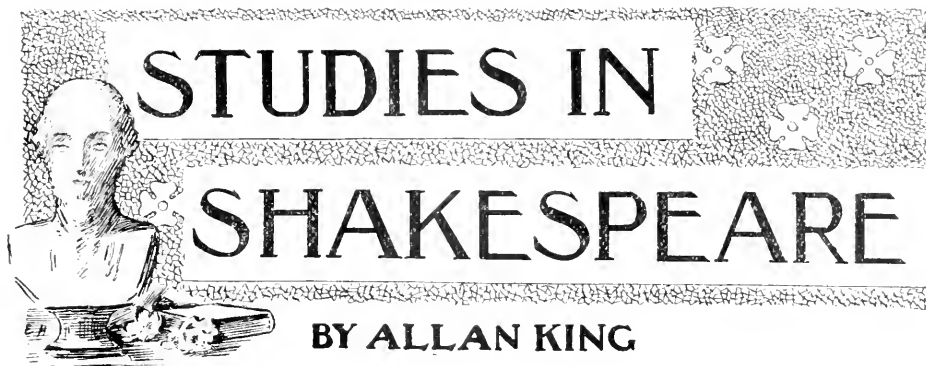
And here midst all that time has wrought

In rose-leaf or forget-me-not,

Our longing hands alone would seize

The flower of happiest memories.

Inglis Morse



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

II—HIS USE OF BIRDS

LET us leave the birds of the night and the birds of ill-omen that hover over and ear-mark misfortune, disaster and death throughout the plays. The birds of the morning, the birds of song, have been laid under contribution as well as the ravens and crows and the shrieking owl, and if we follow where they lead, they will take us away out of ourselves "past the near meadows, over the still stream, up the hill side and through the next valley's glades."

The lark is the favourite bird of the poets of England. Wordsworth, Shelley, and the Ettrick Shepherd have each sung the praises of the skylark in one or more poems, and the admirers of each poet claim first place for the poem of their favourite on this subject. The idea of the height to which the bird soars pouring out its song is treated by each of these poets as follows:

Shelley:

"Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar,
And soaring ever singest."

Wordsworth:

"To the last point of vision and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted
strain
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!"

And again:

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and
home!"

And in another poem he writes:

"Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!"

Hogg:

"Wild is thy lay, and loud, far in the downy
cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on the dewy wing—where art thou
journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er muir and
mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar singing away!"

But Shakespeare with easy superiority, in the play of *Cymbeline*, expresses the same idea in one line:

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate
sings."

Romeo and Juliet have met, and wooed, and married, but at the very opening of what seemed to be the commencement of a fair and happy life, on the afternoon of the very day on which Friar Lawrence performed their marriage ceremony, the old feud between their families cast its dark shadow across their pathway. Romeo has murdered Tybalt, and sentence of

banishment has been passed upon him, and he must tear himself away from Juliet; but they are snatching a few happy hours out of the jaws of Fate. The hour for parting has at last come:

JULIET.—Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon'r pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO.—It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: Look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must begone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET.—Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

ROMEO.—Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
"Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is't, my soul? let's talk: it is not day."

JULIET.—"It is, it is; hie hence, begone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathed toad changed eyes,

O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day,
O, now begone; more light and light it grows."

(Romeo and Juliet, Act III, sc. 5.)

In *Love's Labour Lost* he speaks of the lark as the ploughman's clock. The Dauphin in the play of *Henry V*, before the battle of Agincourt, is telling his comrades-in-arms what an excellent palfrey he rides, and he declares, that the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on his palfrey.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,

where, as Schlegel says, "the loves of mortals are painted as a poetical enchantment, which by a contrary enchantment may be immediately suspended, and then renewed again." Demetrius loves Hermia, Hermia loves Lysander, Helena loves Demetrius, Helena and Hermia are bosom friends, and Helena, envying the attractions which have caught the fickle fancy of Demetrius, and wishing that she herself possessed them, so that she might win Demetrius, says to Hermia who has just greeted her:

HERMIA.—God speed fair Helena! whither away?

HELENA.—Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air

More tunable than *lark* to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching: O were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye.

My tongue shall catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with that art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

(Act I, sc. 1.)

In *The Merchant of Venice*, in the last scene of the play, there occurs a beautiful passage with a medley of birds in it. Portia and Nerissa, on their way home from the trial between Antonio and Shylock, where Portia covered herself with so much glory, have arrived within sight of Portia's home and within sound of the music which comes from the avenue leading up to it. Portia philosophizes a little, and points out that greatness is only a matter of comparison, and that beautiful things appear more beautiful in their own proper and natural setting than they do anywhere else.

PORTIA.—That light we see is burning in my hall,

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NER.—When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

POR.—So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a King

Until a King be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!

NER.—It is your music, madam, of the house.

POR.—Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

NER.—Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

POR.—The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark

When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought

No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, no! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked.

LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA.—He knows me as the blind man
knows the cuckoo,

By the bad voice. (Act V, sc. 1.)

The nightingale is a bird of night, but as Portia says, the blind man knows the cuckoo by his bad voice, so he might know the nightingale by the rich music which she pours forth, and which has earned for her the proud position of queen amongst the birds of song.

There is an old legend which says that the nightingale's breast is pressed against a thorn while it sings, and that its song is uttered under the stress of pain.

This is beautifully expressed in an "Address to the Nightingale," written by Richard Barnfield in the 16th century:

"As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap and birds did sing;
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all-forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own."

Perhaps Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had this legend in mind when, separated from Silvia, liv-

ing the life of an outlaw in the forest, he moralizes as follows:

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."

(Act V, sc. 4.)

And in another part of the play he declares:

"Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale."

(Act III, sc. 1.)

In the opening piece or induction of *The Taming of the Shrew*, Christopher Sly is made the victim of a practical joke. He falls into a drunken sleep in an alehouse, and a nobleman who is standing by orders his servants to convey Christopher to his house, and instructs them, when he awakens from his sleep, to treat him in every respect as if he were the owner of the house and they were his servants. There is some foundation to build the joke upon, for has he not told the hostess at the alehouse that the Slys are no rogues. He advises her to look up the chronicles, and there she will find that they came in with the Conqueror. The nobleman's servants enter into the carrying on of the joke with much zest, but Sly is hard to convince:

"What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hackett, the fat ale wife of Wincot, if she know me not: If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, scorn me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—"

THIRD SERV.—O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

SEC. SERV.—O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

LORD.—Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks
will soar
Above the morning lark." (Induction, sc. 2.)

And so they play the game upon him,
until under the accumulated weight of
evidence he is at last convinced that
Sly is not Sly, but a real live lord.

Petruchio, in this play, has made up
his mind to win the shrewish Kate at
any cost, and says, that if she will rail,
he will tell her that she sings as sweetly
as any nightingale.

Hamlet says, that there is a special
providence in the fall of a sparrow, and
Ophelia sings, "for bonny sweet Robin
is all my joy."

And in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,
when Valentine asks his servant Speed,
how he knows that he, Valentine, is in
love, his answer is, "Marry, by these
special marks: First, you have learned,
like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms
like a malcontent; to relish a love-
song like a robin redbreast."

In *The Comedy of Errors* there is a
reference to the well-known habit of
the lapwing to decoy danger away
from her nest, by pretending that it is
somewhere else than where it is. In
the play the two masters, Antipholus
of Ephesus, and Antipholus of Syra-
cuse, are twin brothers, who resemble
each other so closely that all their
friends are deceived, and the two ser-
vants, Dromio by name, also so closely
resemble each other that their own
masters cannot tell them apart. Ad-
riana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus,
entertains, at dinner at her own house
and in the company of her sister
Luciana, Antipholus of Syracuse under
the mistaken impression that he is her
own husband. Luciana being a comely
maiden, Antipholus proceeds to make
love to her, and she, thinking he is her
brother-in-law, resents it, and reports
the matter to her sister after he has
taken his leave. Adriana flies into a
jealous rage, and abuses her husband
roundly:

ADRIANA—I cannot, nor I will not, hold me
still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have
his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUCIANA—Who would be jealous then of
such a one?

No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

ADRIANA—Ah, but I think him better than I
say,

And yet would herein other's eyes were
worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him though my tongue do
curse.

(Act IV, Sc. 2.)

And in *Much Ado About Nothing*,
by the good offices of Hero, Beatrice
and Benedick are brought to give over
railing at each other, and to fall in love
like two sensible people. Beatrice is
given to understand that there will be
some talk between Hero and Ursula
concerning herself, and Hero, observ-
ing Bertrice stealing with light foot to
gain a cover from which she can over-
hear them, points her out to Ursula:

"Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference."

(Act III, Sc. 1.)

In *King Richard II* Mowbray and
Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV,
are about to engage in a fight in the
presence of King Richard and his
courtiers, and Bolingbroke declares:

"As confident as is the falcon's flight

Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight."

(Act I, Sc. 3.)

After the murder of Duncan, in the
play of *Macbeth*, Macduff flees to Eng-
land, and when Lady Macduff hears of
it she accuses him of cowardice in
leaving her and her children defence-
less. Ross, to whom she makes her
complaint, tells her that she knows not
whether it was his wisdom or his fear
that made him fly.

L. MACDUFF—Wisdom! To leave his wife,
to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us
not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason."

(Act IV, Sc. 2.)

The thrush, one of the sweetest of our singing birds, which is sometimes called the throstle, comes in for a fair share of attention. In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia, the rich heiress of Belmont, is sought by many suitors, but there is a clause in her father's will which provides that the way to her hand lies through a choice of three caskets—one of gold, one of silver and one of lead. In one of the caskets is her portrait, and he who is lucky enough, or wise enough, to choose the one in which it lies wins Portia's hand and all her wealth. Her maid, Nerissa, having a natural curiosity in the matter, asks Portia which of the suitors who have appeared up to that time she prefers, and Portia says:

"I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them,

I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NER.—How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

POR.—God made him, therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow; if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him,"

(Act I, sc. 2.)

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom sings a pretty little song while sitting near to Titania, the Queen of the Fairies, while she is still sleeping and under the influence of the juice of the herb, which Oberon has dropped upon her eye-lids to cause her to fall in love with the first object she sees when she awakes—

"The ousel cock, so black of hue,
With orange tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill."

Titania, awakening, asks

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

and, seeing Bottom, straightway falls in love with him.

Bottom continues his song—

"The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
The plain song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay."

(Act III, sc. 1.)

In *The Winter's Tale*, Antylocus, that prince of merry rascals, amongst his other accomplishments, has the gift of song—

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and jay
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

(Act IV, sc. 3.)

There is something remarkable in the difference with which the cuckoo is treated by Shakespeare and the poet Wordsworth.

Portia says, that Lorenzo knows her as the blind man knows the cuckoo, by the bad voice.

In the first part of *King Henry IV*, the King, speaking in bitter terms to his son, Prince Hal, afterwards Henry V, about his dissipated life and his roysterings amongst the common people, reminded him of Richard II, who, he said, made himself so cheap, that when he had occasion to be seen, he was but as the cuckoo is in June—heard, not regarded. And in the same play Worcester complains to the King that in the early days when he, the King, was Bolingbroke, he, Worcester, stood by his cause, but that afterwards he neglected, and turned away from his old supporter:

"And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing."

(Act 5, sc. 1.)

The allusion is to the habit of the cuckoo, who lays her eggs in the sparrow's nest and allows the sparrow to take care of her young ones until they grow so large that they oppress her nest.

The Fool in *King Lear*, referring to the way in which the old King is treat-

ed by his daughters, Regan and Goneril, speaks of the cuckoo in the same connection:

FOOL.—For you, trow Uncle,
The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

Wordsworth, on the other hand, idealizes the bird.

Speaking of the poem which we quote from below, Turner says: "This lyric, notwithstanding its ethereal imaginative beauty, was stigmatized as affected and ridiculous by the blindness of contemporary criticism. Of all his own poems this was Wordsworth's favourite":

"O blythe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?
While I am lying on the grass
Thy two-fold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.
Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird—but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

O, blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!"

It may be of interest to insert here a note upon the American cuckoo (a bird, however, whose note and habits are different from the English species) from a book upon birds by that distinguished ornithologist, Frank M. Chapman. "Cuckoos," he says, "are mysterious birds, well worth watching. I would not imply that their deeds are evil, on the contrary, they are exceedingly beneficial birds. Nevertheless, there is something about the cuckoo's actions which always suggest to me that he either has just done, or is about to do something he shouldn't."

The swan's dying song is alluded to in *The Merchant of Venice*. Portia's lovers are all dismissed: the Neapolitan prince, who is a colt indeed; the County Palatine, with his frown; the French

lord, for whom she had no better word than that God made him, and therefore he might pass for a man; Falconbridge, the young English lord, whose doublet she thought was bought in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany and his behaviour everywhere; the Scotch lord, whom she thinks has a neighbourly charity, for that he hath borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him when he was able; the young German, whom she liked very vilely in the morning when he was sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he was drunk; the Prince of Morocco, who chooses the golden casket, where he finds not Portia, but a death's head, in whose empty eye there is a written scroll, and upon whose exit Portia has no regrets, for she says, "a gentle riddance, draw the curtains, go! Let all of his complexion choose me so." The Prince of Aragon, who chooses the silver casket and finds the portrait of a blinking idiot presenting him with a schedule. Last of all comes Bassanio, and with his coming what a change comes over the gentle Portia:

"I pray you tarry (she says to Bassanio);
pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality,
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but
thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

After that speech, it will dawn upon the dullest understanding that Portia has more than a passing interest in the result of Bassanio's choice. Bassanio pleads to be allowed to choose at once, for he says, that as he is he lives upon a rack.

PORTIA—Away then! I am locked in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out,
Nerissa and the rest stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then if he lose he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music; that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream
And watery deathbed for him."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

In the play of *Othello*, Iago's wife, Emilia, when she is stabbed by her husband and finds that she is dying, says that she will play the swan and die in music, and sings a line of the beautiful song which Desdemona sang, when she found that she was out of favour with Othello:

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow,
Her hand on her bosom, her hand on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans,

Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones,

Sing willow, willow, willow." (Act V, sc. 2.)

The Prince of Aragon, in the casket scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, makes reference to the martin's habit of building its nest in an exposed place.

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;

Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty."

(Act II, sc. 9.)

The martin or martlet is again mentioned in that oft-quoted passage, so beautifully commented upon by Sir

Joshua Reynolds in one of his lectures, when he points out, that it is one of the most striking instances in literature of what is known in the language of the artist as repose. It occurs in the very midst of the stormy scene in which Duncan's death is decided upon by Macbeth and his lady.

Duncan and Banquo are approaching the castle, and are admiring its surroundings.

DUNCAN—This castle hath a pleasant seat;
the air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Upon our gentle senses.

BANQUO—This guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet, doth approve,

By his loved mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant
cradle:

Where they most breed and haunt—I have
observed,

The air is delicate." (Act I, sc. 6.)

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom, in his anxiety to take the part of the lion, promises so as not to fright the ladies, that he will roar as gently as any sucking dove, and in the same play Helena, when Demetrius says to her—

"I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts,"

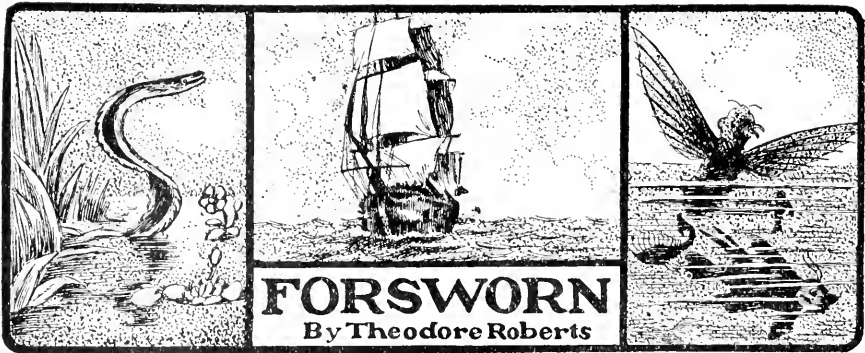
answers:

"The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless
speed,

When cowardice pursues and valour flies." (Act II, sc. 1.)

TO BE CONTINUED





THE Sea, my mistress, called to me out of the night,
When the streets of the town were narrow, and the lips of the tide were
white,

And the hearts of men were hostile, and dreams were as driven spray.
She called, and I went to her arms before the turning of day.

Many a secret she taught me, of headland, and mist, and star.
Joy I learned of the canvas, and joy of the dizzy spar,
And I swore, in the starlit watches, by the only God and the Sign,
That never did man love woman as I this mistress of mine.

I buried regret in the North—(regret for my deeds amiss.)
I forgot that the towns were cold. (Blood-warm is the Great Sea's kiss!)
And I took the gulls to witness, and the birds of the farther flight,
That never the breast of a woman was white as her breast is white.

All day I heard her laughter, and the nights were quick with her song.
Never a watch grew weary. There was never a voyage too long.
Free, as the gulls are free, yet wed, with a queen for bride,
I followed the lure of her lips, with the white foam overside.

Queen Sea, you have had *such* lovers—Cook, and Nelson, and Drake—
Heed not the words I pray, heed not the songs I make.
Queen Sea, I swear by the trade-winds, the tides, and the flush of morn,
That a sweeter love has found me!—and I laugh, who am all forsworn.



A CHRISTMAS EVE SURPRISE*

By Lilian Quiller Couch, author of "An Interrupted Honeymoon," etc., etc.

"WHITE silk, rich enough to stand by itself, my dear, with the loveliest pink roses all over it, and the beautifullest little pink shoes. 'Liza, hurry with that can of hot water."

Mrs. Bassom took the can from the flustered 'Liza and bustled upstairs to the imperious little lady who in the space of twenty-four hours had turned the sober farmhouse and farm minds upside down, and bewitched the lot of them.

Never had the guest-chamber of Wendry Farm been the scene of such feminine luxury and loveliness as on this bleak November evening; nor had it, probably, ever held a more brilliant young creature than the one standing before the mirror in a wonderful dressing-gown of lawn and lace. She was polishing her pretty nails with scented powder, as Mrs. Bassom bustled in with her relay of warm water.

"Thanks, Mrs. Bassom, you good soul!" exclaimed the impetuous young beauty. "I don't deserve one-half your pretty attention, coming here a stranger, and haymaking in your tidy home. Just tepid, please, with a dash of perfume from that biggest bottle. And about the carriage. Has Jenkins had luck?"

"No, miss, that he hasn't," said Mrs. Bassom, deprecatingly. "He says every mortal thing with a wheel to it is bespoke. And I misdoubt me if you'd get a fly even if you were to scour the country for a score of miles."

"I'd get it sure enough if 'twere only a score of miles stopping me," declared the young lady. "Well, Mrs. Bassom, to go to Sir Verlin Tranter's ball I'm determined, if I have to go in a wheelbarrow. Hasn't your good husband himself something better than that—a hay-cart, a threshing machine, anything with wheels?"

"Oh, miss, if you ain't set on hav-

ing a fly, John, he shall drive you in our gig—"

"Bless your comforting heart! The gig, of course. There's a freezing, howling wind that will sear my complexion and nearly tear off my hair; but I'll put my head in a bandbox rather than stay away. Depend on it, Mrs. Bassom, this noble action will lift you and your good husband one rung farther up the ladder to Heaven—"

"Oh, miss! What things you do say!"

"Shocked? Never mind! Help me into my finery; and if ever you saw a lovelier sight than I shall be when I'm ready you'd better not tell me so."

As the blustering north wind tore round the house and wailed at the corners, and the road lay white and dry as bleached bones between Wendry Farm and Haselton Hall, Farmer Bassom harnessed his briskest horse to the gig. The young beauty upstairs put the last touches to her toilette, exclaiming at the finish, "I quite agree with your eyes, Mrs. Bassom. I do think I'm the handsomest thing I've seen for many a long day!"

She was right in her admiration if the opinion of the majority counts for anything; for not only could she read it in Mrs. Bassom's eyes, but in those of the gaping 'Liza, in those of Farmer Bassom too, and with a thrill of excitement and triumph, in the many questioning eyes turned upon her when, her journey over and her wraps discarded, she followed an astonished footman to the brilliant reception room of Haselton Hall.

At the doorway there was a dramatic pause before the man, with an uncontrollable glance of questioning wonder at his master, announced:

"Miss Evelyn Tranter!"

The name, when it did come, brought amazement deep on the faces near. It

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was as if the nerves in the room became tense as the brilliant figure, in its pink and white bravery, with waving black hair and sparkling dark eyes, stepped up to the fair, childish-looking hostess standing beside her father, Sir Verlin, and cordially took the hand which was instinctively, though hesitatingly, held out.

"I am pleased to meet you," said the newcomer, in a brisk, business-like voice. "I am your cousin from California—Evelyn—Tranter's daughter."

"My cousin!" repeated the amazed young hostess, not realizing the full importance of the words. A good-looking young man standing near unconsciously made a step forward, as if protectingly. Then both Mary Tranter and the Californian turned towards Sir Verlin.

For a short breathless period the baronet and the stranger, who had never met before, looked at one another as if measuring swords were more natural under the circumstances than shaking hands. The face of the beauty became stern and accusing; that of the aristocratic, dignified man remained unmoved in feature, but grew white to the lips. With the swiftness of a man of the world he realized the ruin which the words meant, if they were true; the insult to his guests, his entertainment and himself, if they were false.

"We have never met before, Sir Verlin," the girl said at last, with cool deliberateness, "but I thought I might venture to join your party by right of a relative in a strange land."

"All," replied Sir Verlin, with cold politeness, "who bear my name are welcome to my hospitality. Allow me to escort you to a seat." He offered his arm in courtesy instead of his hand in friendship, and, all eyes following them, they walked together down the long room.

"You won't shake hands with me, I see," began Evelyn Tranter bluntly. "Well, you must do as you like. You oughtn't to blame me for existing, but it seems to me I can blame you pretty thoroughly for sitting down quietly in

my rightful home without taking the trouble to find out that I did, and do, exist. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would say that I've shown hideously bad taste in coming here to-night. But I do as I like; and I'd a fancy to see you before I begin to fight you."

She certainly did not veil her intentions, this outspoken young colonial. Sir Verlin bowed stiffly as he endeavoured to adapt his reserved nature to the awful truth and these unusual methods of conversational attack.

"Whoever you may be," he said, frigidly, "you have chosen to come here at a time ill-fitted for discussion. But all women, I trust, may count on courtesy at Haselton Hall." Then he indicated a chair, bowed again, and left her.

But the difficulties of Sir Verlin's position, even the immediate ones, were not to be so easily disposed of. The Californian was beautiful and alluring in a quite unusual style; and were young and impressionable men to leave these charms severely alone in a big chair? Introductions were sought, and Sir Verlin was harassed. The question of conduct was a delicate one. He knew nothing of this girl, and was he to undertake her introduction to his own circle? On the other hand, if she should prove to be his blood relation—!

Evelyn Tranter, sitting alone where he had left her, was keenly alive to the situation. Indeed her entire attention was occupied by four persons—Sir Verlin, his daughter Mary, the young man who had stepped forward as if to protect Mary Tranter from the newcomer who claimed cousinship; and another young man, well-dressed, talkative and handsome, who seemed to be all in all to the young hostess—so Evelyn Tranter thought—and did not object to the position. With quick eyes and brain, the Californian noted and weighed signs and facts, and was not altogether unprepared to see Sir Verlin, after ineffectual evasions and some inward debate, approach the first-mentioned man and bear him down the room towards herself.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Hargrave," said Sir Verlin in his unbending manner. "He will escort you to the ball-room."

If Mr. Hargrave had feared there would be difficulty in conversing with this embarrassing young intruder, he was mistaken. She saved him all trouble.

"You are a friend of the family, and you have relieved Sir Verlin in an awkward predicament," she began.

Mr. Hargrave was taken aback, and tried to find words.

"Oh, don't mind me," she continued. "I understand Sir Verlin's trials. But—I've a heavy score against him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed!" she retorted. "We speak out plainer in California than you do in England, and I now feel that I have a right to ask why my father was left to die in poverty when this wealth was his, and why I am sitting here a stranger when the very chair is probably my own. I know you're thinking 'how unladylike' for me to talk so at once and to you. How Californian! But I'm of English blood, and it has something to do with you, too, for I've taken a liking for Mary Tranter, and you—you're in love with her."

"Really—!" he began, in angry protest.

"It's no use getting angry. You must just take it that I'm different from you English-born, and that I've guessed a thing or two. We're spry, you know, out there. Now, I can tell you that you won't be any the worse for my coming. You're a bit poorish, aren't you?"

Mr. Hargrave's sense of humour came to his aid.

"Not rich enough," he answered.

"I saw that. But there's a man over there who is—and yet—the lady does not look the sort to be bought—"

"We will not discuss the lady, if you please."

"There's your English stiffness again. Bless your heart, I don't want to say anything unkind of her. What I say is, you both want her at present,

and he has a better background, and the lady—"

"If you must mention the lady, I say she has a right to take a man if she loves him."

"Yes, and she does think she loves him. Now, if you will help me—"

"Do you expect me—" he began hotly.

"I expect you to do nothing," she replied calmly, "but thank me when you are engaged—which you will probably forget to do. If I read Mr. Popinjay aright—"

"Whose name is Aredale," he interposed.

"Mr. Popinjay Aredale," she corrected herself—"my task won't be difficult."

"Perhaps you wish me to introduce him to you," he suggested rather bitterly.

"No, thanks," she answered. "There will be no need to trouble you, you'll see. Now we will go to the ball-room, please, and I'll tell you, for your comfort, that you wouldn't have been a bad sort if you'd had the luck to be born our side the water—and without starch."

No one present ever forgot Mary Tranter's coming-of-age ball. Looking back afterwards it stood out as a turning point in many lives. A witch in white silk and pink roses had danced among them—dancing the hearts and senses out of the men and wonder and pain into the hearts of women. It was not all the witch's fault. There were but two men occupying her attention—one, Sir Verlin, she wished to pain; the other, Charles Aredale, merely to engage the attention of, to further a new scheme for the future good of a girl whose face had attracted her, and who, for some time, at least, would certainly not thank her for her interference.

On Mary Tranter's face surprise turned to swift, keen pain. She could not quite realize that this night of nights was to hold the death-hour of her happiness—that the man who had heretofore sought her, whom she loved, had deserted her, but she knew that she was heartsick and miserable

as her eyes followed Aredale and the Californian. She asked herself in anguish—"What does it all mean?"

Many asked that question as they watched the trend of events, for the whisper quickly went from ear to ear that this girl was the daughter of Evelyn Tranter, Sir Verlin's elder brother, and there were many to shake their heads and declare they always felt sure that the efforts to trace Evelyn Tranter had been quite inadequate. Then the girl herself! She was enough to bewitch a nation. And Aredale! From the moment he had caught sight of her, entering the ball-room on Hargrave's arm, and had felt her dark eyes upon him, he had lost his head under the spell of her charm. The hours which to Mary Tranter—who should have been queen of the night, to whom he had paid marked devotion for months—were leaden-footed, intolerable, were to him as swift moments of delight. First the stranger's beauty had drawn him; then her well-told story had gripped his cautious nature. Charles Aredale was rich, but he was also bourgeois, and he knew the value of position. If Mary Tranter were to be penniless, if this girl were heiress in her own right—!

Of all the eager men, Aredale was the favoured one. Dance followed dance, and laughter mingled with low-toned confidences. "The man's bewitched," the others laughed enviously. "The girl is daringly unconventional," they suggested.

They were confirmed in their opinion. When the ball over, those who were in the hall heard Aredale dismiss Farmer Bassom's gig, and himself insist upon driving the beautiful stranger back to her lodging. As the two drove from the lamplight into the darkness Mary Tranter's anguished eyes were following them, and the first flakes of snow were beginning to fall.

Next morning the news thrilled through the snow-covered village and country-side, and robbed the blizzard of all its importance. Who could think of a snow-storm in face of the tidings that Mr. Evelyn's own daughter had

come, and that Sir Verlin was not the rightful master of the Hall?

As for Farmer Bassom and his good wife, they stared at one another in dismay. They, Sir Verlin's oldest tenants were harbouring the claimant to his property! It was terrible! Yet they had always loved Mr. Evelyn best as a lad—and if this should be his daughter—! The facts overwhelmed them; they left words and fell to staring again.

On Evelyn Tranter's coming upon them in passing through the hall, Farmer Bassom fled in cowardly haste, and left his wife to face the outspoken young lady.

"Come, I know what it's all about, Mrs. Bassom. You've heard the tale; and you don't know whether to turn me into the snow or not. Look at that," she said, drawing the good woman to the window and pointing to the white world outside, "then come to my room and listen."

Seated before the blazing fire, wrapped in a bewitching morning-gown, Evelyn Tranter told her tale, and told it well. There were tears in her own eyes as well as in those of Mrs. Bassom, as the story of two sisters was unfolded, of their hardships, struggles, neglect and poverty, till worn out with the fight for existence, the younger sister had died.

"When I think of that," the girl cried out, all the laughter gone from her now, "when I think that if she had had her rights she might be with me this moment, I feel I must make the man suffer, in revenge for our sufferings. Do you wonder?"

No, Mrs. Bassom did not wonder, her motherly heart was too soft for that. "But it'll be a hard job to turn out Sir Verlin," she said.

"I begin to-day," said the claimant determinedly. "Meanwhile, do you mean to turn me out into that very cold garden, when I'm so happy here?"

No, Mrs. Bassom didn't see how she could. It would seem strange to Sir Verlin, she was afraid; but there really wasn't another place in the village

where she liked to think of Miss Evelyn settling in.

"And I should die wandering about in the snow," said the beauty plaintively. Which remark seemed to settle the matter.

Except to Mr. Aredale and Mrs. Bassom, Evelyn Tranter did not tell her story, but while Mary Tranter sat in her boudoir with tragic, tear-stained eyes brooding over her heartache; while Sir Verlin sat in his study with gray-lined face, admitting, with inward groan and fear, the inadequacy of his enquiries as to his brother's death and heirship; while Percy Hargrave strode restlessly along snowy roads chafing under the pain which he knew was being inflicted on the girl he loved, and the pain yet in store for her—the cruelty of her lover and the threatened loss of her home; while the self-satisfied Mr. Aredale was lounging in a luxurious chair smoking cigarettes, re-reading his ball programme, and planning a fresh meeting with the bewitching Californian, the bewitching Californian herself was writing to her lawyers, taking the first steps towards establishing her claim to Haselton Hall.

As the December days wore on, events moved quickly. For the outside world there were merely rumours for the imaginations to feed on, rumours which grew vastly in the telling; but for those more nearly concerned, things were far more serious. Miss Evelyn Tranter's papers and proofs wore a decidedly genuine appearance, her statements were straightforward and faithful in detail, and although Sir Verlin's solicitors smiled tolerantly as they listened, and took on the air of those who indulgently bear with fairy stories for the sake of humouring a child, they could bring no definite contradiction, and were forced to fall back at once upon the question of identification.

And Evelyn Tranter had her desire; she was making Sir Verlin suffer. Those who knew him best could note the suffering most keenly, though he strove to maintain his usual calm, and

almost irritably desired no changes to be shown, no signs betrayed.

In this way the time wore on towards Christmas. "Such a happy Christmas it was to have been," sobbed Mary Tranter in girlish self-pity, as she recalled the merry meetings in which she and her friends had talked of skating, dancing and feasting for rich and poor, and Aredale had been always at her side seconding and suggesting, and Hargrave had worked to carry out her wishes. And now! "Why did she come!" she moaned with childlike inconsistency, seeing only her own troubles, and not realizing that there might be right on the other side, too.

It was while she was in this mood that Sir Verlin sent for her. The news from his solicitors that morning had struck a warning note. The claimant's proofs were being followed up with somewhat disquieting results, and the sight of his daughter's tear-stained face, added to his gnawing anxiety, chafed him into irritability, and he spoke sharply. His mind was too full of the threatened loss of home and position for him to realize that his daughter had a private sorrow of her own.

"There must be no showing of the white feather, I beg," he began. "This strange young woman is putting me to great anxiety and expense, and indeed we have real difficulties before us. I—I will not deny that the news this morning is bad. But for Heaven's sake don't let us go about looking as if we had stolen Haselton. I sent for you to desire that you follow your ordinary occupations, that you do not mope and show the world we are afraid. Let everything go forward as we had planned. We are within a few days of Christmas; remember it is my especial wish that Christmas shall be kept up with more than usual merriment. Do you understand?"

"Yes papa," the girl answered dully, even while her heart was crying out, "What do I care for appearances, or lands, or money when my heart is broken!"

When, the interview being over, she

re-crossed the hall, she came face to face with Hargrave.

Mary Tranter was a very simple English girl, young and silly perhaps, wearing her heart on her sleeve, lacking dignity; but she was miserably unhappy, and Hargrave loved her so devotedly, that her white, hopeless face now broke down his reserve.

"Come out," he said, in a sudden, commanding voice which she scarcely recognized; and wrapping a big cloak about her, he led the way to the terrace, whither she followed without interest or protest.

"Mary dear, it isn't worth all this," he urged. She had known him so long and so well that she never doubted to what he referred. He, Percy, would understand that she cared little that the stranger should take her home; but her lover—!

"Can I help that?" she asked wildly.

"You love him, dear?"

She bowed her head. "He never asked me—" she began—"but I thought—"

"Of course you did. He's—"

"Don't, don't," she implored. "He is good; it is she—. Oh, I'm tortured!"

"I know that torture," he said quietly.

"You know!" she shook her head, with a sad, incredulous smile.

"I have been tortured for many months," he persisted.

For a moment she forgot herself. "Who has tortured you?" she demanded.

"You have," he answered quietly "—you and Aredale."

It was good for her to know this now, he knew; it would rouse her.

"Do you mean that you—"

"I love you; and I know every pang you are feeling; and I know it is so hard to bear, and I love you so dearly that I would gladly go on with the torture if you might be spared it."

She paused, trying to realize the sudden revelation.

"I like to feel that," she said at length, slowly, unconscious of her

great selfishness. "Fancy your loving me—in that way, I never thought of it. You know—I can never—"

"Yes, dear, I know."

"You are good, Percy," she said with a sigh; the sigh sounded heart-broken—nevertheless she felt somewhat comforted.

They had left the terrace and turned towards the lodge gate, walking slowly now, each thinking of the tangle of their lives. He, as usual, was thinking of her; she, as was unusual, was giving some of her thoughts to him.

The sound of merry voices at last roused them. They had unthinkingly neared the road, on the other side of which lay a big, straggling pond, now frozen many inches thick.

With a swift return to the present, Mary Tranter's cheeks paled with foreboding, and hurrying up a little slope which commanded the scene, she looked eagerly, fearfully down at the merry-makers. As Hargrave reached her side, her wide, excited eyes had lighted on what she had dreaded to see. With a little moan, like that of a hurt child, she turned and held her hand to him, as Aredale and Evelyn Tranter skimmed over the ice before them, hand in hand.

"You are going to be brave," he whispered. "I want you to be brave."

For the few remaining days before Christmas, Mary Tranter tried to obey her father's commands, and imitate Hargrave's fortitude. Under the latter's escort, she walked each morning, white-faced, but smiling, over the frozen snow to join the merry-making at the pond. Her teeth were set hard behind her lips, but her heart—! It was like exposing a raw wound to a goad, to skim by the couple on whom all her thoughts would dwell.

Above and beyond Aredale's infatuation for the vivacious, beautiful claimant the cautiousness handed down to him by his forefathers, warned him that to indulge his "little fancy," as he had come to term it, for Mary Tranter, would be madness under the circumstances, even

had he still wished to; while the heiress of Haselton Hall was a prudent choice. Whoever might slight Evelyn Tranter before her claim was proved, he, Charles Aredale, was not the man to do so. He had satisfied himself of the strength of her claim, and he followed her as a shadow; her somewhat cavalier treatment of him serving only to fire his passion.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Mary Tranter, still striving for her new bravery, rose from table determined to be outwardly cheerful, if only for the sake of others. The gray anxiety which crept over Sir Verlin's face as he read his letters, struck on her with some realization of his sorrow. He would need all her help these days.

There was much to be done, for many guests were to fill the house to overflowing this night—so many that the dinners were to be held in the hall and barn instead of the dining-room; for rich and poor were to feast at Haselton on this first Christmas of the heiress's coming of age. There were, too, gifts and alms to be set ready—so much had been neglected lately—decorations were to be organized, and rooms prepared.

The snow had ceased falling for many days; the ground was white and hard, the cold was exhilarating. In the huge fireplaces the logs were blazing, the walls gradually grew bright with holly and shining evergreens, the smell of good cheer from the kitchen regions was wafted to the more dignified passages whenever opportunity was allowed, which in the cheerful bustle of preparation was not infrequent.

So the hours passed, and the pain in Mary's heart fought for the mastery as she went about her work. Then the short day closed in, and the anguish tore her fictitious courage to tatters. Trembling in every limb, she turned to fly to the solitude of her own room, and caught sight of Sir Verlin, standing in silence in the glowing hall, looking round it with the look of a man stricken at heart. Then she saw him turn with a groan and enter his study.

Impulsively she ran to him; but he waved her back.

That action seemed to be the last straw in her burden. She did not guess that the strong, self-sufficient man was fearful of breaking down; she saw only the stern forbidding, and she shrank back quivering under the repulse.

No one wanted her—lover, happiness, home, father—nothing was left. Why should she strive and suffer and bear torture. No one cared. The world was empty, cold, bitter. With strained, glittering eyes she turned from the closed door, and leaving the brightness and merriment, went out into the snow. She knew—she would end it all. When he knew, perhaps he would be sorry.

Tears of misery and self-pity poured down her cheeks. Over the hard snow, the cracking ice-pool, across the road—she knew—it was in the near corner the ice had been broken for the cattle. Ugh! It would be cold and black, and—

“Mary Tranter! What are you going to do?”

Mary Tranter turned on the figure, which suddenly appeared beside her.

“I am going to do what you have driven me to,” she cried wildly. “I am going to end it all, and you shall not stop me.”

For long moments Evelyn Tranter stood there on the ice, in the darkening day, with the lonely white country round her, shaken to the very foundations of her nature, appalled by the work she had done, yet gripping with a grip of iron the desperate girl she had followed.

Evelyn Tranter, however, was not the girl to lose her self-possession at a crisis. Her voice when she next spoke was shaken and strained, but her tones were calm.

“You must tell me what you mean,” she commanded; “there is some mistake.”

“There is no mistake. You have taken my lover, my home, my happiness. What good is life to me?”

"Hush!" said Evelyn Tranter gently. "Listen. I have not taken your lover really, if you will but believe me. Your real lover is a brave gentleman, devoted to you, and worth your love. The man you are unhappy about—ah, let me tell you, you never loved him. You looked at his handsome face—"

"Oh!" angrily.

"No. I don't mean to insult you. You looked, and your good, pure heart gave him qualities he never had. You loved the man you thought Charles Aredale to be. You couldn't love the man he is—ready to fly to the latest face; ready to foreswear his love when it is prudent to do so. Think of him as dead, my dear; I swear to you he never lived. And I vow I never loved or wanted him."

The arm which had been straining under Evelyn's grip grew slack; the wild gleam died from Mary's eyes and a new light dawned in them as she strained to see her companion's face in the darkness.

"As to your home," continued Evelyn, "I have not taken that either. Go there now, and dress yourself in all your bravery for the night's feasting."

Puzzled, distracted, confused, Mary Tranter gazed in silence.

"You must," continued the other, "for I am coming again uninvited to Haselton Hall. And I shall have something to say to you and your father. Go straight back now and prepare, and in an hour's time I will come to you."

In an hour's time Sir Verlin, raising his bowed head, saw before him his daughter in her shining white gown and as he had first seen her, the Californian in her pink and white bravery. In wrath and amazement he rose.

"Sir Verlin," began the visitor, raising her hand as if to avert his wrath. "I have come to tell you a story—and a piece of news."

He bowed haughtily and waited.

"It is Christmas," she went on with a brave, ringing voice—"The season of peace and good-will. Will you bear that in mind and will you listen?"

"Yes," he said, wearily, the wrath dying somewhat and chiefly the old anxiety remaining.

Then Evelyn told her story—the story of an exiled heir, sent, wild, reckless, and extravagant, by a stern, unbending father to a wild, lawless country. The struggles, the hot, unforgiving pride, the growth in manliness and character, the sweetness of temper of this exile; of his work, his love, his marriage.

Of the two listeners one was eager-eyed and excited, the other as yet stern and untouched.

"Those were not unhappy days," continued the girl, "but when the adored wife died leaving two little girls to the heart-broken father, the world seemed black indeed. He strove to work on, but the light had gone out of his life. Far afield he wandered to seek work and distraction, faithfully sending back such small sums as he could earn for the maintenance of the children. But it soon ended; he had no wish to live, and he died."

There were tears in her voice as she went on to tell of the hardships of these little children, fallen among hard taskmasters in a rough land; of the patience, the delicacy of the younger sister, the passionate anguish of the elder who watched her die.

"It was then—then, when a few days after her death the old, travel-stained papers proving Evelyn Tranter's heirship came back from his mates to my hands, that I vowed by all the sufferings of my dead sister, that I would bring to those who might have prevented it some of the pain they had made her bear. For a whole year I was forced to live on in poverty and helplessness; then money came to me, abundance of money, one of those turns of fortune we know more of in my country than you do in yours—from a rough, gold-digging uncle, dying without wife or child; and I started, telling no one, on my mission of revenge."

Sir Verlin's face had pity on it by this time, mingling with his pride and resentment.

"Well," he said, at last, "you have

fulfilled your vow. You are having your revenge. You have merely to prove the truth of your statements. What, then, do you want here to-night? To gloat over your success?"

"I came for two things—the story to explain my action, I have told you—but the piece of news—"

She moved close to them, her eyes were glittering. The listeners stood as if under her spell.

"I," she said, slowly, "was only a step-daughter of Evelyn Tranter. My mother was secretly married before though no one knew it but her second husband. I have no right here whatever. Indeed, I am sorry now for my anger. It can do my sister no good. I have come to give you this knowledge now as my Christmas gift."

It was the brilliant stranger now who broke down, burying her face in her hands. It was Sir Verlin, helped by Mary Tranter, who comforted.

That night there was joy indeed at Haselton Hall, and not a little amazement, too; for in all the feasting and gladness the witch who had danced into their midst a month ago, danced again now with a happy face and a gay word for every one; and it was clear to all eyes that between herself and her host and hostess there was perfect goodwill and accord.

The only absentee was Mr. Charles Aredale, to whom Miss Evelyn had sent a letter of explanation earlier in the evening.

It was a Christmas to be long remembered. The night of gloom had lifted, the dawn of good-feeling was bright. Even Mary found that there was something comforting in Percy Hargrave's love and attention, which she had not noticed before it had been pointed out to her.

"But you, you yourself?" she asked, as she stood aside once with her new friend, looking out on the snow and listening to the clashing, clanging bells. "When you leave us, must you be lonely and sad?"

"Not a bit," declared Evelyn. "My own faithful lover has traced me out at last and followed me, and I have every hope that good Mrs. Bassom is at this moment declaring to him that hot negus is quite the best thing after a long journey. Let me dance out of your lives as I danced into them, feeling that I have done you no real harm, but, perhaps, a little good." She looked at Mary with a question in her eyes.

"I believe you may have been right," replied Mary, gravely, but not sadly. "I think it is possible that I may have made a mistake. You will think me fickle, of course, but—"

"No, I don't think you fickle, my dear," declared the pink and white witch mischievously, "only suffering from a bad dream, and now awaking—awaking just in time, too, for a merry Christmas, and a New Year, the like of which you've never known before."

AUTUMN

SWEET Autumn, full of glamorous days,
How doth thy music prophecy
The transience of Time and Earth's dim ways,
And splendours that must die!

Yet in thy passing as the sun
That loves the hill-top where it glows,
Breathe on us ere thy golden dream is done—
Some ultimate repose!

Inglis Morse

WILL NOVEL-READING CEASE?

By Bernard McEvoy

IT is not every newspaper editor that is ready at a moment's notice to formulate a definite opinion on any new question that may turn up. For though the majority of newspaper editors do advise us in the most solemn way as to what we ought to do and be, a sudden bolt from the blue is apt to perturb even their serene confidence in their own judgment. With the usual run of things there is no trouble. An old tune, with a few variations to bring it up to date, can be readily turned out of the daily or weekly barrel-organ. But let some astounding event happen, and it is a crucial test of the editor's basic capacities. Of course, he will say something next day, and the younger he is the more assured will be his utterance. The "old bird" will not be caught in that particular snare. He will probably write a non-committal article, so that his paper may not come out without editorial comment on what is in everybody's mouth, but which will really not say much either one way or the other. Meanwhile it is possible that he will send his cleverest reporter round to various prominent men in his city to ascertain what *they* think. Nothing is more interesting than the results of this line of procedure, and the statements made by these flattered but flustered individuals are frequently such as make them inclined to gnash their teeth when they see what they have said in uncompromising print. Ever afterwards they have a sore feeling against the sudden referendum to which they have been subjected. They determine that they will not be exploited in that way again, and, in future, either dodge the reporter or refuse to speak. It is only here and there that Universal Advisers are found who are always ready and eager to be interviewed on any earthly or heavenly theme. Nevertheless, the varying statements of opinion

which are thus obtained are very attractive. A keen, eager air, as of the debating society of one's youth, breathes in these diverse utterances.

Something of the same sort of interest attaches to a series of short articles on the question "Will the Novel Disappear?" which formed the opening section of a recent *North American Review*. Five literary men of note gave their views on certain opinions of Jules Verne on this subject which had previously been printed in the *London Daily Mail*. The five were among the most prominent of the writers of the United States, viz.: James Lane Allen, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Hamilton W. Mabie, and John Kendrick Bangs. It is plain, from what they say, that their opinions had not been demanded of them at the point of the reporter's pencil for publication in next day's paper. They were evidently allowed time to consider their statements, and these utterances form a most interesting magazine article.

But though these United States authors were not "held up" for their opinions and made to stand and deliver, it is evident that Jules Verne was. The reporter of the *London Daily Mail* had him at his mercy, and under these conditions the victim, no doubt, said things which he has since regretted. We should be grateful to him for sacrificing himself. If there were not a number of valorous men who do not stop to look before they leap, very little would be done in the world. Prudence is overdone, and perpetual caution is tiresome and worldly. All honour to those who are occasionally carried away by impulse. The person who is not thus sometimes carried away is probably little worth carrying at all. We are therefore grateful to Jules Verne, who, with the *élan* of a cavalry officer whips out his sword in a flash,

and flourishes it round the devoted head of Modern Fiction. We do not believe the Frenchman is right when he says that Modern Fiction is going to die. But if he had not said so we should not have had this delightful series of articles from these American writers.

"Jules Verne leaned forward and drummed gently on the table. 'I do not think there will be any novels or romances, at all events in volume form, in fifty or one hundred years from now,' he said. 'They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already taken such a grip of the lives of the progressive nations.'

"'But the romance, the novel, the descriptive story, the story historic, and the story psychological?'

"'They will all disappear,' said M. Verne. 'They are not necessary, and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining. As historic records the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to cover everyday events so well, that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than historic or descriptive novels could do; and as for the novel psychological, that will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in your own lifetime.'

James Lane Allen is the first to comment on this dictum, and he starts out with the apparently gratuitous suggestion that M. Verne was not sincere in what he said.

"Whatsoever else a Frenchman may not be," says Mr. Allen, "when in earnest he is sure to be logical. The absence of logic here may conceivably be accounted for on the ground that M. Verne was not in earnest. He is a very keen, subtle, humorous Frenchman; he seems to have been in a playful mood; he may have wished to elude his interviewers; he is an old master of extravaganza and of hoax. Possibly when the grave Englishman had captured these volatile statements and airy nothings, and taken leave, M. Verne may have shrugged his shoulders and congratulated himself that he is not an Anglo-Saxon. Any serious consideration of his views scarcely seems worth while."

Mr. Allen, nevertheless, goes on to give them serious consideration on a couple of pages. His insinuation that the French novelist was playing with the reporter is, to my thinking, "the most unkindest cut of all." Moreover, his statement that Jules Verne is "very keen, subtle and humorous" does not seem to me to have much foundation in fact. Howells, Garland and Mabie

evidently think the Frenchman meant what he said, and if the whimsical John Kendrick Bangs doesn't—well, he is a jester. I think that to most readers the utterances of M. Verne, taking the entire interview, will appear to be quite in earnest. The nature of humour does not show in them, partly for the reason that M. Verne is no more a humorist than is Mr. Allen himself. Neither is he "very keen" or "subtle." William Dean Howells indicates his characteristics very much more truly when he says, "He himself (M. Verne) formerly wrote a kind of fiction which we ourselves found entirely delightful; frank, fearless in design, scientific in its facts, inherently impossible, but preserving a respect for probability at every step, convincing of its reality by the author's air of absolute sincerity and embodying a sort of rude elementary character with a charming *bonhomme*." If Mr. Allen should say that Verne's frankness and "air of absolute sincerity" were simply the supreme achievement of a masterly subtlety, I should beg leave to differ from him. A man of that kind would not naturally gravitate towards the delineation of the sort of "rude elementary character" of which Mr. Howells speaks. Barring this false stroke, Mr. Allen's contradiction of Verne's prophecy is convincing and definite, though when he says that "the statement was positively made a hundred years ago that the novel was not needed then," I do not know to whose statement he refers. In 1802 the number of novels was too small to give rise to much talk of that kind.

William Dean Howells deals with the subject in a manner which betokens keen perception, a reflective mind, and a wide outlook on life, combined with a humour that is altogether delightful. He also recalls the fact that in past years, "say 1870," there was much talk of the immediate evanescence of the novel. But Mr. Howells thinks that as fiction was beloved by the earliest people of our race so it will be beloved by the latest. I cannot forbear quoting the following:

"The cave-dweller sitting at his cavern door in the cool of the evening, and absently picking out the simple chords of stone-age music on the sinews stretched upon the thigh-bone of the brother he had eaten, listened with the same rapture to the taradiddles of some gifted neighbour as the twentieth century maiden feels in hanging over the page of the largest-selling book of the actual summer, and when time is getting ready to be no more, the Last Man shall say to the Next to the Last, 'Now that we are not likely to be interrupted, here is a little thing of mine in three volumes that I would like to read you before we die,' and the Next to the Last Man will gather himself into an attitude of comfortable attention, and cling to each fleeting breath in the hope that the universal asphyxiation will spare him till he knows whether They get married."

Mr. Howells is finely critical and judicial in disposing of Verne's theory that the newspaper will supplant the novel. He gives the art of the reporter its full credit and value, but he does not recognize in that art any legitimate successor to that of the novelist. He has his sly dig at the so-called "historical novels" with which the market has been flooded. "The average reporting on its own plane is certainly much better art than the average historical novelling." And again: "Even the poor despised historical novel is fast grounded in the ignorance and imbecility of the race." But his strong point is his contention that the mainstay of the novel is the psychological element. "It is probable," he says, "that the psychological novel will be the most enduring, as it has been the most constant phase of fiction. Every other kind of novel lives or dies by so much or so little psychology as it has in it." Analyzing the other ingredients that may contribute to a novel's temporary success, he speaks very amusingly of the way in which every kind of plot has been used again and again. "They are all so shop-worn that it is wonderful anyone has the face to take them down from the shelf and offer them to a customer." But the psychological element—the delineation of character, of affairs, of motives; the fascination of man for man, not to say the fascination of man for woman or the reverse—these will never die.

Hamilton W. Mabie contents him-

self with a short denial of M. Verne's theory, and affirms that neither as a critic of literature nor as a prophet of things to come has the French writer established his authority. He says in serious, nicely-expressed prose what Mr. Howells says so humorously in the passage already quoted, viz., that story-telling began with the earliest ages and will probably remain till the latest. But the difference between Mr. Mabie and Mr. Howells is the same as that which exists between a bottle of "still" and a bottle of "sparkling" hock.

The humane and comprehensive mind and the accurate observation of Mr. Hamlin Garland are to be seen in what he says about M. Verne's prediction. He takes that writer seriously and frankly, and modestly says, "I think M. Verne is in the wrong." Recognizing the immense power of the newspaper as a means of distributing all kinds of literature, Mr. Garland yet thinks that its instantaneousness, with its "views of life, like snapshots by means of a kodak," will militate against its in any way taking the place of the novel with its "calm and fateful delineation of human life." Moreover, he makes a point when he says that the newspaper "deals too largely with crime, with the abnormal, the diseased, to be in any sense a true chronicle of our time."

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs is not a humane humorist. He seems a rather inhuman jester. But he is very clever and caustic, even if his writings do not possess that genial love of human nature which makes humour live from age to age. With his tongue in his cheek, he says:—

"I quite agree with M. Jules Verne in his prophecy that the novel is passing, and that in a hundred years from now there will be no such form of literature, or at least not as we know it. History is being made so rapidly nowadays, events are piling up so quickly, and in such enormous quantity that the men and women of the future will have no time to read the story, which whatever its intrinsic motives, is, after all, *pour passer le temps*. It will require all the leisure of that future public to keep abreast of their own times, and consequently the novel will cease to exist, unless, of course, the ideal publisher who publishes just for the fun of it, comes into being

with other improvements of the age—which is a doubtful prospect.”

From this point on, Mr. Bangs treats us to excellent fooling. “If wireless telegraphy, why not bookless romances, typeless novels, pageless poems? We already have jokeless comic papers.” Then, growing more extravagant with the jingle of the bells on his cap, he says that in the future people will take their fiction while they sleep by the agency of pills taken before retiring, and acting immediately thereafter. “The man who wants a poem of a certain kind will swallow what, for lack of a better term, we may call ‘the Alfred Austin Pellet,’ then there will be ‘Caine’s Capsules for Creepy Creatures,’ each guaranteed to contain ten grains of gloom, and absolutely free from humour, lightness and sunshine, and which, taken three times a day, will enable every man to be his own ‘Manxman.’ . . . Some clever druggist will meet the literary necessities of the hour, and put up all the literature that anybody can possibly want in small doses, in every variety, and at a price which will bring it within the reach of all.” Who can help laughing at such a man, every corpuscule of whose blood must be lineally descended from the veins of those great jesters who formerly were allowed to take such unbounded liberties in the palaces of dukes and kings, and who now magnifies a similar office in the many palaces of the United States. And let us rejoice that he has not failed—in this also imitating his confreres of old—in “not infrequently employing his rare faculty of humour through which he has amused and delighted hosts of readers, to enforce sane views upon serious subjects.”

To what has already been advanced

by these distinguished writers of the adjoining republic, I as a Canadian writer, may add my humble conviction that the novel is not likely to disappear. I know that Canadian novels are not. In manuscript, at all events, they will continue to be produced, and will daily help in filling His Majesty’s mail-bags in transit to or from the offices of hard-hearted publishers. Much very good paper is made in Canada, the native home of pulpwood, and if the fiction that, at much pains, covers reams of it, bears too close a resemblance to the material on which it is written, I do not see that anybody can immediately prevent it. Our experience does not differ from that of other intelligent countries. There are always a large number of stories being printed, and there always will be. I believe that there are markets for fiction yet undreamed of, and virgin mines of closely-packed readers that have not yet been even prospected. I agree with James Lane Allen, that one of the needs for the continued existence of works of fiction is because “they add to the innocent and noble pleasures of life,” and that such a wide field of human endeavour is sure to employ many workers of a high type. No doubt there are many writers who are attracted to the writing of novels in the hope of obtaining those rewards of distinction and money which the pursuit is supposed to bring. But now and again the one with the heaven-born gift comes along, who writes because he must, and who gives us, fresh and golden, the fruit from the gardens of the gods. I suppose that he will be raised up in the future as he has been in the past, and I know that when he gives the world his book the world will always be eager to read it.



GEORDIE'S HOME-COMING

By Newton MacTavish

THE weaver's loom stood in a little shop opposite the forge, and oftentimes towards evening of a slack afternoon old Geordie would desert his shuttle and carry himself upon bent legs across the way to add a pinch of salt to the simmering pot-pie of local intelligence. Sometimes his wife, Elsie, would precede him, an event that always called forth a heated harangue on the respect due a decent man from his better half. The women-folk would have already gathered at the forge-door on the way from the village spring to their respective kitchens, a sign to the initiated that the air hung heavy with gossip.

But a day came when Geordie sat with pricked ears and rigid jaw, and Elsie stood silent and dignified. For it was a great day in Cloverdale—the soldiers were coming home from the war.

It should not be thought that the little village had sent a large quota to South Africa. She had sent but two men, two of her swarthiest youths to do battle for the Empire. One was the son of the weaver, the other the son of the blacksmith.

Now, although old Geordie sat with closed lips and indifferent air as his neighbours reviewed the gallant deeds of the warriors, the pride of an honest man shone upon him. And as for Elsie, she at moments took a far-away look, and there was the work of an imprisoned smile upon her face.

"They're to get medals and free land from the Government," the old Scotch couple heard their neighbours say, and then they listened to short sentences of praise that fell from the expectant group. They heard that a train with the soldiers aboard was to pass through the village that very night, and that a band from a neighbouring town had been engaged to escort the Cloverdale heroes to their homes.

Geordie listened until he could stand it no longer. Then he moved to the back of the forge, and raised himself to the little seat in the corner, just back of and above the glowing coals. He stretched his legs towards the hissing flame, and then in the shadow behind the light his austere face became wonderfully covered with smiles. He reached down and got a live coal for his pipe, and soon forgot all about the gossip in the doorway. He leaned back and muttered to himself, and the syllables fell upon the small boy at his feet.

"Aye, man," he mused, "it's grand to feel the heat rinnin' up yer pant-legs as if it'd fair burst the stitchin'; aye, man, but it's grand to feel't, espacially whin ye haena had a beverage at the tavern sin yestreen. But wee Geordie 'll be hame the nicht, and the lads 'll be haein' a bit sip on the heid o't. I'll hae to be stanin' roun' sneekin' chances. I ken weel enif I ended wi' a roarin' drunk at their leave-takin', but I'll hae to hold my horses 'gin their home-comin'. I'll be aroun' the taivern, and if anybody asks me to tak' a drap, I'll no see it slippin' me. If big Bob Hoggarth's there, he'll grab the stove full o' live coals, and carry it oot to the middle o' the road. Then he'll lead the way back to the bar, and line the lads up for drinks. I'll be stanin' in sicht. When Bob cranes roun' to ken if iverybody's up, he'll say, 'Hae ye stoppit drinkin', Geordie?' 'Weel, I canna say I hae, Bob,' I'll answer. 'Then come awa up and hae somethin,' he'll say. 'Weel, I dinna mind if I dae, I'll answer; and when the bartender says: 'What'll ye hae?' lookin' at me, I'll say, 'Och, gie us what I awa's tak.' The lads 'll be thinkin' to themselves, 'Haivens, man, but he's the auld deevil for the whusky, is Geordie, the vera deevil himsel' after it.'

"That'll be the fairst beverage.

"Then ye'll see the lads a' gangin' to the hint end o' the bar-room. Jock McAlleer 'll be stanin' in the middle o' th' floore. He'll gie a jump and kick ane side o' the room, and then the ither side, afore he touches the floore again. They'll ca' for drinks. I'll be stanin' in sicht. 'Ye may's weel hae anither, Geordie,' Jock 'll say. 'Vera weel, Jock,' I'll say, aff-handed like, 'seein' it's yersel,' and the lads 'll look at ane anither when the bar-tender hands me the whuskey 'thoot askin' what I'll tak'.

"That'll be twa beverages.

"I fancy I can see Bul Norris takin' aff his coat. He's gaein' to clear the room o' ivery ane in't. I'll slip oot by the side door, and I'll gie wee Geordie the wink. Afore we can rin roun' to the bar-room door, we'll hear the smithy lightin' on the broad o' his back on the ground. Then they'll a' come rollin' oot in a heap. I'll get roun' jist in time to grip Bul by the hand and say: 'Ah, man, that wiz grand. Ye ought to be wi' the Black Watch.' Afore I'll hav' time to say ony mair they'll be a' lined up at the bar. I'll be stanin' in sicht. Bul 'll look roun' and catch my een. He'll gie a nod, as much as to say, 'Line up, Geordie,' and I'll gie a nod as much as to say, 'Dinna fear, Bul, I'm takin' my time.' Then I'll line up, and find the bar-tender has a' ready poored me oot whuskey. I'll doon it like it wiz the fairst glass.

"But that'll be the thaird beverage.

"By that time they'll be callin' on wee Geordie for a tale o' the wars, and gin he's finished I'll hae to tak' my stand beside him at the bar. If he says he'll tak' whuskey wi' me, I'll be near to splittin' at the looks on the ither's faces, and I fancy I can hear them sayin' he's a chip aff the auld stick.

"That'll be the foorth beverage.

"A thick tumbler and a tenpenny nail 'll be placed on the bar. Jim Feeney 'll be stanin' aside them. I'll be stanin' in sicht. Jim 'll chew a bit oot o' the tumbler, and wi' his teeth break the nail in twa bits. Then the lads 'll a' line up again for

drinks. If Jim says, "We'll drink to the health o' Geordie, he bein' the faither o' wee Geordie," I'll hold my glass 'thoot raisin' it to my lips. Then Jim 'll say: 'What's the matter, Geordie?' and I'll say: 'Haivens, man, I canna be expectit to drink my ain health.' But I'll slip it doon when they're no lookin'.

"That'll be the feeftth beverage."

The anvil rang out loud and clear, and maidens of the village, balling yarn or kneading dough, hummed tunes to the smith's rhythmic stroke. Stout horses, waiting to be shod, stamped upon the floor, and sparks from the forge flew upwards with every puff of the bellows. Blue smoke curled from the pipes of a few loungers in the background, and white steam rose slowly as heated tongs sank sizzling in the cooling tub. The air was heavy with the smell of scorched hoofs and the gossip of the women-folk in the doorway. Geordie looked up at the row of iron shoes hanging upon the beam overhead. His muttering continued:

"I'll be makin' to feel mighty fine. Crippled Dan 'll be gettin' oot his fiddle. But afore he can get her strung the lads 'll be lined up for anither drink. When big Bob sees me takin' whuskey again he'll whisper to the bartender: 'Nae mistakin', he is the vera deevil for the whuskey, is Geordie;' and the bartender 'll say, thinkin' I'm no hearin': 'He's only jist gettin' staired.'

"That'll be the sixth beverage.

"By that time Dan 'll hae got the fiddlin' staired. I'll be stanin' in the middle o' the floore feelin' mighty fine. The whuskey 'll hae limmered my shanks, and the thocht o' wee Geordie hame again 'll make me feel like a tickled tyke. When they a' ca' oot, 'Gie us a step, Geordie,' I'll stairt canny-like. Lemme see noo: I mus na gang o'er muckle swift at fairst; I'll hae to work them up till't. I'll stairt oot wi' a slow step 'thoot ony turn. Then I'll rin a turn in. Before he's fiddled many roun's, I'll be daein' the dooble step, wi' a turn in every bar. The lads 'll be thinkin', 'Haivens,

man! but Geordie's licht on his shanks;' and then I'll fair let oot, giein' them a taste o' the real fling, wi' a tech o' hornpipe at the feenish."

The women folk had moved on from the forge door, for the preparation of the evening meal had called them. Soon the few loungers in the back-ground emerged from the obscurity of blue smoke and white steam, but Geordie remained. The thoughts of music and dancing seemed to have soothed him. His eyes were almost closed; his pipe was out. Dimly he saw the row of iron shoes upon the beam overhead; faintly he heard the sound of stamping hoofs and clanging anvil, as red-hot tongs sank sizzling in the cooling tub. The flames at his feet purred more loudly than before, and bright sparks shot upwards with every puff of the bellows. But Geordie's eyes at last were closed; he was asleep.

The old weaver was awakened by Elsie tugging at his trouser-leg.

"Rise up, man," said she, above the hissing of the flame, "the sipper's simmerin' on the fenner, an' I'm fair played oot gin yer comin'."

"Losh, wummin," said Geordie, dragging himself from the warm corner, "I was na keepin' coont on the hour."

They were at the railway station early that night, the old Scotch couple, and every few minutes Geordie would run out to the middle of the track, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the engine's headlight.

"Are they in sicht, Geordie?" Elsie would ask.

"They're no forrit the bend," Geordie would answer.

Then the crowd began to gather, and Geordie and Elsie took a stand close together on the platform.

"I sweer I can hear them roarin' yont the hill," said Elsie.

"Whisht, wummin; we're afore them at ony rate."

"Will Geordie hae on the kilts?"

"Haivens, Elsie, ye're no thinkin'

he'd come stavin hame wi' they breeks?"

"I'm no thinkin' onythin'. I'm fair daft wi' the glory o't."

Some one shouted that the train was beyond the curve, and then the band began to play. The old Scotch couple gripped each other by the hand, and there was a choking sensation in their throats. The crowd began to surge around them, but they stood as motionless and apparently as little concerned as two statues. Even the shriek of the engine and the shouts of the crowd failed to move them; but a close observer could see their eyes glistening, and had he been nearer he might have heard their hearts thumping.

The train stopped. For a moment there was a pause. Then the band played "Home, Sweet Home," and the crowd put forth a great shout. Geordie and Elsie saw the smith's son lifted high upon the shoulders of his old comrades. But where was the weaver's son?

The band headed a procession, and up the street went the crowd. Still, the old Scotch couple stood hand-in-hand—waiting. Their faces became drawn and their breathing short. Just as the train began to depart, an officer passed by where Geordie and Elsie stood.

"Hae ye seen onythin' o' wee Geordie?" asked old Geordie.

"Geordie who?" demanded the officer, shortly.

"Geordie McAllister."

"Oh, McAllister; he's dead."

Elsie drew closer to Geordie, and her hand clutched nervously at his elbow. The train passed out of sight, and the old Scotch couple were left alone. Away up in the village they could hear the shouts of their neighbours, and the joy that had lived in their hearts went out.

"Are you coming up to the tavern to-night, Geordie?" asked a neighbour, as the weaver and his wife stepped upon the doorstep of their little shop opposite the forge.

"I'm no thinkin' I wul," answered Geordie, lifting the latch.

"Where's young Geordie?"

"I'm thinkin' he's no comin' hame."

"He'll be at the tavern with the other boys."

"I'm no thinkin' it."

The door of the weaver's shop stood open.

"He'll be looking for you," said the neighbour.

"I'm thinkin' he wul," replied Geordie, and then the door closed.

Elsie said nothing.

Geordie lit a candle, and then he and his wife sat down hand-in-hand by the kitchen fire. They were sore tried, and words were not of their making.

Presently they raised their eyes and there on the opposite side of the stove sat a stalwart youth in kharki. At first they questioned it, having expected the kilts. But the youth arose and spoke, and, lo! it was wee Geordie! They covered him with their arms, and the joy that had gone came back.

"Man," said old Geordie, as soon as he had caught his breath, "Ye gried us the slip fair."

"I dropped off the rear coach," said wee Geordie, and ran across the field and up the back lane. I wanted to miss the crowd and be at home first."

It was some other McAllister who had died, but the old Scotch couple forgot all about that. They remembered only that their son had returned, and a great pride shone in their faces. They sat down again hand-in-hand by the kitchen fire, and their son sat with them.

Scarcely had they resumed their seats before a thumping came upon the front door, and a moment later one of the village youngsters ran into the kitchen and out again like a flash. Then the band played, "Soon we'll be in London Town," and the crowd surged in front of the weaver's door.

But neither old Geordie nor wee Geordie went to the tavern that night.

HAPPINESS AND CHRISTMAS

By Norman Patterson

WHAT is happiness, this will-o'-the-wisp which all the world is pursuing? Is it the distinguishing quality of one race more than another, of the inhabitants of one region rather than another? Is it something within the man himself, or is it something without the man; is it subjective or objective? Is it a quality which belongs to some class or classes of mankind and not to others? How may the various grades of mankind attain it?

Here is a set of questions worth considering afresh. Some of them are difficult to answer, some are comparatively easy.

No one will assert that happiness is a quality dependent upon race, or upon latitude and longitude. The black

men of Central Africa and the Esquimaux of Greenland may be happy, are happy when their ideals are satisfied. The Anglo-Saxon has as much chance to be happy in Toronto as in New York or London, else there would be only New Yorks or Londons. We may safely say with Pope:

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

This point having been disposed of, it is easier to determine whether happiness is objective or subjective. The French proverb answers this question: "Only he is happy who thinks he is;"* and so does Lady Montagu: "'Tis my opinion 'tis necessary to be

* Il n'est d'heureux que qui croie l'être.

happy that we think no place more agreeable than that where we are." Goldsmith put it in another way when he said: "Positive happiness is constitutional." Matthew Arnold may also be quoted; speaking of culture he writes: "Religion says: The Kingdom of God is within you; and culture, in like manner, places human perfection in an *internal* condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality." If religion and culture and perfection are internal conditions, then happiness is also internal, subjective.

A little thought will enable one to perceive that since happiness is internal, not external, each individual's happiness is entirely within the control of that particular individual. It is quite evident that the Cabinet Minister, though occupying a high and important position, with immense personal power, is no happier because of it. His face is usually pallid, his voice a bit weary, and his tread more nervous than firm. He is a creature of political circumstances, of political unrest. To-day he is great, to-morrow he may be forgotten. He is in constant fear of foes within and without. He cannot drive the machine of State in any one direction unless a dozen other men agree with him; and these men, in turn, can do nothing unless a hundred men behind each make no objection. Many a good man has refused a Cabinet position because he felt it would destroy the happiness he already possessed.

It is also evident that wealth does not bring happiness to nations or individuals. Britain's vast commerce and vaster wealth did not prevent the unhappiness of the Boer war; the wealth of the United States could not prevent the Civil war. The millionaire has his beautiful home, his conservatories, his horses and his automobile, but he is often the unhappiest of men. His millions keep him busy and disturbed. He has a railroad to build, a bank to guide, a half-dozen large companies to advise, and something to bother him every hour of the day. His home sees

little of him. His nights are spent on railway trains and his evenings with schemes and schemers. His business reaches out in many directions and meets opposition at hundreds of points. If he stopped to take his ease his house of cards might come tumbling about his ears. Wealth, like political power, does not bring happiness.

Nor does happiness necessarily come to the owner of a great factory, with its tall chimneys, its long rows of uniform windows, its thousand workmen passing in and out. Competition is keen and profits never sure; hard times come regularly with the cycle of the years; labour-unions are never-ceasing in their demands; his sons turn out badly from lack of fatherly sympathy and guidance; and the whole affair is often a burden.

And so one may go through the list of the great ones of earth, and it will be found that Burns was right when he sang:

If happiness ha'e not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blessed.

If happiness belongs not to one race more than another, and is internal and subjective, does it belong to one class more than another? The labouring man seems to have no more of it than the rich. He is full of complaints and sombre mutterings. The unrest of the individual is seen in the unrest of the multitude, the strikes, the agrarian disturbances, and the social battles of all kinds. The middle-classes are in constant struggle against their position. The merchant desires to see his son rise to professional dignity by becoming a lawyer, a doctor or a priest. The professional men desire to amass wealth, so that their sons may avoid to some extent the ceaseless grind which has been theirs. The suicides come from all classes; the grumblers and dyspeptics are representative of all classes. Happiness does not seem to be the distinguishing badge of any one section of the race.

What then is happiness and how may it be attained? Happiness is a

state of mind. The man who desires it must compel himself to a realization that it is something of his own making, that it comes from within rather than from without. The man who is contented with what he has and what he is (though not necessarily unambitious), is the one who comes nearest to attaining happiness.

It has been said that health, to all animals including man, is happiness. This is less true of man than of other animals. Health is certainly a good foundation for happiness, but it is not a *sine qua non*. Still, he who would be happy should strive to be healthy. No object is more pitiable than the man or the woman who has sold health for fleeting vanities, for riches, for social prominence.

Happiness is not grounded only in physical well-being. It is largely spiritual. The man who is continually striving to accomplish something, to win a laurel crown of some kind, may, in either defeat or victory, be filled with happiness. His defeat of misery and depression is a victory in itself, and goes far toward making his life-struggle ideal. Ruskin has summed up this spiritual side of happiness in a most exhaustive sentence: "Man's only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshipped by him, and in Love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished—forever." Properly-directed Ambition, deeply-founded Reverence, sublimely unselfish Love—with these qualities happiness naturally follows. These qualities are the parts, happiness is the whole.

There is a vague striving within every person which makes for unrest. This must be kept within proper limitations if a man is to deserve or radiate happiness. The gods of this world may not be renounced altogether, but they must be kept in their place as petty objects—pleasant, but not indis-

pensable. One may not be a whit happier when these gods have received all the worship it is possible to give them.

Happiness spells different states to different persons, for reverence and love are not constant or similar qualities in all persons. The apostles were men in whom reverence unfolded itself spontaneously, and the world has had other apostles than the famous twelve. Reverence is a higher sense which must be cultivated by most persons if they are to enjoy the fruits of it, and the greatest of these fruits is spiritual elevation, which enables one to rise above temporal states without ignoring or lamenting them. Similarly love is an acquired or communicated sense to which cultivation is a necessity. It is a flower which may wither if neglected or if exposed too much to the frosts of materialism. Selfishness may crowd out love, as Browning saw when he asked the question: "How can man love but what he yearns to help?" It is the last, best gift of Heaven, and one essential to the full development of manhood.

Reverence and love are undoubtedly prime requisites to happiness, and there is no season which does more to bring out and to perpetuate these qualities in mankind than the Christmas season. Reverence and love blend together at Christmastide—reverence for the natal day of the greatest of mankind, love for all. The little children who are taught to worship Kris Kringle or Santa Claus are taught reverence. Santa Claus is a spiritual being, a giver of good things, a fountain-head of beneficence. No wonder the children are filled with reverence and love when they enjoy his bounty. And the larger children whose eyes pierce the veil, and see beyond into the holy of holies, they too cannot fail, if not enamoured of materialism and cynicism, to realize that the Christmas season is reverence, love, and happiness.



THE FAVORITE TREE

By Estelle Kerr

IT is lovely to ride in the tall poplar tree;
 When I climb to the tip-top and float
 Through the sunny blue sky, just as blue as
 the sea,
 In my bonny green poplar boat.

The scarecrow is king of the red cherry-tree,
 A cross-looking chap he is, too!

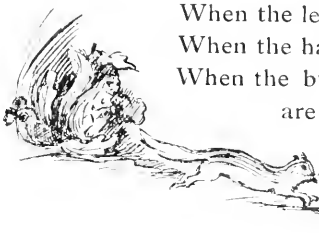
He won't let the birds touch the fruit,
 you see,
 But I'm not afraid,—are you?

The gum from the spruce-tree is lovely to chew;
 In the maple I have a fine fort;
 I've chestnuts for bullets,—Between me and
 you
 They hurt when they
 hit,—It's great
 sport!





When the apples are sweet, oh I just
eat and eat
Till my buttons are most apt to fly,
And Daddy can't see what the
trouble can be
When I say that I don't care for pie!



When the leaves of the beech-tree are turning to gold,
When the hazel-nuts dropping keep time,
When the butternuts fall and the squirrels
are bold,
Then games in the forest are
prime!

But my favourite tree only comes once a year,
When the others are covered with snow;
It springs up in the night in the drawing-
room bright,
And both apples and nuts on it grow

With toys for each child,—so
I know you'll agree
That the best one of all is
the gay Christmas-tree.



WOMANS SPHERE

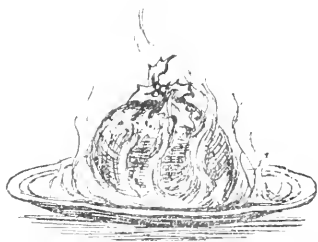
Edited By
M. Maclean Helliwell

CHRISTMAS

Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong,
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made;
But oh, what maskers richly dight
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Sir Walter Scott

CHRISTMAS—what magic is in the word! But to speak it is the “open, Sesame” that swings back the doors of that small mental chamber wherein glorious visions of sparkling, candle-lighted trees; of plump, sizzling brown turkeys and sputtering geese; fat, holly-decked plum-puddings; great rounds of spiced beef; bulging stockings and joy-crazed children are crowded together—a strange medley bathed



in the rosy light of universal peace and good-will.

Ah, what blessed recollections, what dear old pictures are conjured up by the mere whispering of that simple word! Memory, tender-eyed, looks

back with longing regret to the days that are no more. For there is a zest and a wild, irresponsible delight in the



Christmas of childhood that those who have passed out of “the golden age” will never know again.

It is one magnificent riot of feasting and receiving, and all the interest of the small person is centred in the fascinating possibilities that lurk in the limp, dangling stocking, its wide, yawning emptiness mutely eloquent as to its mission. What Santa Claus will *bring* is the sole concern of the infant mind, and the sunny, cheering radiations of his own delight are all that the diminutive individual is called upon to contribute to the sum of human happiness.

One must not forget, however, that while this attitude is perfectly natural in the helpless, dependent baby, whose one undisputed right is the right to be made happy and to receive unconditionally, it becomes abnormal when maintained through late childhood, adolescence, and maturity. Very sweet indeed it is to receive from those whom one loves and by whom one is beloved, tokens of affection and good-will—if they be spontaneous offerings; but there is a yet deeper joy than the joy

of receiving, the joy that comes to him who gives freely and voluntarily because of the love that overflows his heart. And the right and power to experience this joy is one of our compensations for the lost delights of childhood. There is a vast pleasure in untying the alluring little packages that flutter in like a flock of homing birds all through this blessed Christmas season, but is there not a keener satisfaction in wrapping up, directing, and starting on their various ways similar knobby little parcels? And, in this connection, let us not forget that that child must be very tiny indeed who is too small to be taught the blessedness of giving—of giving, that is, in the real Christmas spirit, for to give as gifts should be bestowed is an art.



On the other hand, however, since our world is a world of extremes, let those of us who do realize that to give is, in truth, more blessed than to receive, beware lest in our zeal we fall into a grave and not uncommon error—an error to be earnestly guarded against lest “one good custom should corrupt the world.”

I refer to the tendency on the part of some generous creatures to give with such ill-considered and promiscuous lavishness that embarrassment and dismay frequently follow in the train of their gifts.

To make out a list of the names of those to whom for various reasons, real or imagined, one feels that one really *must* send something, and then to buy indiscriminately whatever bargain odds and ends one can pick up, apportioning them later to those on the list, is not *giving*. Is it not rather the reluctant doling out of a grudging toll which a fancied obligation peremptorily calls upon one to deliver? Yet so universal is this lamentable method of contributing Christmas cheer, that the remark of a harassed shopper, that before she even looks at things for the people she loves she must buy a certain number of “duty-gifts,” excites neither surprise nor indignation. Would it not

be well for us to go over our Christmas list carefully, asking ourselves several simple questions with regard to each name there?

In the first place, let it not be forgotten that the mere desire to give a present does not bestow upon one the right to do so. Everyone will readily acknowledge that a man is not privileged to present expensive gifts to a lady with whom he is merely on friendly terms, even though his inclination should urge him to lay the wealth of the Indies at her feet; but it does not appear to be so generally realized that the right of one woman to give to another can, in like manner, come only from a very close and affectionate intimacy—except in some exceptional cases when one really feels a keen desire to show a substantial appreciation of some special kindness or courtesy. The gift which is offered in defiance of this right, arouses in the breast of the recipient only a sense of undesired obligation and often of indignant resentment. Let the list be shorn also of all “duty-names,” for unless the heart goes with the offering it is barren and worthless, and can bring no blessing to recipient or donor.

Having thus compiled our list with loving discrimination, let us again go over it that we may choose for each one a gift that we feel will be most appropriate and welcome. Let the pretty, dainty things go to those who love them, but who must sometimes do without them, and if some of our gifts must be plain and simple let such go to those who have much rather than to those who have little. Too often useful things are deemed most suitable for her whose unsatisfied soul hungers for the beautiful little picture, the small bit of jewellery, or the dainty little volume that is sent, as a matter of course, to the girl who, because of her abundance, receives the superfluous trifle with unappreciative indifference.



Since the feast of Christmas is, above all, the festival of children, could the Birthday of the little Christ-Child

be more fittingly celebrated than in the universal joy of the children of the world? Could we more truly show our realization of the meaning of the Day than by bringing Christmas cheer to those little ones to whom loving guardians and material comforts have been denied for some cause of which they are ignorant and innocent?



"Suffering mutely"

To attempt to reach all the children who are "weeping ere the sorrow comes with years," would, of course, be fruitless, but if each one of us would do what she could in her own small world much would be accomplished, for, alas! no one need go far to find helpless little ones suffering mutely, uncomprehendingly, because those who went before them transgressed the Law—that hard, irrevocable Law wherein it is decreed that for every sin full measure of suffering shall be demanded even unto the fourth generation.

In hospitals, in homes for ill-treated, forsaken or incurable children, in institutes for those from whom the precious gifts of speech, hearing or sight have been withheld, and in the crowded tenements and tumbledown

huts where the yet more unfortunate little waifs are huddled, we can find them in every city, town or village.

The Germans tell many beautiful stories of how the Christ-Child comes at Christmastide as a friendless, destitute wanderer who knocks at the door of some lowly cottager seeking food and raiment, and how, when the peasant has given freely of his scanty store, suddenly a great light fills the tiny house, the signs of pain and misery vanish, and lo, the little mendicant stands revealed before His enraptured host, the radiant Christ-Child.

Not in Germany alone, but throughout the world, who gives but a cup of cold water to one of the least of His little ones has given unto Him.

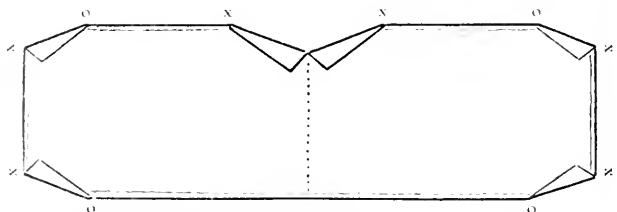
GIFT SUGGESTIONS

THE perfection of giving is attained by him who gives himself with his gift, and where it is possible it is certainly eminently desirable that the personality of the giver should shine through the gift.

The nimble-fingered woman with time at her disposal can easily make many charming and dainty articles with which to manifest her regard for her friends.

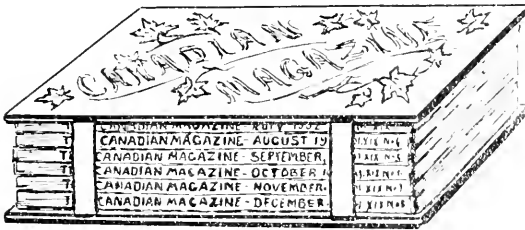
Fancy stocks and fetching little hand-made handkerchiefs are always received with delight by the Daughters of Eve, and for the further help of undecided gift-makers, the following illustrations have been prepared for *Woman's Sphere*:—

Number 1 shows a dressing-jacket, or what our grandmothers called a "Nightingale." The one illustrated was made from a piece of pale blue eider flannel, one and a half yards in length. A hem half an inch deep is



NO. 1—A NIGHTINGALE, WITH DETAIL

turned on the right side all the way round. Exactly in the middle of the length of material a slit about six inches deep is cut, and the edges are turned

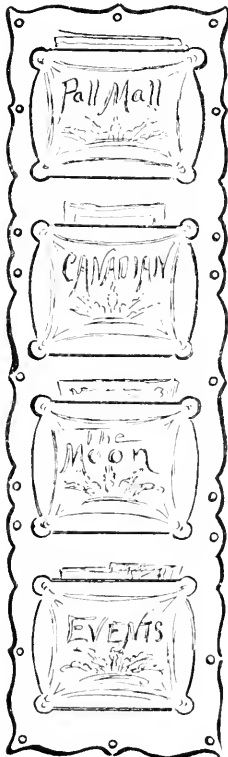


NO. 2—MAGAZINE CASE

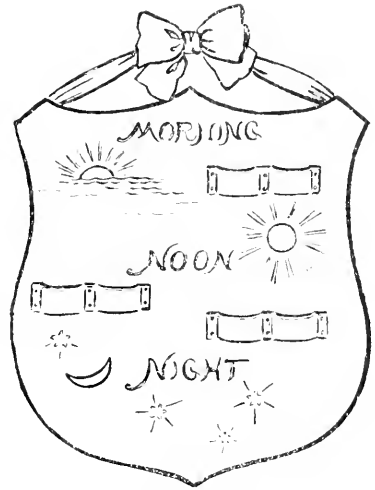
over as shown in the diagram. This forms the neck.

The four corners are also turned over and joined with ribbon bows at mark X, or if preferred they may be joined instead where marked O. The dotted line in the diagram is the middle of the back. Feather stitching in silk to match the ribbon is then worked on the hem and turned over portions at neck and on sleeves.

A useful magazine case is pictured in Number 2, designed to be made of heavy cardboard covered with linen, silk, or leather. Straps may be made of ribbon arranged to tie in bows at one side, or of wide elastic, gilded, as shown here.



NO. 3—MAGAZINE CASE



NO. 4—PIPE CASE

Another variety of magazine case, intended as an accessory to a cosy corner or library den, is shown in Number 3, and is to be made of leather, denim or canvas. It should be fastened to the wall with brass-headed tacks.

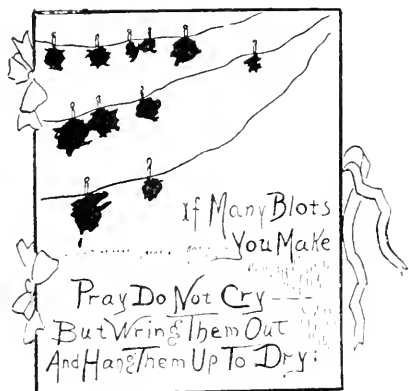
The attractive pipe-case shown in Number 4 needs no directions for making. Brown denim with the design worked in gold and the straps for the pipes fastened with gold-headed tacks, would be an attractive and appropriate combination.

Number 5 will be appreciated by the girl who travels. It is a case for stick-pins and jewellery. As shown here it was made of velvet, lined with eider flannel and decorated with a monogram. It is intended to be rolled up and secured with ribbon ties.

The blotter shown in Number 6 is attractive and original, and can easily be made by a child. A pretty effect would be obtained by tinting the upper space blue, and the grass pale



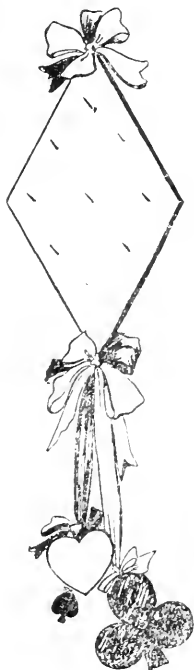
NO. 5—STICK-PIN CASE



NO. 6—BLOTTER

green, leaving the intervening space white.

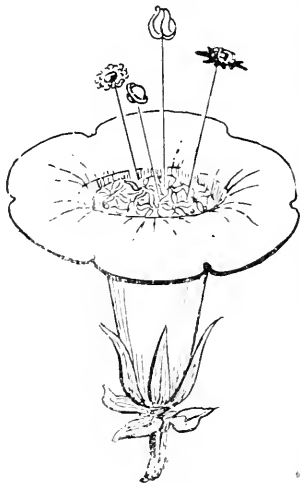
Number 7 pictures a welcome addition to the work-table. The spool-rack is made of inch board cut in diamond shape and covered with scarlet silk. Three-inch wire nails are hammered through from the back and gilded. The pin-cushion is also of scarlet silk, covering a cardboard heart. The



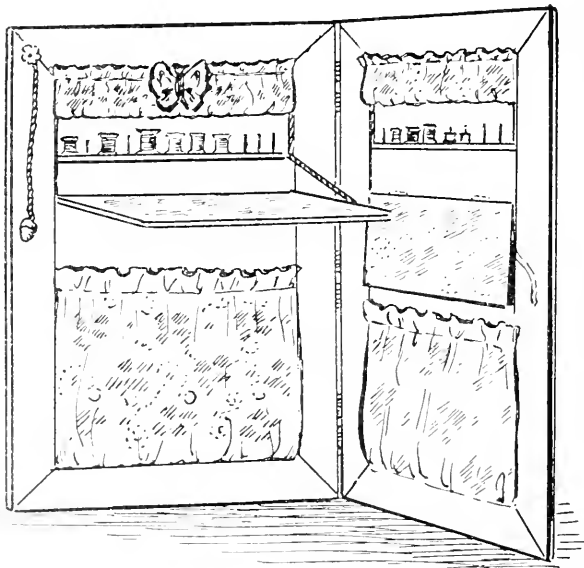
NO. 7—SPOOL-RACK

needle-book is a black silk ace of clubs, and the black silk emery-bag furnishes the ace of spades.

Number 8 hangs upon the side of the mirror, and is a convenient receptacle for hat-pins. The lower part is made from stiff canvas, the petals of velvet stiffened with canvas, and the markings done in out-line stitch or in tinsel over-sewn. The cushion is of frayed rope covered with net or a crocheted top of knot-stitch in silk. It should be secured to the body of the flower before the latter is covered. The stem is wound with green silk



NO. 8—HANGING CUSHION



NO. 9—SEWING SCREEN

ribbon of which the leaflets are also made. The cushion is hung by a ring fastened at the back.

The sewing-screen shown in Number 9 is covered with sail-cloth, and has double hinges, so that it may be turned either way. Pockets, shelf, and needle book are of liberty silk or of cretonne. The back of the screen is decorated with painting or embroidery. In the illustration a fancy butterfly pin-cushion and an emery-bag are fastened to the left.

Number 10 gives a pretty idea for a frame for a medallion photograph. The petals of the wild rose are cut from white canvas and covered with pale green silk or liberty satin. The cir-



NO. 10—PHOTO FRAME

cular opening is finished with embroidery in yellow silk. The back is of green silk.

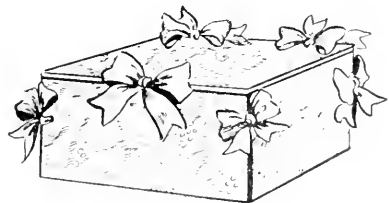
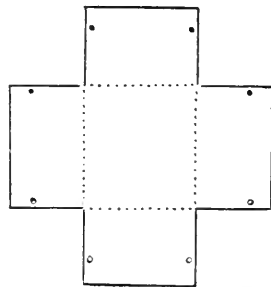
The match-striker shown in Number 11 is simple and "striking." Cut the cat out of sandpaper and mount on Bristol board, filling in his whiskers and other necessary lines with Indian ink or sepia. The cushion may be made of silk or coloured paper, or simply tinted with water colours.

With a little time and patience a very youthful Santa Claus can easily evolve a thing of beauty and utility if the following directions for making the article shown in Number 13 are carefully followed. Take a firm cardboard box and cut down the corners so that it will lie perfectly flat as in dia-



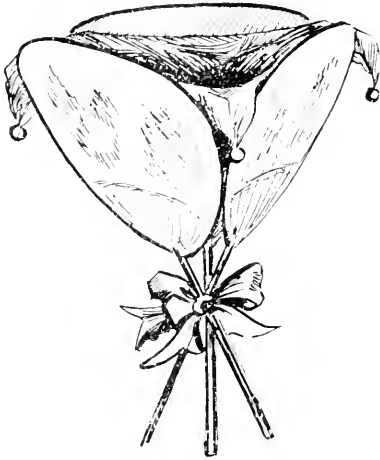
NO. 11—MATCH STRIKER

gram. Then paste fancy silver or gilt paper—pretty wall-paper patterns answer admirably—on the outside of the box, turning in neatly at the edges. The inside may be lined with pale-tinted paper to match, also pasted and joined neatly at the edges. Punch holes as indicated in diagram, and tie together with ribbon. The lid must be covered and lined in the same way, and tied at the back with two bows for hinges. Ribbons may also be used to tie it shut at the front. Of course,



NO. 13—FANCY BOX

the cover may be as elaborate as one wishes, of flowered silk, art cretonne, or embroidered linen, in which case the edges should be neatly top-sewn. A very small box would serve as a receptacle for stamps, collar-buttons, hair-pins or rings, larger for handkerchiefs, gloves, veils, etc.



NO. 14—CATCH-ALL

Number 14 pictures a Catch-All, constructed out of three Coronation fans. The inside bag is of red silk and new small King Edward silver coins, or bright 1902 King Edward coppers may be used to decorate the corners instead of balls or tassels. If the fans are joined firmly and at the proper angle the catch-all will stand, or it may be hung against the wall by a small ring fastened at the top of one of the fans.

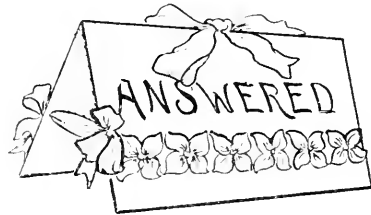
A piece of rough water-colour paper eight inches wide by eighteen inches long is used to make the letter-case shown in Number 15.

Across each end is painted a row of pansies, violets, or wild roses, and the edges of the petals cut out. The paper is then folded directly in the middle, and the ends turned up so that the flowers show, and tied with ribbons to form pockets, whose use is demon-

strated by the word *Answered* painted in fancy letters above the one, and the word *Unanswered* above the other.

A NEW GUILD

AN English organization which is rapidly gaining in popularity and is said to be exerting a most excellent influence, is known as *The Girls' Letter Guild*. The Bishop of Coventry is its President, and the idea of the organization is to bring illiterate and untrained girls of the working classes into touch with women of culture and refinement through correspondence. Each gentlewoman who joins the Guild agrees to pay one shilling a year and to write every month a long, friendly letter to any one of the girls who may be allotted to her. She is to take an interest in the girl's welfare, her work and amusements, her hopes and ambitions. She must, if possible, win the girl's liking and confidence, and do all that she can to advise her, to correct false ideas, vulgarity and impropriety, and to inspire wholesome ideas and ambitions.



NO. 15—LETTER CASE

This is a work which is decidedly Ruskinian in its conception and ideal in its intention, and if the girls are in earnest and the gentlewomen with whom they are put in touch possess a sincere and steadfast purpose and an attractive and magnetic personality, the Guild may be productive of much good by uplifting and refining a class that stands in great need of such help.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

IN reviewing the world events of the year one fact stands out so prominently that it dwarfs all others in its neighbourhood. People with a large bump of reverence for the frippery of monarchy may rush to the conclusion that the event referred to is the coronation, but it may be said at once that the reference is to what they may consider a very humble episode of that shining function, namely the Colonial Conference, and I hope the reader will pardon me if I devote a little space to showing its real meaning and importance as a world event. There is the more necessity to do this because of a disposition to treat the Conference as if it had been largely a failure. It may have accomplished little that can be set down, numbered and docketed, but it has directed attention to some of the most momentous considerations.

28

Unless some unlooked-for changes occur there will, thirty years from now, be but three Powers of the first rank in the world. These will be the British Empire, the United States and Russia. Germany and France will remain great European nations, but their capacity for expansion is limited and they have provided for themselves no outlet in the shape of white colonization. They have colonies, but they are not white men's countries. Russia possesses an immense territory, largely undeveloped, stretching across the face of the world, covering all the latitudes from the arctic to the temperate zone. She has a fecund, vigorous people, with a semi-barbaric civilization, and fresh, primal, barbaric strength. She is a colossus now. Thirty years from now she will be of still more portentous

bulk. The United States are by no means at their climax. Their numerical and industrial growth, while not proportionately equal to that of the last thirty years, will nevertheless be notable and continue to furnish matter for wonder to contemporary times.

29

Had the United Kingdom adopted the view which was commended to her very generally thirty years ago she would already be out of the class of great Powers. She would scarcely rank with France or Germany. Her own territory, always at the point of saturation, would be constantly throwing off swarms of her eager and virile sons, building up new and, possibly, hostile nations in remote regions of the earth. As it is, they have not only contributed of their numbers to the youngest of the three great Powers mentioned, but have, moreover, conferred the inestimable gift of their civil institutions and their genius for wide freedom conjoined with a well-ordered society. We may sometimes regret that a greater proportion of this migrating host has not found its home within colonial borders, but it is useless objecting to the laws of gravitation. They will operate in spite of our protest. The hopeful thing is that the powers of attraction are becoming more apparent in the Colonies year by year. It is a quality that grows with its growth.

30

When one says this he is apt to have the Canadian census thrown in his face. If there were no other means of stock-taking than this we Canadians, who like to vaunt ourselves a bit, would have to be silent—and burst. But



OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

MISS CANADA (to her Guardian, SIR WILFRID LAURIER on his return from visiting England and France)—“So you’ve seen my two Grandmothers; how do you like them?”

SIR WILFRID—“Well, my dear, they are *both* so charming, that I’m surprised they don’t know one another better!”—*Punch*.

there are other means of measuring our inches and they are more up-to-date than a census taken in April, 1901. We have the figures of our foreign trade, showing month compared with month, and year compared with year, a bounding commerce that has already taken us out of the ruck of the little Powers of the world. I shall not afflict the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE with rows of figures, but take this little row. From 1868, the first complete fiscal year of Confederation, to 1895, the increase in our total foreign trade was 71 per cent. In these twenty-seven long years we had not managed to double our trade. It

was weary work, and no wonder, though the Fathers were dubious and cautious. I remember hearing Sir John Macdonald tell a deputation who desired the expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars on a public work, that the Dominion would have to be very careful as to its expenditures, as the impairment of its credit in the London market stared it in the face. And then he turned to the newspaper men and asked them not to report his words for fear they would have the same effect. Would any rational expenditure of a few hundred thousand dollars impair our credit to-day? Between 1895 and 1902, seven years as against twenty-eight, our foreign trade has grown 80 per cent., and even at its present rate of growth will have doubled in two years more.

28

In all likelihood it will have more than doubled, for we can scarcely exaggerate the effect which the present influx of producers in the West will have both on our exports and our imports. When we undertook the building of a transcontinental railway twenty odd years ago hard-headed men thought we were jumping into the abyss. Now we are talking boldly of several transcontinental railways. In short, we are showing all the signs of at last having passed the whooping-

cough stage, and the measles stage, and the puling stage, and have emerged into our young manhood, where we look out on the world with considerable impudence and self-confidence. When I look at the figures between 1868 and 1895, I am reminded of the story told me some years ago by one of Toronto's wealthiest men. He was a mechanic, and it took him many years to get a thousand dollars together. If his progress had remained at the same rate it would have taken him 50,000 years to have acquired his present possessions. But that is not the way things which have the possibilities of real growth in them grow, and it is not the way nations with the right stuff in them grow. There is a stubborn climb up-hill to a certain point, and then the plain spreads wide and level to the horizon and arithmetical progression becomes the rule.

38

If it were announced to-morrow that the United States had entered into a

hearty offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain there would be a general feeling that therein was the strongest combination of national forces which the world had ever seen. And all that I have said above leads to this statement: That in a comparatively few years there will stand by the side of the mother country a congeries of young lands populous, resourceful, confident, ever-growing, and ever green, and, I firmly believe, more attached to the fortunes of the Greater Britain and prouder of the glorious system and traditions of which they are a part than they are to-day. Children are going to school to-day who will see the Colonies more populous and more wealthy than the motherland, and even then only half-way on to their goal. Some find it difficult to believe that great and growing lands such as this will continue in a position implying inferiority. But there will be no implication of inferiority. There will be a constantly increasing feeling of parity in everything. Matters will ad-



THE PARLIAMENTARY "PUSH-BILL"—*Punch*

There is a new game in Great Britain and the United States known as push-ball. The ball is about eight feet in diameter and weighs about 60 pounds. The *Punch* artist takes the game to represent the situation of the Education Bill in the British Parliament.



THE LEGISLATIVE PROBLEMS OF THE UNITED STATES

COLUMBIA—"Now you must solve those problems nicely or I won't give you any reward. You have plenty of time and no excuse."—*Chicago Herald*.

just themselves. The material ties may grow looser instead of firmer, but those immaterial and ethereal ones will wax stronger with the years. The filial and prosperous son does not need a statute to compel him to surround his grey-haired mother with comforts or to yield her reverent respect. The great joy of tending and protecting her lies in its uncompelled spontaneousness, and that person would be doing a violence to the hallowed connection if he provided police regulations for coercing the son in case he should tire of the task. Let us have as few police regulations in the relations of the Empire as possible. Far better to let the son prove unnatural than try to bind him with the bonds of "must."

28

If these prognostications are right the taking of Quebec will be a far greater historic headland than Waterloo,

and the Boer war, regrettable as it was in some aspects, and the Colonial Conference, failure though some good people think it to be, will be regarded as links in the same great chain of events. We are not dealing with an ideal world, where the dear little lamb is as safe in his rights as the grim wolf. We are living in a world where stray lambs will become consolidated into the wolf, and those of us who believe that there are features about British civilization that are worthy of preservation are glad to see a vision of a great, strong, just Empire afraid of nothing and making no one else afraid.

29

Our neighbours on the other side of the line have just con-

cluded one of their numerous national struggles at the polls. It is significant that the Democrats did not make attacks upon the foreign, or expansionist, policy a prominent feature in their campaign. Indeed, the only branch of it dwelt upon to any extent was a denunciation of the shabby treatment dealt out to Cuba by the Republican party. The Cubans seem inclined to repudiate the fiscal concession of twenty per cent., which was all that the protectionist majority in Congress could be induced to offer the Islanders. President Palmas has stated that he is disinclined to make any reciprocal recognition of this twenty per cent. concession. Twenty per cent. on the face of it may seem to be a large reduction, but it really makes very little difference what diminution a country makes on its rates of duty, so long as they are still high enough to prevent the competing country from bringing in its goods profitably.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

GENERAL BOOTH is growing white and old wearing his self-chosen title and doing his self-chosen work. He is

again visiting his Canadian and United States armies to cheer them in their ceaseless campaigns.

Four years ago he made a similar visit. Since then he claims to have covered 100,000 miles, and given 1,500 addresses, besides guiding the destinies of armies in nearly every country in the world. He is truly a wonderful man.

And the Salvation Army is doing a magnificent work everywhere, reclaiming the criminal, raising the fallen, succouring the ignorant, preaching the simple Gospel to simple people. Society owes much to the scientific aid of this army of working monks and nuns.

Some of the prominent Anglican churchmen in Canada have been anxious to establish voluntary schools where religion might be taught as in the case of Roman Catholic separate schools in Ontario.

Apparently their model was the voluntary school of England, whence come nearly all Anglican ideas and ideals. The voluntary school there dates back, for its present status, to 1870, and it has therefore been thirty years on trial. Schools have been built by the church at an expense of about \$75,000,000, and a brave fight has been made to keep them going and prevent their being made "public," as are our common schools in Canada.

The Education Bill, now stirring England to the depths, indicates

that the "voluntary" schools are destined to pass away. The church practically admits that the voluntary system is bankrupt,* that it cannot be maintained on voluntary contributions, and that it should be maintained out of the rates as are our public schools in Canada. Both Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, the former an opponent of the new Bill, the latter a supporter, admit that there is "impecuniosity and want of funds"† in many districts.

The Liberals and Nonconformists of England are fighting for free and



GEN. WILLIAM BOOTH

Father of the Salvation Army. Recently in Canada investigating Salvation Army work

*Sir William Harcourt, address of October 8th. of October 9th.

†Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, address

compulsory education, severed from denominational control. Some Anglican churchmen of Canada are trying to destroy free and compulsory education in Canada by putting it under denominational control. Even the Conservatives and the moderate Church party in England see that denominational control is an anomaly. In Canada some churchmen look forward to it as a great reform.

As a matter of fact, the Anglican church is not in earnest when it calls our public schools irreligious. Under our present system any clergyman may arrange to give occasional religious instruction in the schools, but whoever heard of the Anglican or any other church systematically or even occasionally taking advantage of this privilege? The whole movement is devised and supported by faddists who are anxious for cheap notoriety, and is not opposed

by moderate and respectable churchmen for fear they should be accused of being lukewarm in the interests of the church. It is regrettable that Professor Goldwin Smith should have been induced to give a moderate approval of voluntary schools, because from him we have learned to watch for sound liberal principles, broadly enunciated.

One of Canada's most priceless possessions is her free, compulsory and undenominational school system, and this jewel in our constitutional crown must be guarded with the utmost care and vigilance. ✂

It is inevitable that there should be continual changes in the Dominion Cabinet. These come almost every year, even though the same party may continue to control a majority in the House of Commons.

CABINET CHANGES.

Under Sir John Macdonald's Administration from 1867 to 1873, for example, there were four Ministers of Finance: Sir A. T. Galt, Sir John Rose, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir S. L. Tilley. Under Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's rule from 1873 to 1878, there were five Ministers of Inland Revenue: Hons. Fournier, Geoffrion, Laflamme, Cauchon and Laurier. Under Sir John Macdonald's regime from 1878 to 1891, there were seven different men holding the portfolio of Postmaster-General.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sworn in as First Minister of Canada on the 11th of July, 1896, and all the members of his Cabinet, with one exception, two days later. Hon. Mr. Paterson and Hon. Sir Henri Joly were added to the Cabinet in June, 1897. Since then there have been many changes.



HON. J. ISRAEL TARTE, EX-MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

The first was the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat from the position of Minister of Justice, his successor being the Hon. David Mills. This occurred in November, 1897. No further change occurred until September, 1899, when Mr. James Sutherland became Minister without portfolio, upon the decease of Hon. Mr. Geoffrion. In June, 1900, Sir Henri Joly was succeeded as Minister of Inland Revenue by Mr. Michael C. Bernier. In January, 1902, the Hon. Mr. Sutherland became Minister of Marine and Fisheries, in succession to Sir Louis Davies. In the following month Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick became Minister of Justice in succession to Hon. David Mills. In the same month Mr. William Templeman became a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, upon the death of the Hon. R. R. Dobell. Upon the retirement of the Hon. J. Israel Tarte last month, Mr. Raymond Prefontaine entered the Cabinet.

The following are therefore the new members of the Government formed in 1896:

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick.
 Hon. James Sutherland.
 Hon. Michael C. Bernier.
 Hon. William Templeman.
 Hon. Raymond Prefontaine.

These gentlemen occupy the places of the following:

Sir Oliver Mowat, G.C.M.G.
 Sir Louis Henry Davies, K.C.M.G.
 Hon. David Mills.
 Hon. Richard Ried Dobell (deceased).
 Hon. C. A. Geoffrion (deceased).
 Sir Henri Joli de Lotbinière.
 Hon. J. Israel Tarte.


Sir Wilfrid Laurier began his work as First Minister with a strong Cabinet, and it was hardly to be expected that fate would leave it unimpaired during



HON. JAMES SUTHERLAND, WHO SUCCEEDS HON. MR. TARTE AS MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

six years. Some of these strong men are not now at the council-board, but we may hope that the newer members will prove as worthy as their predecessors.

The Hon. Mr. Tarte laughingly stated, since his retirement, that every Cabinet Minister should know the Constitution by heart. There is no doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's famous letter to Mr. Tarte, accepting his resignation, will remain upon our records and rank with decisions of the Supreme Court or Privy Council. All future writers on this constitutional point will quote, among the authorities for saying that a Cabinet speaks and acts as a whole, Sir Wilfrid's letter. In fact, the very tone of the document showed that Sir Wilfrid recognized its historical and legal value, and stated his ruling and his deductions with exceptional dignity.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

THE admirers of Mr. Barrie have a treat in store for them if they have not yet read his new book.* His novels, delightful as they are, have sometimes roused the critics to say that in plot and construction he is not at his very best, and that elaborated sentimentalism in time loses its hold upon that extremely practical person the novel-reader. But Mr. Barrie's fund of delicate and kindly humour is both inexhaustible and charming, and he has elected in the present work to exercise this talent to the full. The result leaves no room for hostile criticism. To describe in definite terms the *motif* of the book is not easy, seeing that it consists of a series of pleasant ramblings with children,



J. M. BARRIE

* The Little White Bird. By J. M. Barrie, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

illustrating their tastes and oddities from the standpoint of a sympathetic "grown-up," and exploring the curious interests and amusements of childhood in a half-realistic, half-mystical fashion. The delights of parenthood to the reflective and loving observer are all brought out. The children, including David—who was once kept at home in flannels because he had sneezed the night before—Porthos, a dog which waddled up the stairs at the club exactly like some members of it—and Paterson, a lover of youth with whimsical ways, all flit across the pages illumined by a wit that never grows wearisome and a sentiment that is distinctly not mawkish. Mr. Barrie, as we know by "The Little Minister" and "When a Man's Single," is capable of writing a very taking novel of modern ways, but it is more than doubtful if any of his previous books quite brings out with the same clearness and insight his power of delineating the purest phases of human temperament, and the healthy instincts that belong to a well-balanced mind. Perhaps the droll humour wins the favour of the reader with more certainty than the dainty touches of philosophy and the evidences of refinement that are scattered through the book, but, at all events, it is a fine piece of literary work which any writer should be glad to have produced.



THREE BIOGRAPHIES

There are certain difficulties connected with writing the biography of a living man. The advantages of having one—when the man fills a large



ILLUSTRATION FROM "A MAID OF MANY MOODS,"
MRS. SHEARD'S TALE OF SHAKESPEARE'S
FRIENDS AND ACTORS

place in the public eye—outweighs all the disadvantages. Mr. Halsted's work* on President Roosevelt comes under this category. It is chiefly of interest to students of politics, since it rapidly summarizes Mr. Roosevelt's early career, and even devotes small attention to his war services. His high political offices since, however, and the way he has filled them come in for full attention, and the reader gets a view of current political history brought right down to date.

On the other hand, it is understood that Mr. Willison's *Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier*, deals with the early days of the Premier and the events which shaped his career more exhaustively than it does with the history of the last few years. Mr. Willison is known to have been a close personal friend of the Premier for a long time, and he has the insight of a journalist as

well as the authority of a trained student of public affairs to help him. The book should be very interesting if, as is said, it goes frankly into the contest waged in Quebec between the Liberal or *Rouge* leaders and the ecclesiastical powers. It is probable that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's creditable, if short, career in the Quebec Legislature is not much known to his English fellow-countrymen, while his connection with the Mackenzie Government and his rise in the party counsels until Mr. Blake's retirement marked him out for the leadership, are facts but dimly remembered. Mr. Willison's book goes into all this and will take its place among the most important Canadian works dealing with political history.

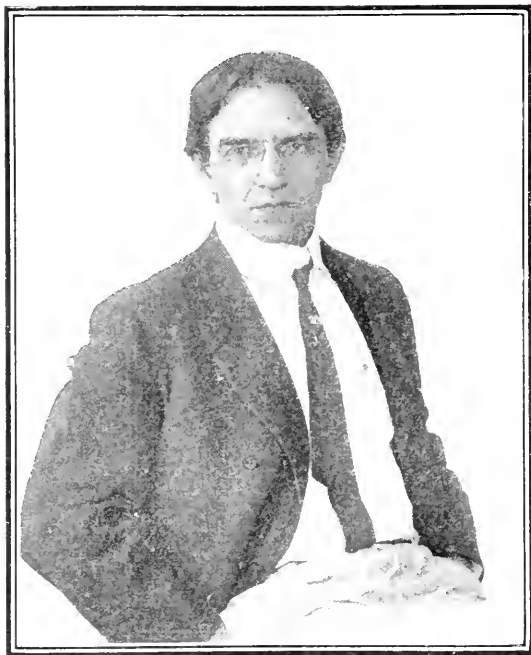
A new *Life of Lord Salisbury* is coming out. The interest in the illustrious statesman has evidently not ceased since his retirement. The writer is F. D. How. Until the secret history of the last thirty years, embodied



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM "A MAID OF
MANY MOODS"

KINDNESS COPP, CLARK CO.

* *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*. By Murat Halsted. Chicago: Saalfeld Co.



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

in private letters, diaries and state papers can be revealed, the public career of Lord Salisbury will not be fully understood. His personal and family life, which is guarded from the crowd with the wise seclusion that pervades the best English society, could be dealt with only by someone who knows him well. There was in a recent issue of the *New Liberal Review* an article upon Lord Salisbury which showed a good deal of knowledge of his domestic life. The last issue of the *Quarterly Review* examines his foreign policy in a eulogistic strain, but there is not much of permanent value about it, as the writer seems to be somewhat in the dark on certain phases.

NEW NOVELS

When Charles G. D. Roberts had fully decided that writing poetry was unprofitable, though pleasant and honourable, he commenced giving the world prose-poems. His first stories were crude, as one may dis-

cover for himself by examining those collected under the title "Around the Camp-Fire," published six years ago, or either of the other two prose volumes published at that time. Yet the promise in them was fully redeemed by "The Forge in the Forest," issued in the following year, and in everything issued since. His work now bears the ear-marks of a master of style, full of the confidence which is born only of much experience. He paints his pictures with vivid detail, too much detail, perhaps, and too few master-strokes. Yet they are perfect pictures, slowly, carefully, artistically produced.

"Barbara Ladd"* is a prose-poem of the pre-revolutionary period in the State of Connecticut. It is a literary gem with the adequate sentimentality of Barrie's "Little White Bird," yet possessing more of the story-interest. It is pure literature,



ERNEST SETON (THOMPSON)

* "Barbara Ladd," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

and as such will probably not be popular in the ordinary sense of that term.

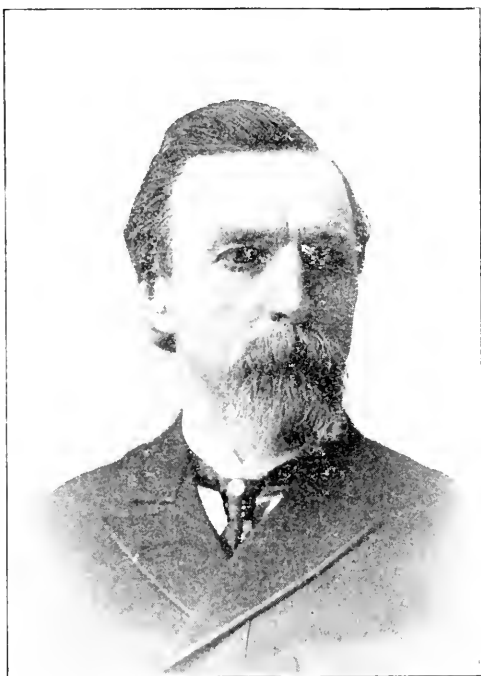
There is much curiosity to know the real author of "The Confessions of a Wife," who signs herself Mary Adams. The book was certainly written by a woman, as its revelations of a woman's passions, fears and ideals could hardly be so perfectly depicted by a mere man. Marna, the heroine, is a highly-strung, sensitive creature, who quickly discerns the beginnings of estrangement between herself and her husband. He goes away, and in the separation she discovers the depth of her affection for him, and on his return—after the mystery of their parting is fully accounted for, and a painful explanation it is—the two live happy ever after.

"Those Black Diamond Men,"* a collection of tales about the miners of Pennsylvania, has been popular during the past few weeks. It is a vivid picture of a district "where liberty is threatened by anarchy, where learning is throttled by ignorance," and where opulence and poverty are jowl by jowl. It is an attempt to deal with the great problem of monopoly and labour, which is pressing for solution, and to make suggestions by painting pictures of life as it is there with some of the experiments which are helping towards improvement.

Stories of the North-West† must often have the Indian among the leading characters. One writer has recently given us a tale which is purely of Indian life and character, and which vividly describes the country of the Assiniboines and Chipewas. Indian views of national life are presented in an unusual manner, so that the reader may pierce farther into the recesses of the Indian mind. The bird and animal life of that district as it was about 1867 is well described, and over all this back-

ground are the "Two Wilderness Voyagers," two Sioux children, carried into captivity, and experiencing adventures which are most interesting.

There is no doubt that S. R. Crockett is a great story-teller. He seems to grasp the dramatic points in the history of those who lived centuries ago with as much ease as he dissects the lives of those with whom is contemporaneous. He analyzes character,



HON. JAMES YOUNG, AUTHOR OF "PUBLIC LIFE IN CANADA: BEING RECOLLECTIONS OF PARLIAMENT AND PRESS"

especially Scotch character, with a sure touch, and paints in vivid colours all the characters he outlines on his canvas. "Flower o' the Corn,"* his 22nd novel, is a tale of the days of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in the Lowlands. Flower o' the Corn is a Scotch lass, whose father is chaplain to a Scotch regiment, and her life is bound up in a most tragic manner with the fate of one Captain Maurice Raith,

*Those Black Diamond Men, by William F. Gibbons. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

†Two Wilderness Voyagers, by Franklin Welles Calkins. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

*Flower o' the Corn, by S. R. Crockett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



ALMA FRANCES MCCOLLUM, A PROMISING
CANADIAN POET WHOSE FIRST VOLUME
"FLOWER LEGENDS" IS JUST OUT

aide-de-camp to His Grace the Duke. War and intrigue in the Lowlands and Southern France form the woof, and this love-story the web, of a stirring tale.

Marion Crawford is also a storyteller; he combines Barrie's faculty for delineating temperament with Crockett's power of describing stirring actions. He is less dainty, less fantastical, less sentimental than Barrie; but he has all these qualities in a greater degree than Crockett. His latest Roman heroine, "Cecilia,"* is a lover of philosophy and metaphysics though only eighteen years of age. She is a sphinx with a riddle of her own. Few women speak thus:—

"Where have we heard the voices that come back to us, not in sleeping dreams only, but when we are waking, too, voices that come back softly, like evening bells across the sea, with the touch of hands that lay in ours long ago, and faces that we know better than our own! Where was it all before the memory of it all was here?"

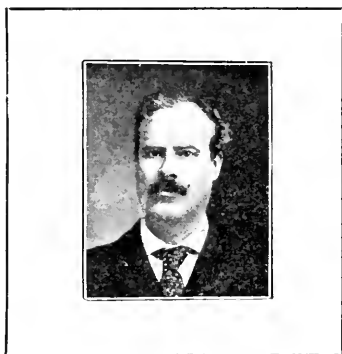
Apparently she is a creature full of "transmitted recollections," a girl living again the life lived by one of her departed ancestors—if such a thing be possible. While in this state, she

* Cecilia, by F. Marion Crawford. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

meets a man who is in a similar condition, and whose ancestor was the friend or lover of her ancestor. The situation is full of wonderful possibilities, and Marion Crawford handles it with masterly skill. As a story of modern Rome, "Cecilia" gives many vivid pictures of Italian life; as a novel it is more than that, for it contains much of universal interest.

The critics laugh, but the historical novel proceeds apace. William Stearns Davis has gone back to Babylon and Belshazzar* for material for an exciting tale. It is strong, vivid, forceful—a story to stir the blood. The refined barbarism of the time makes a moving picture which no modern cinematograph may equal. Belshazzar, arrogant, indomitable; Daniel, grave, gray, steadfast; Ruth, his daughter, timid and beautiful; Atossa, daughter of Cyrus of Persia and Queen of Babylon, proud, patient, dishonoured—these be characters worthy of some study.

As a Christmas book for a girl in her teens, "Janet Ward,"† by Margaret E. Sangster, is eminently suitable. Mrs. Sangster seems to know the problems of girl-life better than any other North American writer. Her ideals are high and the actions which she describes are always touched with nobility. The



J. W. BENGOUGH, WHO HAS A NEW VOLUME
OF POEMS READY

* Belshazzar: a Tale of The Fall of Babylon. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Janet Ward: A College Girl's Story, by Margaret E. Sangster. Second Edition. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

book is not new, as it was one of Mrs. Sangster's first novels, but it is, nevertheless, worthy of further commendation.



NOTES

The Life of Principal Grant is to be written by Frederick Hamilton and W. L. Grant. The former is a journalist who represented the *Toronto Globe* in South Africa during the war, and the latter is Principal Grant's only son, a graduate of Oxford, and a teacher in St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

Books for children are hard to write and just as hard to make. The Saalfield Publishing Co., of Akron, Ohio, yearly produce some of merit. "Roy and Rosyrocks" is a Christmas story with several illustrations; "Animal Life in Rhymes and Jingles" is well printed and does not betray the crudeness and cheapness of many such volumes; "Billy Whiskers," the biography of a goat, is uproarious in text and illustrations, but less artistic than the others. The Fleming H. Revell Co. issue: "Topsy-Turvy Land," "Rolling Rhymes," and "The Gift of the Magic Staff."

For intrinsic worth the "Boy's Own Annual" and the "Girl's Own Annual" have perhaps no equal. These handsome volumes—containing the twelve monthly numbers of their respective magazines—have been published annually for almost a quarter of a century. They are treasure-houses of interest and value, not only because of the excellent quality of their stories, but also because of their information of a practical character. Every boy's shelf of well-thumbed books has something by G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, David Ker, Dr. Gordon Stables, and other writers of boys' stories, but almost every volume of the "Boy's Own Annual" contains a complete story by each of these, and by scores of others as well. With a "Boy's Own Annual" many boys are content for their year's reading, for in its 800 large pages there are packed the contents of more than a dozen books. It contains

stories of adventure, history, travel, school life and incident, besides numberless articles of information and instruction on practical subjects. The "Girl's Own Annual" reflects the interests of growing girls, and deals in matters of daily concern. It contains a fine collection of fiction by popular writers, short stories, character sketches, and an infinite variety of articles on special subjects of interest to its youthful readers. The "Sunday at Home" contains many interesting articles on religious work in many parts



ETHELWYN WETHERALD, WHO WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH A NEW VOLUME OF VERSE

of the world, sketches of missionary endeavour, helpful articles and studies by eminent divines, information on religious topics, and many other practical features. The volume is well printed and well illustrated. The "Leisure Hour" is printed on thick-coated paper, is copiously illustrated, and contains much of the best in modern literature. These four magnificent gift books are published in England by the Religious Tract Society, and their sale in Canada, both for the monthly parts and for the Annuals, is controlled by Messrs. Warwick Bros. & Rutter.



IDLE MOMENTS



THE GREAT ACTRESS

TORONTO and Montreal wait with joyous expectation. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is coming again. Her new play is entitled, "The Joy of Living," is in three acts, consists of morbid talk about a sex problem, and has a suicide as the climax in the last act. Fathers will take their lovely daughters to be corrupted by a play, in which the star is one of the loveliest of women.

Xenes



THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD

According to *Punch*, the Canadian Arch has more than done its work, and Canada, "The Great Misunderstood," is still in the same position. The driver of a London 'bus, who had been reading about a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people, said to a passenger:—

"That 'd maik a fair bit uv a splesh, w'd'n't it? I shoold loike t'v seen 't."

The passenger remarked that he had seen a whole train run into a river because of heavy rains having weakened a bridge pier.

"Where?" he asked.

"In Canada."

He gazed pensively at his horses' heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behoved him to say something.

"In Keneda! Ow, yus. W'en 't rines owt there in th' troppics it do rine, down'n't 't!"



POLITICAL CATECHISM

Q. What are the functions of an Election?

A. To disturb business and put the other people in power.

Q. When the other people are put in, what is this called?

A. Rotation in office.

Q. What are the results of Rotation?

A. It is seen that one party is as full of rascals and incompetence as the other.

Q. What are the necessary concomitants to an Election?

A. The Bonus-hunters, The Manufacturers, The Power of The Press, The Machine, and the Party Voter.

Q. What about the other ingredient, the People?

A. They don't count, except in Bourinot's Manual.

Q. What are the uses of The Power of the Press?

A. To furnish the noise and obscure the issues, if there are any.

Ajax



THE PIG AND THE MONGOOSE

The Pig, suffering from overassimilation, went to the Mongoose, who is esteemed to have the Gift of Healing Above all Animals. In his Mouth he carried two fat Snakes as an Offering to that sagacious Creature.

"I'm feeling dreadfully ill," groaned the Pig. "I can't think what's the Matter with me."

The Mongoose saw what it was with a glance. But he knew better than to offend the Pig by telling him. So he remarked with an Assumption of solemn Sympathy:—

"Tut, tut; you do look bad, and no mistake. I see what it is. You are run down. We must do Something to pick you up."

"I felt as if a little Change to, say, the Truffle Grounds of Périgord would do me good," suggested the Pig.

"The very Thing," replied the Mongoose. "You could not have mentioned a more suitable Resort. I recommend you go there at once."

"I will," answered the Pig, delighted thus to have his suggestion confirmed by so wise an Animal as the Mongoose.

So he departed, leaving behind him

the two fat Snakes, outside of which did the Mongooose promptly place himself.

But the Mongooose's Son, who had happened to witness the above Interview, exclaimed, in great Surprise:—

"But, Papa, why did you tell the Pig that he was run down and recommend him to go to the Truffle Grounds of Périgord, when all that is needed to cure him is that he should Swear off Pig wash for a Bit?"

"My Son," smiled the sagacious Mongooose, "you know Nothing. The Pig wanted me to send him to the Truffle Grounds of the Périgord, and I wanted the Pig's Snakes. He has got what he wanted; so have I."

Moral:—Ask your Doctor.—*London Truth.*



HE MERELY WANTED TO KNOW

Small Boy—What is a roost, papa?

Parent—A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night.

Small Boy—And what is a perch, papa?

Parent—A perch is what chickens perch on at night.

Small Boy—Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?

Parent—Why, of course!

Small Boy—And could they perch on a roost?

Parent—Certainly; of course!

Small Boy—But if chickens perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?

Parent—Oh, heavens, yes! I suppose so.

Small Boy—But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost and

HOSTESS—“You're not going already, Professor, surely!”

THE PROFESSOR—“I'm sorry to, my dear lady, but I have been working so late all the week I feel I must have my beauty sleep to-night.”

HOSTESS—“Then I mustn't keep you. I'm sure you need it, poor thing!”—*Punch.*

made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch and made it a roost; then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—

Parent—Susan, Susan, take this child to bed before he drives me mad!

A WONDERFUL LAW

Bridget and Pat were sitting in an armchair, reading an article on The Law of Compensation.

"Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan uv his sinses another gits more developed. For instance, a bloind man gits more since uv hearin' an' touch, an' "—

"Shure, an' it's quite true," exclaimed Pat; "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other's longer."



EASILY READ

"Yes, she can read her husband like a book."

"Is that little fellow her husband?"

"Yes."

"Pooh! I should think she'd read him like a paragon."



A CORONATION ODE

You recollect the Wordsworth maid,
—Speaking of those in heaven,—
Her brothers and her sisters, said
(Frequently) "We are seven."
So now the King is leavened with
A similar sort of leaven,
For wheresoe'er his sign appears
We learn that E.R. VII.

—*Globe*, London



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

A Stone-Age man came back to life
To view the world again.
He thought he saw a centipede
And found it was a train.

He found a mighty monster which
Was snorting in a dell.
Its driver gently swore at it
And pumped it up as well.

He took it for a mastodon,
Too fat to travel far.
Instead of that it was a toy
They called a motor car.

He found a bloody battle-field
Between two hunting packs.
They said it was a football match—
He offered them his axe.

He saw some doctors in a ward
Conducting a P.M.
He fancied it might be a feast
And wished to join with them.

He went into a lecture room
And looked upon a shelf.
He thought he saw a skeleton
And found it was himself.

While in a still suburban street
He heard a German band.
He said that they were dangerous
And killed them out of hand.

He went into a smart "at home,"
Where dames in conclave sit;
But that was more than he could stand:
He perished in a fit.

—*London Outlook*



SONG OF THE HUSBAND

Wives and daughters all rem'nd us
We must make our little pile;
And, departing, leave behind us
Cash for them to live in style.

—*Life*



CALCULATION EXTRAORDINARY

A correspondent of the *Standard* of London, Eng., points out the interesting fact about the date of the second Coronation day, Saturday, Aug. 9th. "At 1.1.1 a.m., one minute one second past one a.m., occurred the second second of the second minute of the second hour of the second day of the second week of the second month of the second half of the second year of the second tenth century. None of all men alive now has lived to see a similar date and none will live to see it again."



A certain distinguished philosopher happened to be staying at a country house in England, and one morning a youngster looking out of the window, observing a large flock of rooks alighting on the grass, cried out, "What an awful lot of crows," upon which the philosopher, in a tone intending to convey a gentle rebuke, inquiringly said: "Well, my young friend, are crows really so very awful?" The boy quickly answered, "I didn't say, 'What a lot of awful crows,' but 'What an awful lot of crows!'" The philosopher remained silent, and the boy whispered to a friend, "Had him that time I think."



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



OLD COINS AND BILLS

THE new coins bearing the King's head are coming into general circulation. It will take some time to accustom our eyes to the absence of the face that we have known for thirty or forty years. There was a time when even

loyal Canada did not have the sovereign's head on her coins. Before the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, the copper coinage was issued by the banks. Herewith are given two examples of rare coins of that period. No. 1 is a penny issued by the Bank of Montreal in 1838 and is very rare, good specimens being worth \$25. There are other similar pennies and half-pennies which are more common. No. 2 is a "Papineau" or "Habitant" penny. It was the first copper coin issued with the name of Lower Canada on it. The Bank of Montreal issued the coins, however, and the arms of the bank are on the reverse. The words "Bank of Montreal" are on the ribbon of the arms.

After the union an Act was passed (1841) continuing the permission to corporations to issue coins. The Bank of Montreal issued the coins up to 1849, and then the duty

passed to the Bank of Upper Canada and the Quebec Bank. In 1858 the first regular Government coinage was issued.

Many private firms issued paper money for change, although it seems that the banks issued the larger bills. For example, Messrs. Watkins & Harris, hardware dealers of Toronto, issued, at least, three denominations of paper money: $7\frac{1}{2}$ pence; 15 pence or $\frac{1}{4}$ dollar; two shillings and sixpence. These bills were about six inches long and two and half inches wide. They were printed on thin India paper. The larger denomination is pictured here.

A PUBLIC AUTO-CAR

In Charlottetown, P. E. Island, the want of street-cars is in part supplied by an auto-car of considerable power



NO. 1—BANK OF MONTREAL TOKEN, 1838



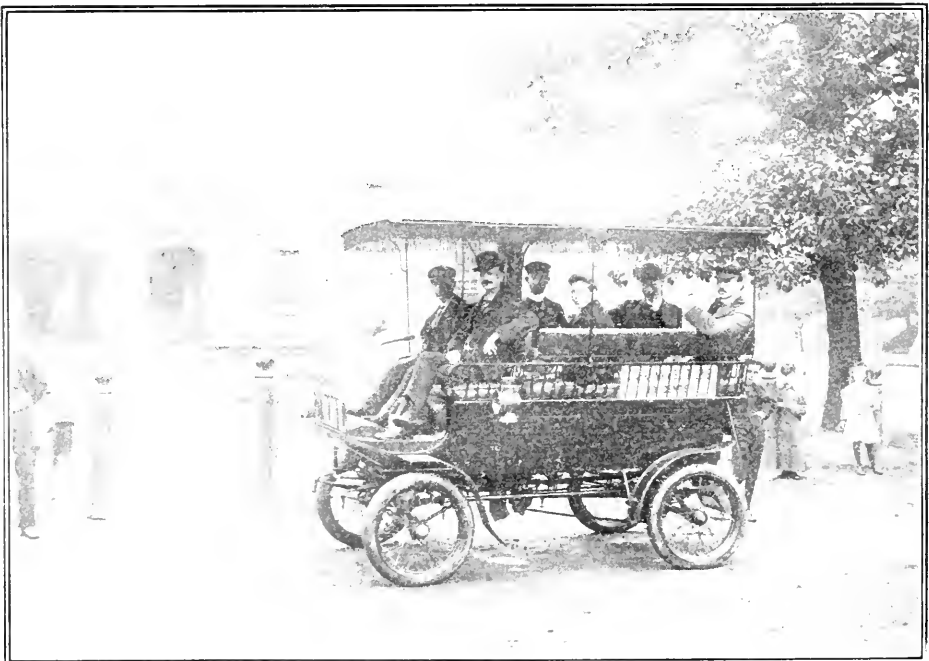
NO. 2—A PAPINEAU OR HABITANT PENNY



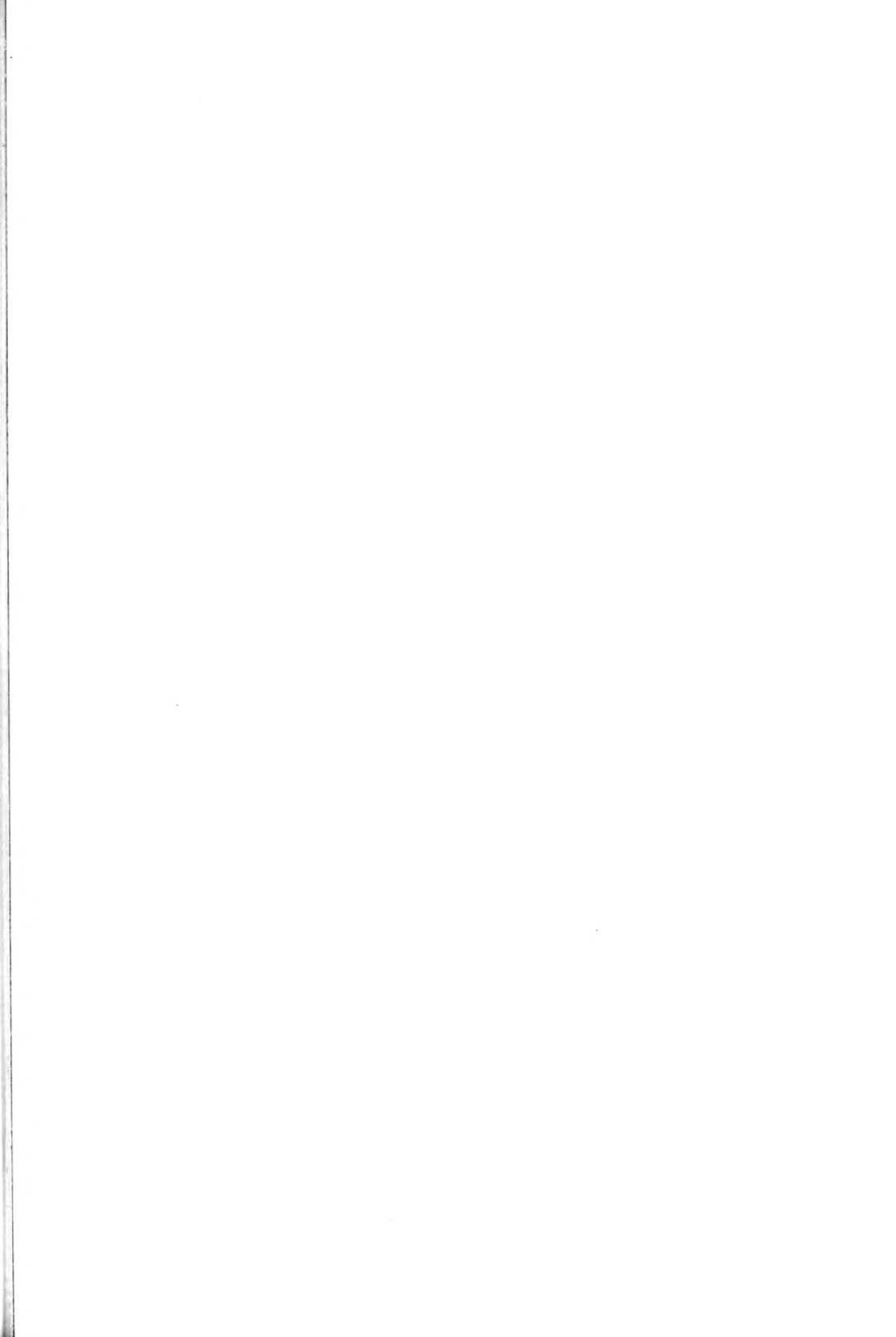
A RARE BILL. A RELIC OF THE TIME WHEN CANADA VALUED EVERYTHING IN HALIFAX CURRENCY AND WHEN THE GOVERNMENT DID NOT PROVIDE SUFFICIENT "SMALL CHANGE."

and speed, fitted up to carry ten or more passengers besides the driver. It was imported from the United States by a local company made up of business and professional men, about twenty in number, who have equal shares in the venture. The motive power is steam, generated by gasoline fuel. The car plies daily between the central square of the city and Victoria Park, a mile

distant, ten cents being charged for the round trip. It is kept busy, the seats being filled constantly with citizens and tourist visitors, the latter class being quite numerous in July, August and the early part of September. The car also makes an occasional trip to the seaside resorts on the north shore of the Island, twelve to fifteen miles distant.



PUBLIC AUTO-CAR USED IN CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS





DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

ILLUSTRATING "FORTUNE'S HILL"

"I found Darryl after a moment or two"

THE
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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1903

No. 3

THE DOUKHOBOR PILGRIMAGE

By John Riddington

SOMETHING less than twenty years ago a line of railway was built in a northwesterly direction from Winnipeg. It traversed the fertile parklands of Northern Manitoba, and near the northwest angle of the Province emerged into the Territories, penetrating Assiniboia for some fifty or sixty miles. At its terminus there arose the town of Yorkton, one of the most prosperous little burghs in the whole broad Dominion. It drew its trade from as far back as there was settlement. Cattle from ranches two hundred miles distant were shipped from its stockyards, and wheat grown in fields fifty miles away was hauled to its elevators.

The population of the district surrounding Yorkton is perhaps the most cosmopolitan in Canada. Almost every racial type known in the Dominion is represented. In the stores on a busy day is a confusion of tongues the like of which cannot be heard elsewhere in the Northwest. Gude braid Scots, drawling English, nasal American, and the rich Irish brogue alternate with Swedish, German,

Cree, Gaelic, Cymric, Russian, Italian and Sioux.

For years Yorkton pursued the even tenor of its way, its history being the counterpart of many another western town—a record of growth with each recurring season, in direct proportion to the abundance of the harvest and the prosperity of the cattle industry. But six months ago there originated conditions that culminated in a movement which for a brief time made the little territorial town the news-focus of the continent—a movement without a parallel since the times of the Crusades.

Three years ago there came to Canada between seven and eight thousand Russians. They were generally called Doukhobors, though they styled themselves "Disciples of the Universal Brotherhood." To them the Dominion was as a City of Refuge. Here they sought sanctuary from two centuries of Muscovite oppression. War they regarded as a crime. This tenet of their belief, in an empire where conscription is traditional, brought them into constant conflict with



WASYL KONKYN—THE DOUKHOBOR PREACHER

constituted authority. Since they would not serve in the army, they were ruinously taxed, their leaders exiled to Siberian mines, their women outraged, and whole communities driven from their homes beneath the lash of knout and at the points of Cossack lances, to perish on the frozen wastes of the Caucasian steppes. But the military strength of ten successive Tzars could not crush out the belief of a few unresisting peasants—so much more mighty than matter is mind. Two hundred

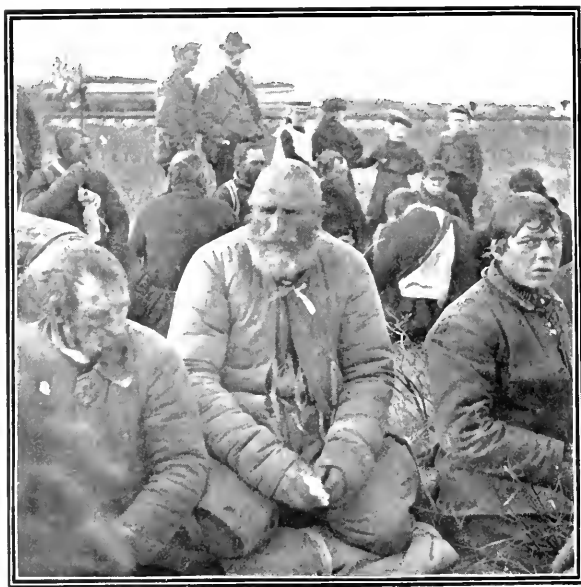
lesson as to what could be accomplished in the Northwest by men destitute of any capital save industry, economy and intelligence.

It is probable that prosperity and freedom from persecution were deemed dangerous by the leaders of the Swan River and Yorkton settlements. These men saw that their sufferings had been the bond that had held them so long together, and foresaw that comfort and abundance might accomplish that in which tyranny had failed. Commun-

ism—the keystone of their belief—was in danger of being overwhelmed by individualism. Hence the headmen realized the necessity of more stringently defining and living up to those doctrines differentiating the "Disciples" or "Spirit Westlers" from the peoples by whom they were surrounded.

Accordingly, last spring saw a new religious propaganda among the Yorkton and Swan River colonies—a propaganda unique in the history of religious movements. Those who subscribed to it grafted on the old Doukhobor beliefs many new and radical doctrines. They believed the second coming of the Son of God was imminent, and that He had called them to go forth and meet Him, to preach peace and proclaim His ad-

vent. For years the Doukhobors had been strict vegetarians, but now they would use nothing having an animal origin, howsoever remote, nor would they use animals as beasts of draught or burden. Their horses and cattle they turned adrift on the prairie—"that they might have freedom," they said. They foreswore leather boots and bone buttons, rubber being substituted for the one, and wooden bars for the other. Fur caps and coats were discarded. Woolen clothing they could still conscientiously wear, as the clipping of the



THE PILGRIMS AT LUNCH—NOTE THE SACK OR "POKE" ON THE BACK OF ONE MAN; IN THIS HE CARRIES HIS DRY OATMEAL

years of oppression found them as numerous, as placidly strong, as unyieldingly patient, as ever.

Some philanthropic Quakers in Philadelphia and England combined to furnish the means to bring these people to Canada. After many delays—some of which were only overcome by the personal intervention of the Tzarina—they arrived in the Dominion. The Government set apart land for them at Yorkton, Rosthern and Swan River, in the Territories. At each of these settlements their progress was an object-



AT BIRTLE—AN AFTER-DINNER GROUP

fleece in the spring was an act of mercy to the animal. But iron and steel were "taboo," being produced, they asserted, at too great a cost to human life.

One of the established customs of the Doukhobors was the holding at in-

tervals of conferences between representatives of the various communities. During the whole of last summer, at each of these conferences, the new beliefs gained strength, until at the beginning of October the Grand Pilgrim-



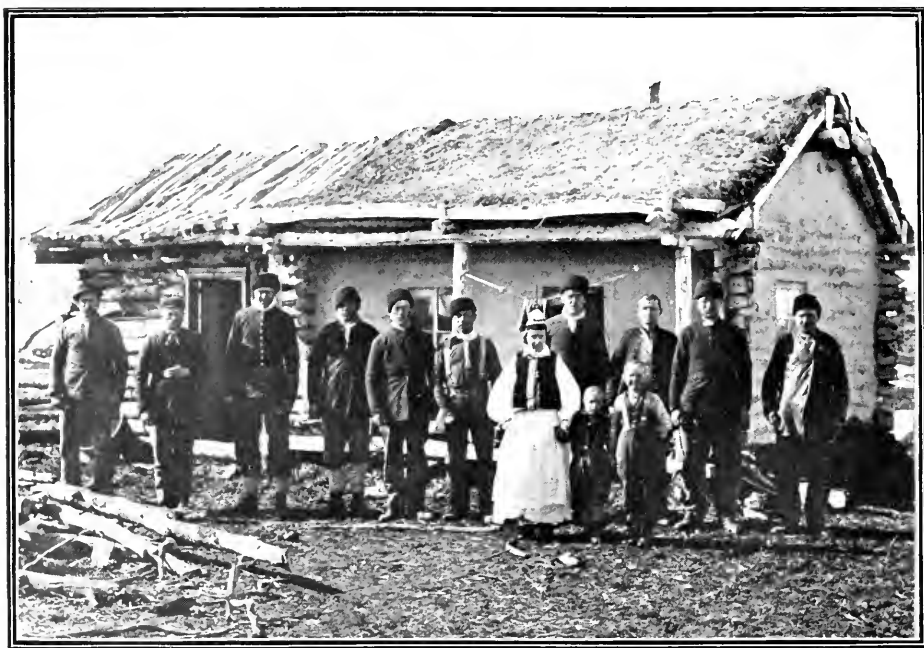
THE PILGRIMS' MID-DAY MEAL—NOTICE THE HEAPS OF DRY OATMEAL SPREAD ON THE BLANKETS. SOME HAVE HANDKERCHIEFS FULL OF ROSE BERRIES

age of Evangelization was inaugurated. Fort Pelly, midway between Yorkton and Swan River, was the rendezvous, and thither gathered some fifteen hundred of the disciples of the new beliefs.

A more picturesque or more pathetic gathering was perhaps never seen on Canadian soil. From the little infant, or the five-year-old toddler tugging at his mother's skirt, to the decrepit and infirm man of seventy, whose fading eyes yet hoped to see the King in His

for the New Light," while in desperate earnest, were staid in their demeanour as any churchwarden or elder.

In two days the march to find the Lord began. In a straggling procession, two miles or more in length, the pilgrims tramped slowly to Yorkton, receiving every few miles accessions to their strength. Young men working on railway construction flung down the spade to join the host setting forth to meet the Messiah. Little companies



THE DOUKHOBOR "HOTEL," YORKTON

beauty, all ages and both sexes were represented. The brilliant colouring of the women's clothing—they are expert dyers and skilled embroiderers—contrasted strongly with the sombre attire of the men, though these, in their closely fastened blue coats, with wide flaring skirts, or their heavy felted cloaks reaching almost to the feet, would have been noticeable anywhere. Among none of them was there any manifestation of hysterical or fanatical excitement. The Slavs are not a demonstrative race, and these "seekers

from various villages, often preceded by the headman, helped lengthen the long procession. Many not fully persuaded of the immediate coming of the Lord, yet joined the seekers, for husband, or wife, or parent, or sweetheart or child was among them. And many were the tragic partings. "He that will not forsake wife, or husband, or father, or mother, because of Me, is not worthy of Me," saith the Scripture. Many there were who hearkened to the Inner Voice, and turned their backs on those they loved the dearest, in order



A TYPICAL GROUP OF DOUKHOBORS AT BIRTLE

to obey, at the cost of such a rending of their deepest and most instinctive affections as only He they fared forth to serve can estimate.

Something less than twenty miles from Yorkton, the cortege was met by General Colonization Agent Speers, of the Immigration Department. In an



DOUKHOBORS HITCHED TO A WAGGON-LOAD OF FLOUR

These villagers, the week before the pilgrimage, bought a carload of flour, paying \$572 cash for it. They hauled it to Terpenne, their village, and then abandoned it to join the Crusade.



A TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR GIANT

opening in a clump of poplars, close to Yorkton, the representative of Canadian authority and the receivers of the Divine revelation, held a final conference. It took place at night, by the light of a huge watchfire. Overhead the full moon rolled slowly toward the zenith, flooding the undulating plain with pale yellow light, save where the flickering glow of the fire tinged the near-by trees with ruddy hues. In the distance the yellow prairie land had changed to a dim mysterious sea, with unreal headlands of birch, poplar and willow rolling back its edges. A nipping and an eager air had hung every twig and grass-blade with diamonds. The deep dead stillness was broken only by the infrequent maniacal howl of a coyote baying the moon. Except for this, there was an overwhelming sense of vastness and infinity—the eternal peace of the prairie.

The small cleared space around the fire was crowded with roughly made stretchers or litters, primitively fashioned from poplar poles and blankets. There were more than a dozen of them. In these were borne the sick and the infirm. Close against the fire was one

in which lay a woman and her newborn infant. Its feeble cries could be heard throughout the pauses of the conference. It could never boast even the pitiful natal honours accorded to Mary's Son, for it had been born in a straw stack, under the open sky, the night before.

In that ruddy ring of light about the fire, the pilgrims contended for the faith newly delivered to them by God. The leaders, Zebraoff, Dutroff and Pudoneroff, said little, behaving like men on a mission too serious to waste time in words. Wasyl Konkin, who spoke English understandably, was the principal protagonist for the pilgrims. They did not know where they were going, he said, but the good God would guide them. From Yorkton they would go east—to Winnipeg—if He whom they sought did not sooner reveal Himself. Their food would be given them, and their water would be sure. He for whom they looked had promised them this. Nor had the coming of winter any terrors for them.



CARRYING A SICK DOUKHOBOR WOMAN TO THE TRAIN

God would not permit them to suffer from exposure or cold.

"Heard you no of Joshua, yes?" asked Konkin. "Sunlight stand still for Him. Cannot the good God stand still the summer, yes?"

"But the women," urged Mr. Speers, "the women and the little children. How can they walk so far? And the sick, too, what will you do with them?"

these eyes. And we go to tell the peoples to be ready. And better it is to be telling the peoples till we die, than not to hear the Inner Voice. Is not it so, my brothers?"

Out of the darkness came a deep boom of approbation, and a hundred voices said "dobre" (good).

The conference ended as it was bound to end. Till the stern discipline of destiny had shaken the faith of the



SOME OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT YORKTON

Over Konkin's face there came a light, as of an inner irradiation, making the expressionless Muscovite features almost beautiful. "We walk to Jesus," he said. "Some of us—the little ones, the sick ones—they not walk till He come. But if *I not able to walk* to Him—Him, He come to me, and I live with Him overground (in Heaven). Yes, that is so. We think we shall see Him—see Him with

pilgrims—until they realized that the rotation of the seasons would continue, despite the Crusade of Evangelization, any attempt at restraint would but transform fanatics to martyrs.

Next day, in an impressive silence, the procession marched into Yorkton. The citizens lined the sidewalks as, ten or twelve abreast, and preceded by a gigantic Doukhobor—a blacksmith—who believed himself to be the second

John the Baptist, the pilgrims marched slowly down the main street. At the corner by the Hudson's Bay Store, sat on his horse Corporal Junget, of the Mounted Police, the sole representative of the executive arm. As "John the Baptist" came abreast of him, the corporal waved his arm, pointing to the south, and, still in the same impressive silence, the head of the cavalcade wheeled, crossed the railway track, and formed up in front of the Immigration Hall. After a minute or two of continued quiet, they raised their favourite chant from the eighth chapter of Romans, the weird minor cadences wailing mournfully in the autumn wind.

Meantime the Immigration officials had resolved on a definite course of action. It was felt that public opinion throughout the Dominion would not tolerate hundreds of women and children, wandering they knew not whither, at the beginning of a Western winter. Already many were emaciated, almost to the last degree. For more than a week many had subsisted on the ears of wheat found in the stubble fields, and on the berries of the wild-rose bushes. A few had already become subject to hallucination—the natural result of insufficient food and prolonged exposure. The dictates of common humanity urged that the more helpless and less accountable portion of the pilgrim army should be saved, by force if necessary, from the consequences of their fanaticism.

Of the seventeen hundred seekers for the Messiah, eleven hundred were women or children. Hasty but effective steps were taken to accommodate this large addition to Yorkton's population. The Immigration Hall was made to hold nearly five hundred. A disused mill, the Orange Hall, and an implement warehouse were rented to shelter the remainder. These arrangements made, Mr. Speers addressed the pilgrims, saying that it was impossible to permit the women and children to join in the search, and that the Government would care for them until the men-pilgrims returned. Then there arose

shrill protesting and outcry. None of the women would go into the shelters—they would stay with their men-folk, and search with them for the Lord.

But they were given no option. One of the Yorkton ladies attempted to lead a Doukhobor woman into the Aeromotor building. The woman drew back resistingly, when a minister and a doctor picked her up and carried her bodily into the shelter, the victim kicking vigorously. A similar amount of necessary force was used in a few other cases, after which the remaining thousand or more walked quietly into the various buildings. Special police were enrolled to prevent those detained from joining the men, and to see that all possible arrangements were made for their comfort. Soon every oven in Yorkton was busy baking, for the food supply of such a host was a problem that needed the help of every housewife to solve. Boxes of soda biscuits were bought by the score, and apples by the barrel, and bread was ordered by wire from Winnipeg to supplement the local bakeries.

But a new complication arose—the women refused to eat. Though their faces were drawn with hunger, and the little children snatched at the proffered food, their mothers would take it from them, chiding them gently, while the tears streamed down their wasted cheeks. "Better to die of hunger pain, yes," said one, "than not to see the good God, and not to see our men. We will die, we and our young, but we will not eat, no." For three days the spirit of martyrdom triumphed over both appetite and natural affection, but at length all partook of the food.

A visit to one of the shelters at night was a sight long to be remembered. In one room at the Immigration Hall slept nearly two hundred women and children. They were crowded so closely that it was almost impossible to avoid stepping on them. They lay stretched on the floor in every attitude in which repose is possible. Here could be seen a mother hushing her sick child, lest the caretaker should notice it was ill, and bring the doctor,

who by giving it medicine would save the little one's health at the eternal peril of its soul. Dotted among the recumbent forms could be seen the figures of women standing, with bowed heads, and arms crossed meekly on their bosoms, engaged in prayer. Over against the wall was a group of young girls singing their weird psalm tunes. Here were a number of women gathered around one whose eyes glittered with religious mania. She was to become the mother of the Lord, she was telling them, and would be for ever honoured as the most revered of women. In one of the rude wooden immigrant berths that lined the side of the room, was a young girl, raving. Exposure on the tramp from Fort Pelly had given her pneumonia. Yet she refused to take medicine. Persuasion was tried in her saner intervals, and, that failing, she was at last firmly held and the medicine administered by force. In another corner half-a-dozen women were repeating responsively one of their favourite chapters from the New Testament. At the door stood the alert, motionless figure of the Mounted Police—of whom there were now seven or eight in the town. The big Rochester lamp threw the whole scene into Rembrandt-like relief, lighting up the gaudy colours of the women's clothing, and making the crowded room look like a living parterre.

With the sheltering of the women and children the most pressing phase of the pilgrim problem was solved, at least temporarily. The men had made no resistance to the detention of their sisters and wives, and the officials hoped that a similar display of firmness and force might possibly induce the men-pilgrims to return to their villages. But, though they would docilely follow Corporal Junget when he led them in any direction but north, they "bunched up" and refused to take a step that would lead them back to their villages. When some of the police rode through the crowd, and tried to hustle them, they stood stolidly, and would have been ridden down and trampled to death rather than go back. One of

them threw open his coat and spread his arms: "Shoot me," he cried; "Shoot me—then I see Jesus soon." The utter uselessness of forcible measures being thus demonstrated, it was decided to make no further attempt to compel the men to desist from their search for the Saviour. Next day, therefore, they marched unhindered, leaving behind them, and never expecting again to see, their little ones and their women.

For ten days they followed the railway track to the south-east, marching at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day. The weather became daily more severe. At Foxwarren, five days' journey from Yorkton, a heavy storm covered the prairie with nearly a foot of snow. The pilgrims cowered under the lee of a bluff of willows, chilled to the bone. A bitter wind whistled over the plain, and the thermometer registered nine degrees below zero. Sleep was impossible. Some huddled together for warmth, and sang psalms; others tramped to and fro to maintain circulation. One man was wildly insane, exposure and emaciation having unseated his reason. His hoarse cries of animal fear could be heard above the shrill shrieking of the wind. Many others of the seekers for the New Light were in but little better plight. But none thought of turning back. God was pleased to try them, and they would prove faithful, if need be, to the death. When the bar of lemon-coloured light along the horizon broadened and brightened with another gray winter day, the benumbed, heroic band set their faces towards the sunrise, and fared on, fired with the hourly hope of seeing Him who is invisible.

The huge blacksmith still led the van. While others struggled far in the rear, he seemed superior to either hunger or fatigue. But under the stress of prolonged religious excitement, his mind became partially unhinged—frequently he would leap in the air, clutching with both hands. "I see Him," he would cry; "I see Jesus, my brothers. He is right here. You will see him soon," and then fling



A GROUP OF WOMEN OUTSIDE THE ORANGE HALL, YORKTON, WHERE THEY WERE TEMPORARILY SHELTERED

himself on the snow in an agony of adoration. Down the procession the sense of tension and expectation would sweep like a wave. Eyes were strained and hands stretched imploringly, but He for whom they looked did not reveal Himself. But though He tarried long, He would surely come—at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing—they knew not, but when He came, He would find them watching.

Each day was the counterpart of its fellow. At dawn the pilgrims gathered themselves from strawstack or poplar bluff, ate the remnants of yesterday's food, and then formed the order for march. By noon they would arrive at one of the little towns, clustering about the railway station and the grain elevators. Here they would gather, and Konkini would preach. The good God was coming, perhaps to-day—all should be ready to meet Him—should love Him and their fellowmen—should not smoke, eat meat, work animals, or swear—this was the summary of the message.

The service over, the pilgrims dis-

persed to beg food. Apples, soda-biscuits, bread and dry oatmeal were given them by citizens, and by one o'clock the pilgrims gathered, sat down on the prairie, and ate their mid-day meal. An hour later the march was resumed, and when dusk was deepening into dark they camped.

The only incident on the eastward march that distinguished one day from another occurred at Shoal Lake. Here many of the pilgrims saw, for a few moments, the women-folk they had left at Yorkton. The officials had determined to send back to Swan River the women and children of the villages adjacent, and had chartered a special train for their transportation. The train passed the pilgrims at Shoal Lake, staying for half an hour while Mr. Speers urged the men to abandon the mad enterprise and return home. The car doors were locked, and guarded by the police—had they not been the women would have broken out to join their husbands and brothers. Those inside the cars threw out loaves of bread, apples and biscuits to the

famished men without. Women screamed to attract the attention of their relatives, who were rushing up and down the track in the endeavour to find sisters or wives imprisoned in the cars. Mothers lifted up their infants, who chuckled delightedly at the gaunt wrecks of manhood below. Little children cried for fathers who were unable to embrace them, and old women leaned from the car windows to touch the heads of sobbing sons. It was a sight so pitiful and so pathetic as to be beyond description.

The train pulled out, and in due course arrived at Swan River, where its six hundred women and children marched out to their villages. But the pilgrim band still struggled eastward, and three days later arrived at Minnedosa, nestling between the high banks of the little Saskatchewan. Here were to be enacted the final scenes of the Crusade.

The Immigration officials rented the skating rink, and had several loads of straw placed in it. When the pilgrims marched into the town, they were told they might have the use of the rink for the night. After their evening meal, they lay down—the first time the great

majority of them had a roof between them and the sky for nearly three weeks. When in the morning, they desired to resume their march, the pilgrims found the doors guarded by police. They were prisoners.

All day they waited. They were amply supplied with food, though some of the more determined refused to eat. The day was occupied in singing psalms.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Speers went into the building and addressed the pilgrims, telling them that a train was in readiness to take them back to Yorkton, and that they could no longer be permitted to wander at that inclement season. He asked them to come quietly. Not a soul stirred. Suddenly there was a rush on the part of those nearest the door. More than a hundred broke through. But they were no nearer liberty than before, for two strong fences had been built in the night from the door of the rink right up to the cars, after the manner of a cattle chute. The pilgrims were trapped.

There were scores of brawny Canadians ready to assist the authorities. The Doukhobors were hustled along to



THE YORKTON COLONY WOMEN AT YORKTON

the track. Forty or fifty stood, clasping each other with arms and legs, and had almost to be pried apart. "John the Baptist" lay down, and gripped the ground with outspread limbs. He was picked up bodily, and flung face downwards in a farmer's waggon. "Take this man to the cars," said Mr. Speers. "You bet your life," responded the farmer, a perfect Hercules. Being hauled in a waggon was the crowning indignity, and the pilgrim attempted to rise to his knees. The driver reached back from the seat, and bore down on the Doukhobor's back with a hand almost as large, and quite as brown, as a smoked ham. "Lie still, John the Baptist," he said. "Lie still, John; if you was the Almighty Himself, you've just got to go to them cars." And John went.

Forty minutes after the first pilgrim had broken out from the rink, every Doukhobor was entrained.

Next morning they were back at Yorkton—saddened, dispirited, famished, forsaken. "Back to your villages," was the official order, and in sorrow and in silence they marched away, over the very trail they had trod with such high hopes but two short weeks before. Had God forgotten His people? Had He cast them off utterly? Might He not even yet come, strong as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners? And over the waste of snowy prairie they strained their eyes with new-kindled hope. But He for whom they looked came not.

And still they wait for His appearing.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXIX—MR. J. S. WILLISON

THE personality of a journalist is usually concealed in the mysterious recesses of an anonymous profession. If he be a man of exceptional force, his character and intellect will impress themselves upon his newspaper. Unless he takes to politics the real man is known to very few. Rare qualities are required to give the working journalist a visible place in the community and an actual hold upon the respect and affections of his fellow-citizens. That happy fortune, however, has befallen Mr. Willison, who resigned the chief editorship of the *Toronto Globe* a month ago, to embark in independent journalism, and whose new move called forth an almost dramatic display of wonder, congratulation and appreciation. It was an involuntary tribute of public esteem of which any man in any walk of life might well be proud.

The chief secret, probably, of Mr. Willison's success may be found in

this: he discovered that Canadian party journalism had developed certain faults which entirely obscured the higher functions of the press. He substituted fairness for biased reports, temperate discussion for acerbity of tone, and he provided as accurate a chronicle of the world's affairs as the resources of a Canadian journal would permit. His idea seems to have been to hew to the line, letting the chips fall where they might. He applied these methods to an old and influential newspaper without impairing its authority as a party organ. Finding, apparently, that another step forward would snap the tie which in this country so closely links newspapers to politics, he resigned a great position to conduct a new enterprise along his own lines and under his own control. In this courageous move he has been followed by many good wishes, expressed in flattering terms, and by the intelligent curiosity of those who regard the

future of the press with some anxiety. It may be that the journalists of Canada, recognizing in Mr. Willison one of their foremost men, unconsciously made more of the incident than the simple facts warranted. At the same time I can testify that a great deal of private discussion has taken place concerning the matter, and that a newspaper editor of distinction remarked in my hearing a short time ago: "Mr. Willison's resignation has shaken party journalism to its foundations." There must be some striking qualities in a man who can accomplish that feat. His career ought to be worth studying.

John Stephen Willison, I find in Morgan, was born in the County of Huron, Ontario, in 1856, and is the son of Stephen Willison, a native of England, but of Scotch descent. He was educated in the county schools, and after spending several years in various pursuits seems to have "found himself" in 1882, when he joined the press, becoming a member of the staff of the London *Advertiser*, then edited by Mr. John Cameron, the present Postmaster of London. In the following year he was appointed to the Toronto *Globe* staff, and had, therefore, been a member of it for nearly twenty years, when he resigned a few weeks ago. Mr. Willison soon began to make his mark as a writer for the press. His papers in the *Globe* under the signature of "Observer," bore evidence of individuality, breadth of view, and accurate knowledge of affairs. He was sent to the Parliamentary press gallery as one of the representatives of the *Globe*, and ultimately became president of that small republic of journalists. He had been scarcely ten years on the press when he was known as one of the rising men in the profession—diligent, progressive and wide-minded.

In 1890 Mr. John Cameron, who had been editing the *Globe* for several years, at the call of his party chiefs decided to devote himself to his own paper in London, and resigned the *Globe* editorship in order to do so. The chair of George Brown was once more vacant. Who was to fill it? Prob-

ably the two most distinguished Canadian editors at that time, so a newspaper writer informs me, were Mr. Edward Farrer, of the *Mail*, and Mr. Robert White, of the *Gazette*. Neither could be considered available for the vacancy, and accordingly, with what subsequently proved to be remarkable foresight, the *Globe* management promoted their young and vigorous parliamentary correspondent and special writer, Mr. J. S. Willison, to the position of managing editor.

During the following ten years anyone familiar with the Canadian press, and especially with the newspapers of Toronto, must have observed that the *Globe* drew steadily away from its principal Liberal contemporaries and made a place for itself. They improved and flourished, as, indeed, all our leading journals have advanced in the past ten years. But the *Globe* began slowly and surely to create a special constituency. It was not the *Globe* of George Brown, which was, indeed, able and strenuous, but often intolerant and even narrow-minded. It was a new *Globe*, a party journal it is true, but one more in accord with the new Canada—impressive, broad-minded and exceedingly efficient as a vehicle of information. That this was the work of Mr. Willison and the devoted band of colleagues he gathered around him, can scarcely, I think, be gainsaid. At least it bears all the ear-marks of his personal example as a man of thought and constructive ability, a close student of affairs, a strong Canadian, an earnest believer in the utility of democratic institutions, and a guardian of the higher interests of the State. One gathers this from his own work in the shape of special articles, lectures and speeches. His brochure on the "Railway Question in Canada" was an independent and able inquiry into a subject which had never been frankly ventilated in this country. A series of letters to the *Globe*, undertaken during a visit to Europe, and entitled "Lessons from the Old World," attracted wide attention. On several occasions Mr. Willison has taken "The Press" as the subject of a lecture or an

address, and has expressed views respecting the educational and moral value of newspapers which have set people thinking.

It would seem that among the persons thus set thinking was a man of large means and enlightened opinions, residing in the City of Toronto, and therefore in a good position to watch the

speculation and discussion. It is, we are told, to be a purely independent journal—independent, that is to say, of political control, or the influence of any large, selfish interests. It will be well-equipped in all respects. If anyone is still curious about the aims and policy of a paper under Mr. Willison's guidance, his previous display of talent,



MR. J. S. WILLISON, WHO RECENTLY RESIGNED HIS POSITION AS EDITOR OF THE TORONTO "GLOBE" TO EDIT AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL

journalistic services of Mr. Willison and to determine how they could be further utilized for the public benefit. This gentleman, Mr. Joseph W. Flavelle, has purchased the *Toronto News* and given complete control of the paper to the accomplished and experienced journalist who appropriately enough joins the list of Canadian Celebrities in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The new venture has been the cause of much

authority and enterprise while connected with the *Globe* ought to be an indication. He is still a young man. His newspaper is to be in a somewhat unique and exceptional sense an independent undertaking, drawing its inspiration not from political or financial circles, but from the intelligence and integrity of a quick-witted man. Those of us who read newspapers will be sure to keep an eye on such a venture.

E. Q. V.

THE NAVY LEAGUE VERSUS "THE VORTEX OF MILITARISM"

By H. F. Wyatt, Member of Executive of British Navy League

WHEN in the earlier ages of recorded history the mass of mankind still groaned in servitude, and liberty of any kind, save the liberty to oppress, was a thought as yet unuttered upon earth, the first breath of freedom which woke the soul of man to nobler destinies came from the wind of the mountains and the breeze of the sea. Not in the plains of Mesopotamia, not in great cities far removed from the ocean, not on the low-lying shores of the Nile, which then, as now, constituted Egypt, did the voice of freedom speak to her sons, but where the mountains reared up a hardy race of men and gave to the few some advantage in warring against the many, or again, on sea-coasts, where the stormy element bred resolve and daring in the hearts of those who faced it, there it was that the liberties of the world had their birth, and there that the great epochs in the advance of the human race received their brand and seal. So it was in the days of ancient Greece, that country like a robe of many colours inwoven with the sea, when the fleets of her children met the host of her foes and stayed the inroad of Asia upon Europe, in the great sea-fight of Salamis. So was it again through the power of the sea that the world witnessed in the fifth century of our era, and again in the ninth and tenth, those fierce inroads of our Viking forefathers which founded, in the midst of a carnival of savage freedom, the English birthplace of the British people. So, once more, when in the process of the ages sea-power had reached a stage of development which it had never attained before, when mankind were no longer content that the various portions of their little planet should be severed the one from the other by the oceans between them, as worlds are still severed by the intervening depths of space, then the

liberties of oppressed Europe and of subjugated thought found their vindication in the ships and the mariners of the island home of our race.

As ancient Greece hurled back the tide of Persian despotism at Salamis, so the England of Elizabeth stayed the waves of Spanish militarism and superstition in the great sea-fight off Gravelines. In that conflict, big with fate, and in the week of fierce fighting preceding it, the naval power of the sea foiled the military power of the land. The free sailors of England in vessels propelled by sails alone, with their (for that age) long distant broad-side fire, defeated the soldiers of Spain, striving to close and board, in ships propelled partly by sails and partly by slaves labouring at the oar. And in that victory of modern progress over the forces of reaction, England—and in after days, when Scotland was linked with her, the whole island of Britain—was established as the inviolate stronghold of human freedom, whence should proceed the resources and the soul which in after times freed Europe from the yoke first of Louis XIV, and later of Napoleon I.

Nor was even this result the sole, or, in the long run, the greatest effect of that momentous victory.

Had the Spaniard, not the Englishman, triumphed during those days in the English Channel, then English liberty also, that noble plant which the sea-foam bred, would have perished under the foot of Rome and Spain. Never, then, could the Pilgrim Fathers, in the generation that followed, or in any sequent time, have sailed over the Atlantic to found a New England in a New World. They would have gone, if suffered to go at all, under the close and vigilant rule of autocracy and superstition, and imagination well may reel at the thought of the

probable condition of the states of North America now if Spain and the Roman Church had been the tutelary deities which presided over their birth and the dominant factors which moulded the slow process of their growth. But the Puritan mariners of the seaports of Elizabethan England won for those who came after them the right to sail at will the seas of the world; to trade with all shores throughout the earth, to plant colonies and to sow the seed of empire.

Thus was the house of the heritage of the British people, with the liberties of mankind which were inwrought in its frame, established in battle on the sea, in the flame bursting from the mouths of English cannon, with the shot-torn flag of England as its symbol, amid the hoarse shout of victory from the men who fought and died to found it.

Yet the defeat of the Spanish Armada was but the beginning of the services which the sea-power of Britain rendered to the liberties of the world. Not only did the wealth which that power produced, and its direct and indirect exercise, foil the designs of the great French monarch at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was also the means of determining the central issue in the war which raged from 1756 to 1763, viz.: whether North America should be British or should be French. The vital part which the navy played in the contest for Canada, which was in appearance, though not in reality, terminated on the Heights of Abraham, is not clearly seen by the casual reader; yet an instant's reflection would suffice to show him that the reason why Wolfe was there with his regiments from the old country was that Britain commanded the sea. Many writers also have pointed out that it was because she commanded it that Wolfe was able at will to move up and down the St. Lawrence, and thus to take that initiative of attack which resulted in the glorious victory of Quebec. But France did not, as a matter of historic fact, accept that defeat as final, nor cease from her efforts

towards full, ultimate triumph. Wolfe died, conquering, in September, and France, for two months later, was preparing a stroke of war which would, if successful, have reversed the game. In her ports the troops and the transports were being collected for the invasion of England, while at Brest lay the great fleet of battleships under Conflans, destined to cover the operation. Had that operation been carried out, had England fallen, it is hardly necessary to point out that France could at her leisure have devoted her full resources to the reconquest of Canada and the subjugation of what were then the British colonies in North America.

But once more the navy came between the sword and its destined prey. On that "wild November day," as Mr. Newbolt calls it in his fine poem on this theme, when our Admiral Hawke caught sight of the French fleet and pursued it into Quiberon Bay, then amidst night and tempest, the roar of breakers and the crash of guns, the battleships of Britain smote down the intention of France and set the seal upon the conquest to achieve which Wolfe died. If, as I have heard an eminent French Canadian publicly declare, his race derives its blood indeed from France, but its liberties from England, then those liberties also were secured by the British navy and to that navy the gratitude of French Canada is due.

So again, forty years later, the fleet of Britain stood forth

"Plain for all folk to see"

as the one bulwark of human freedom against the huge aggressive militarism of Napoleon Bonaparte. While these fleets held the seas of the globe, while in the desperate and world-decise actions of the Nile and Trafalgar, as in almost countless minor combats, they crushed the designs of the Corsican, at the same time the merchant ships of the empire grew in numbers and in tonnage, while those of our rivals vanished from the face of the ocean. For the war-time of the British navy has been the harvest-time of the British

mercantile marine. So from the wealth thus gathered Britain was enabled to grant the subsidies, and by the encouragement of her victories to inspire the energies, which at last freed Europe from the enslaving grip of France. That very Germany which seeks now by every means the subversion of the British empire, which ceaselessly and malignantly reviles and execrates us, owes its extrication from under the heel of Napoleon, stamped upon its neck, to the blood and the money which Britain unstintedly poured forth.

This brief survey of the past, however cursory, may yet perhaps be sufficient to prove how vast and how predominant a factor naval power, and most especially and pre-eminently British naval power, has been in the evolution of such liberty as the world can show. To understand, however, why naval power naturally tends to produce these results, and why it stands in natural opposition to military power, to which it is in its effects the exact antithesis, let us consider the causes of this difference. These causes are:—(1) that the number of men required to man a great fleet is very small by comparison with the numbers required to constitute a great army. Thus the personnel of the Imperial navy amounts to one hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred men, including amongst these forty thousand men of the reserve, while the army of Germany, when also on a war footing, numbers several million soldiers. Again, (2) the naval force operates outside the limits of a country, not within these, as in the case of an army. The usual and well-founded fears in regard to the existence of a great military force is that it may be used for the subjugation of internal liberties, and as a matter of fact it often has been so used, but on the other hand a naval force by itself is singularly inapplicable to such a purpose. During the Revolution in the 17th century, Cromwell was the general on land, and Blake was the general at sea, but it was Cromwell, not Blake, who assumed despotic authority over the land.

I have thought it necessary to set forth plainly the history and the facts which mark the deep inherent antagonism between naval power on the one side and "militarism" on the other, because to judge from the frequent headings which I observe to paragraphs and articles in the Canadian press, from various platform utterances, and even from my own recent experience, this antagonism is very far from being generally perceived. The phrase "vortex of militarism" is tossed about as wildly and with as little pertinence to any definite meaning, as I have seen a hat, divorced from its owner's head, flung about in the air by a riotous mob.

When I had the privilege—one, I believe, rarely previously accorded to a British outsider and by me highly valued—of addressing the French Chamber of Commerce at Montreal, the gentleman who opposed me (and who afterwards got his own version of his own speech wired to England and to the Canadian press, as if it represented the views of that Chamber, which it did not) based his oration largely on a presumed desire on my part to plunge Canada into this terrible vortex.

The fearful irrelevance of the objection taken to the proposal made must be apparent to everyone who has been good enough to read what I have already written, when I say that this proposal consisted of the scheme suggested, not, assuredly, by myself, nor by the Navy League in England, but by the branches of the League at Toronto and in British Columbia, for the formation of a Canadian naval militia, which should receive its brief period of sea training in ships of the Royal Navy. This scheme has been in substance approved by the Legislature of British Columbia. A scheme very similar to it has long been in contemplation by the Dominion Government, and it will, I venture to prophesy, be put in force ere very many months have passed. Yet it was this very modest and wholly innocuous suggestion which appeared in various newspapers under headings

about "militarism," and with denunciations of the latter. It would be about as relevant for a teetotaller to denounce a man for signing the pledge to abstain from drink, on the ground that he was thus engaging himself to imbibe alcohol every night, as for one who objects to "militarism" to denounce a proposal to create that which I have already shown to be the antithesis of militarism—viz, naval force.

Since, however, in our days men are the slaves of words rather than of ideas, and phrases totally destitute of any real meaning, like the oft-quoted words "vortex of militarism," are bandied about until they acquire a sort of influence, it may be worth while to enquire what significance, if any, it truly bears. This expression, then, appears certainly to refer to the system of compulsory service which prevails in Europe, and the fear presumably conveyed is that somebody may want, or does want, to introduce this same system into Canada. Now the first observation I have to make on this point is that I cannot conceive it to be possible that any person other than an idiot in an asylum, who was suffering, in addition to congenital infirmity, from an acute attack of mania, could feel such a wish, or make such a suggestion. Further, I am not aware that any idiot has been actually found sufficiently far gone to give it vent. The danger of Canada's being forced to adopt this system is about as real as the danger of its being suddenly turned into green cheese and given to the man in the moon to eat.

The only "vortex" indeed which really appears imminent is the "vortex" of horrible mental confusion into which those are falling, who, without stopping to analyze its meaning or to demand its relevance, adopt this silly catchword.

It is instructive, however, to consider why the nations of Europe do adopt this scheme of compulsory service. From the manner in which their action is sometimes written about, one would suppose the idea to be entertained that they adopt it because they particularly

like it. Yet vast burdens and enormous obligations are not usually incurred voluntarily or with pleasure by human beings. The reason, however, is very plain. It is that the alternative before the peoples of Europe is either to arm or to lose their national independence. They have no other choice, and can have no other, while nations live the intense self-conscious life which is their characteristic now. Can Germany disarm, placed as she is "between the hammer and the anvil," between the vast and swiftly growing population of Russia, and the immemorial hate of France? Can France disarm, while Germany holds her dismembered provinces, and while ambition and revenge still live and move within her? Can Russia disarm, with her immense designs of nearly universal conquest not yet perfectly fulfilled, with Constantinople and Peking not yet seized, with India still held by Britain (and not, pray God, to be surrendered without a desperate contest), with Germany intruding into her intended preserve of Asia Minor, with millions of savage subjects, not yet slaughtered, under her sway? Not one of these countries could cease that compulsory service, which is its shield, without the certainty of swift attack and certain overthrow, at the hands of its neighbours. Nor, apart from the progress of invention, which may possibly substitute small highly trained armies, on the eighteenth century model, for the huge armed forts of to-day, does there appear any hope of a change of conditions.

Why, then, is England absolved from the heavy necessity laid upon the shoulders of her European rivals? Obviously and simply by reason of the sea which encircles her, and of the victorious navy which that sea bears on its breast. Take away that sea, or destroy that navy, and England also would have the simple choice, either to plunge into the "vortex of militarism," that is, to adopt the principle of compulsory service, or else, as a nation, to perish.

But now the menace to England comes by sea. At Kiel, at Danzig, at

Stettin, is found the rising power of the German Navy. Throughout Germany, the German Navy League, called into existence by the secret prompting of the German Emperor, labours assiduously to form opinion, which shall enable the vast expenditure already sanctioned, and the still vaster expenditure apparently contemplated, to be cheerfully borne.

The German Navy League has a membership of over six hundred thousand, with aggregate subscriptions amounting to more than £25,000 (not dollars) annually. It gave, last year, upwards of three thousand lectures, and that its labours were not in vain, is abundantly testified by the passing of the German Navy Bill, under which the sum of £73,000,000 (sterling) was voted for the construction of ships of war, and £13,000,000 for docks and wharves.

In face of the figures of the German League, I am ashamed to quote those of the Navy League of Britain, yet it is an organization whose branches are many in the United Kingdom, and sixteen in number in the Empire at large. Of these, four are now in Canada, at Toronto, in British Columbia, at Kingston, and at Montreal. Before these words are printed I hope, indeed, that the number may be doubled, and I

would now appeal most earnestly to all who realize what the command of the sea means to the British people, to "come forward and help us."

Sometimes I have heard it said that this tremendous and fundamental need is no longer the need of Canada, because Canada is self-contained. Do not, then, her own future history, and her own destinies concern Canada? Does it make no difference to her whether she remain living her life as a nation within the iron fence of the British Empire, or whether, through stress of war following defeat of the British fleet, she is compelled with the enemy's fleet in the St. Lawrence, to sue for the protection of the United States? Then, disintegrated, with her noblest traditions violated, and her life as a nation ended, she would cease to exist as a single unit upon earth. And looking on thirty years ahead, is it nothing to Canada, whether it is or is not as a part of the British people, to share in the development of the Pacific, to clasp hands with Australia, to share in the vast trade that is to be with China, to hold sway over the teeming millions of Hindustan? The old adage still applies, as the ages sweep along, that, "United we stand, but divided we fall."

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

SILENT and sad the Old Year lay, with the snow upon his hair,
And the brow of the passing monarch was furrowed with lines of care.

His eyes were dim with a sorrow born of the days gone by
And the pallid lips were open to breathe a parting sigh.

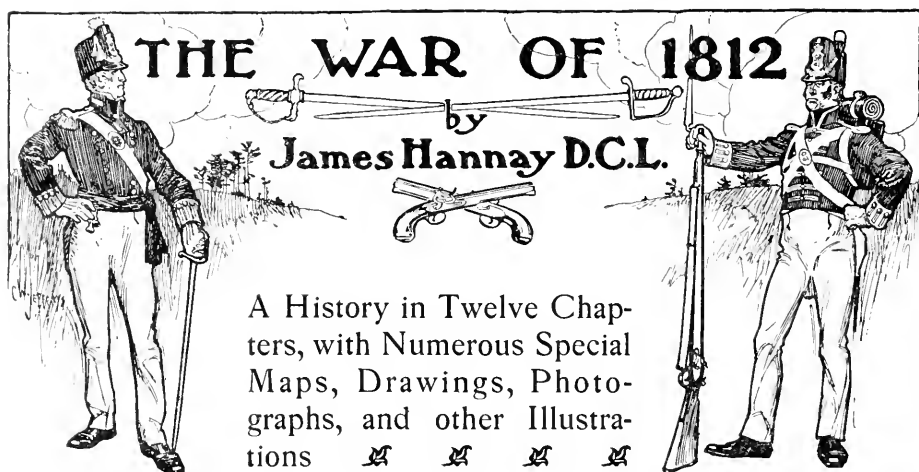
In his right hand lay the blessings that had lived in his own short life,
And the other grasped the sorrows born of his sin and strife.

From his right there came a radiance that lit the deepening gloom,
But the left was hid in darkness, that told of an endless tomb.

He lingered till the New-Born Year came on the wings of day,
And stole with his rosy footsteps to where the old year lay;

To seal with lips of carmine the faded, sightless eyes,
Then up from the cold, grey death-bed a new-crowned king to rise.

Elizabeth M. Nuttall



CHAPTER I—THE EVENTS WHICH LED UP TO THE WAR

THE war which began in the year 1812 between Great Britain and the United States of America, although it originated in an Imperial quarrel, and was carried on mainly by British money and largely by British troops, was essentially a Canadian contest. Canada was the scene of most of the battles of the war; it was for the purpose of separating Canada from the British Crown that the war was undertaken; and it was owing to the loyalty, constancy and courage of the Canadian people that this subject was foiled. Every Canadian can, therefore, look back with feelings of just pride at this war, so honourable to his ancestors, and so worthy of being remembered for the example which it affords of the difficulty of subduing a resolute and free people, with arms in their hands and with the courage to use them.

At the close of the war of the Revolution there was much bitterness felt towards Great Britain by the people who had won their independence from her by the sword. This independence had been gained by the assistance of France, and, although that country was then a monarchy, beyond all comparison more illiberal than the government of Great Britain, it was perhaps

but natural that the new nation should turn to France and cultivate her friendship. The tremendous revolution which broke out in that country a few years later, at first only served to cement the ties of sympathy between France and the United States; and, although its subsequent excesses estranged Washington and many other eminent men, there still remained a large and extremely violent party, headed by Jefferson, which was ready to condone all the faults of the French Republic, and which felt an undying enmity to Great Britain. It was at this period that parties began to form themselves, and that the terms Federalist and Democrat were heard for the first time. The Democrats, of whom Jefferson was the head, showed an extreme hostility to Great Britain, while the Federalists, although not deficient in patriotism, held much more moderate views and were disposed to cultivate her friendship.

The war which broke out in 1792 between France and Great Britain, and which continued with but a short interval for more than twenty years, drew still more sharply the lines between these two parties. The French Government sent out "Citizen" Genet as

Minister to the United States, and he forthwith proceeded, with the active co-operation of the anti-British party, to make that country a base for the prosecution of war against the commerce of Great Britain. Washington, who was then President, issued a proclamation of neutrality, warning citizens of the United States not to take part in the contest, but, so strong was the feeling in favour of France, the proclamation and its author were assailed in such terms as a citizen of the United States of the present day must blush to read. It was styled a "royal edict," "a daring and unwarrantable assumption of executive power," and Washington was denounced as a "Monarchist" and a friend of Great Britain. Many of these attacks on the President appeared in the *National Gazette*, but not until Freneau, its editor, was nearing the dark valley of Death, was it disclosed that these violent articles against Washington were written or dictated by Thomas Jefferson, who figures as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and who, at the very time these attacks were made, was Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet.

The French Minister Genet, in defiance of Washington's proclamation, proceeded to fit out privateers in Philadelphia to prey upon British commerce, these privateers being manned by citizens of the United States. When the President released some British prizes, which had been taken by them and carried into Philadelphia to be condemned, Genet stormed and raved, and announced his intention of appealing from the President to the people. This was virtually a threat to excite an insurrection for the purpose of overthrowing the authority of a Chief Magistrate elected by the people, yet so mentally debauched had Jefferson become that his newspaper actually sustained Genet in this course. The organ of this model Secretary of State expressed the hope that the friends of France would act with firmness and spirit, telling him "the people are his friends, or the friends of France, and he will have

nothing to apprehend." It turned out, however, that "Citizen" Genet had something to apprehend, the indignation of Washington, who requested the French Government to recall its Minister.

In the meantime the great struggle between Great Britain and France was producing a series of retaliatory measures which proved ruinous to the neutral trader. In June, 1793, an Order in Council was issued by the British Government, declaring that all vessels laden with breadstuffs, bound to any port of France, or places occupied by French armies, should be carried to England, and their cargoes either disposed of there, or security given that they would be sold only in a country at friendship with Great Britain. This was followed in November of the same year by another Order in Council which directed British war vessels and privateers to detain all ships carrying the produce of any colony belonging to France, or conveying provisions or other supplies for the use of such colonies, and to bring the same with their cargoes to legal adjudication in the British Courts of Admiralty.

These Orders in Council fell with heavy effect on the commerce of the United States, and produced a corresponding degree of indignation. This was increased by another measure adopted about the same time by the British Government—the impressment of British seamen found on board of American vessels. This measure was based on the doctrine, then recognized by all European nations, that a subject could not renounce his allegiance, and that the Government under whose flag he was born had a right to his services wherever he might be found. This doctrine therefore involved the right of search, both of war vessels and commercial ships—a claim most obnoxious in every way, but more especially as the exercise of this right was liable to great abuse. It is singular that in 1861, long after the right of search had been abandoned by Great Britain, it was revived by Commodore Wilkes of the United States Navy,

when he boarded the British Mail Steamer *Trent*, and took from her Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners then on their way to England. It is still more singular that this act, so universally condemned in Great Britain, was almost as universally approved by public opinion in the United States, so true it is that nations are generally guided in their views of public questions by motives of expediency and self-interest. Congress in 1812 regarded the exercise of the right of search by Great Britain as a "crying enormity," and declared war against her for that cause, yet Congress in 1861 passed a vote of thanks to Commodore Wilkes for his exercise of the right of search in an extremely aggravated form. In neither case was Congress fortunate in its expression of opinion, for in 1815 the Government of the United States was forced to conclude a treaty of peace with Great Britain in which the right of search, the ostensible cause of the war, was not so much as mentioned; while in 1861, a few days after the vote of thanks was passed, the same Government was obliged to give up Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on the demand of the British Government, and acknowledge itself in the wrong.

For the purpose of endeavouring to effect a settlement of the difficulties which had arisen out of the enforcement of the Orders in Council and the right of search, Washington sent John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, as Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Great Britain. The result of this mission was what is known as the Jay Treaty, which, after providing for the disposal of most of the unsettled questions between the two countries, contained a number of commercial provisions which proved of great advantage to the United States. Under it American vessels were allowed to enter British ports in Europe and the East Indies, on equal terms with British vessels, while participation in the East India coasting trade, and trade between European and British East Indian ports was left to the contingency

of British permission. American vessels not exceeding seventy tons were allowed to trade to the British West Indies on condition that they should not, during the continuance of the Treaty, transport from America to Europe any of the principal Colonial products. British vessels were to be admitted into American ports on terms equal to the most favoured nation. There were provisions for the protection of neutral property on the high seas, and providing that a vessel entering a blockaded port should not be liable to capture unless previously notified of the blockade. There were also arrangements to prevent the arming of the privateers of any nation at war with the two contracting parties, and the capture of goods in the bays and harbours of either nation. In the event of war between the two countries, the citizens or subjects of either were not to be molested, if peaceable; and fugitives from justice charged with high crimes were to be mutually given up. The commercial arrangements of the Treaty were limited in their operation to two years after the termination of the war in which Great Britain was then engaged. The Treaty was ratified by the Senate and signed by the President in the summer of 1795.

It might have been supposed that this Treaty, which was extremely favourable to the commerce of the United States, would have been received with satisfaction by the people of that country, but it was far otherwise. The Democrats had resolved to oppose it, no matter what its provisions might be, especially if it should remove all pretexts for a war with Great Britain. They had already disclosed the spirit which influenced them by their violent opposition to Jay's appointment, and, when the Treaty was before the Senate, efforts were made to intimidate the members of that body so that they might refuse to ratify it. Democratic newspapers told their readers that they should blush to think "America should degrade herself so much as to enter into any kind of a treaty with a power now tottering on the brink of ruin."

France, according to these newspapers, was the natural ally of the United States, and the nation on whom their political existence depended. "The nation on whom our political existence depends," said one of these publications, "we have treated with indifference bordering on contempt. Let us unite with France and stand or fall together." These words so truthfully uttered the result of the war of 1812 that they may be regarded as almost prophetic. The United States did virtually unite with France, and they and France fell together.

When the Treaty was ratified and signed, Mr. Jay, the Senators, and the President became the objects of a storm of vituperation from the entire Democratic party. Jay was denounced as a traitor who had been purchased by British gold and was threatened with the guillotine. Hamilton and other speakers who attempted to defend the Treaty at a public meeting in New York were stoned by the friends of Jefferson who sat at the same Council table with him. In Virginia secession was threatened, while in Charleston the British flag was trailed in the dust and burned at the door of the British Consul. The people of the South, who held their fellowmen of another colour in bondage, and dealt in them as chattels, were greatly enraged because the Treaty did not provide that they should be paid for such of their negroes as were carried away during the Revolutionary War. Others felt a sense of wrong and outrage because the Treaty provided for the payment of honest debts, contracted before the war, such a stipulation being in their opinion wholly inconsistent with those principles of liberty which impelled the patriots of the Revolution to plunder their loyal neighbours.

The conduct of the Democratic party in 1795 sufficiently showed the violence of the animosity against Great Britain which existed in the minds of a large body of the people of the United States twelve years after the war of the Revolution had been brought to a close. But when the Treaty went into opera-

tion it was found to be highly advantageous to the merchants and ship-owners of the United States. The French Directory, however, were greatly enraged, and they issued a secret order authorizing French ships of war to treat neutral vessels in the same manner as they had suffered themselves to be treated by the English. Under this order many American vessels were seized in the West Indies by French cruisers, and their crews treated with great indignity and cruelty. Indeed, at this period the French Government showed a strong disposition to take entire charge of the politics of the United States, and Commodore Joshua Barney, an American in the naval service of France, who came into Philadelphia in 1796 with two frigates which he commanded, told the citizens of that place that if Jefferson was not elected President, war would be declared by France against the United States within three months. So true was this, that the election of John Adams, a Federalist, who was chosen instead of Jefferson, resulted in the issuing of a decree by the French Directory which was equivalent to a declaration of war. It not only authorized the capture of American vessels under certain conditions, but declared that any American found on board of a hostile ship, although placed there without his consent by impressment, should be hanged as a pirate. The American Minister was ordered to leave France and three Envoys Extraordinary, who were sent in his place to arrange all matters in dispute, were treated with contempt and refused an audience. All these circumstances produced great indignation in the United States, and in the spring of 1798, although no actual declaration of war was issued, war with France was commenced on the ocean. The fall of the Directory and the assumption of authority by Bonaparte as First Consul, however, speedily put an end to hostilities.

This brief summary of the progress of events after the Revolution will serve to show more clearly the character of the questions which arose from

time to time between the two nations, and which finally resulted in the War of 1812. The United States throughout the long war between Great Britain and France stood in the unfortunate position of a neutral whose commerce was certain to suffer from the several Orders in Council and Decrees which the belligerents launched against each other. The accession of Bonaparte to supreme power, although it brought the war between France and the United States to a close, instead of improving their condition as neutrals, made it much worse. In May, 1806, the British Government declared the whole coast of Europe from the Elbe to Brest, the territory occupied by the French armies, to be in a state of blockade. In November of the same year Bonaparte issued the famous Berlin Decree proclaiming the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, forbidding all correspondence or trade with England, and declaring all articles of English produce or manufacture contraband, and the property of all British subjects to be lawful prize of war. As the French fleets had been wholly destroyed, and the French Government had scarcely a vessel at sea, this was simply a paper blockade. The same term has been applied by American writers to the British blockade of the eight hundred miles of coast from Brest to the Elbe, on the alleged ground that Great Britain had not sufficient ships to enforce it. Yet in 1806 the British Navy numbered more than eight hundred vessels, manned by one hundred and forty thousand men. Some of the objectors to this so-called "paper blockade" lived to see President Lincoln proclaim three thousand miles of the coast of the Southern States to be blockaded, although the Federal Navy of that period numbered only ninety vessels of which less than half were in commission.

The British answer to the Berlin Decree was an Order in Council of November, 1807, by which all neutral trade with France or her allies was prohibited unless through Great Britain. In December of the same year

Bonaparte issued his Milan Decree, which was a sort of supplement to that of Berlin. It declared every vessel which should submit to be searched by British cruisers, or should pay any tax, duty or license money to the British Government, or should be found on the high seas, or elsewhere, bound to or from any British port, to be denationalized and forfeited. Spain and Holland, at the dictation of France, immediately issued similar decrees, and thus was established the famous continental system of Napoleon, which crushed the neutral trader. It was a system which grew out of Bonaparte's determination to destroy Great Britain and break up the British Empire, a resolve which was warmly approved by an influential section of the people of the United States. In their insane hatred of England they were ready to aid in the destruction of the only Constitutional Government that then existed in Europe, and the establishment of the grinding military despotism of Bonaparte over the greater portion of the civilized world.

While the British Orders in Council and Bonaparte's Decrees were agitating commercial circles in the United States, the impressment of British seamen found on board of United States vessels had become a source of ill-feeling towards Great Britain. In 1800 the British Minister had proposed a reciprocal surrender of all deserters, but this was declined by the United States because the proposal was so worded as to sanction impressment in private vessels. They contended that the neutral flag was the safeguard of those sailing under it, a doctrine the application of which was greatly in favour of the United States, as it enabled them to recruit their navy largely by deserters from British ships. As a measure of retaliation, in March, 1806, the United States Congress passed a Non-Importation act, prohibiting the importation of nearly every article of British manufacture. The Act was to be in abeyance until the following November, and, in the meantime, negotiations were again opened for a treaty which should put

an end to the difficulties between the two nations. William Pinkney, of Maryland, was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to London to join with Monroe, the resident Minister, in this work. Negotiations commenced in August, and after some delay a treaty was arranged in most respects more favourable than the Jay Treaty. The British Government declined to relinquish the right of impressment by formal Treaty, but the British Commissioners put in writing a statement that it was the intention of the Government not to allow impressments from American vessels on the high seas, except under extraordinary circumstances, such as having on board known deserters from the British navy. The new Treaty placed the trade between the United States and the European possessions of Great Britain on a footing of perfect reciprocity. It was also stipulated that no American vessels could be visited or seized by British cruisers within five miles of the coast of the United States. But the time spent in the negotiation of this Treaty was wasted, for Jefferson, who was then President, had resolved upon a step which would effectually prevent it from going into operation. Instead of laying it before the Senate for ratification or rejection, as it was his duty to do, he usurped the authority which the Constitution had vested in that body, and entirely suppressed this important Treaty, which would undoubtedly have been the means of insuring a lasting peace between the two countries. This action proved that Jefferson and his advisers did not desire any accommodation of existing grievances, but war only.

At this juncture a very unfortunate affair took place which produced much ill-feeling. While a British squadron was near Cape Henry, Va., three of the crew of the frigate *Melampus* deserted. These men were enlisted on board the U.S. frigate *Chesapeake*, and a demand made by the British Minister for their restoration was refused. The *Chesapeake* some time afterwards put to sea, and was by the orders of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, overhauled by the

British fifty-gun ship *Leopard*. Captain Humphreys, of that ship, demanded the delivery of the deserters on board the *Chesapeake*, and on this being refused poured several broadsides into the latter, killing three men and wounding eighteen, and compelling the American vessel to strike her flag.

This act was immediately disavowed by the British Government and the admiral recalled. In the United States the affair produced the liveliest indignation, which was not mitigated in the least by the earnest efforts of Great Britain to settle the matter amicably. A proclamation was issued by the President forbidding all persons to have any intercourse with or to sell any supplies to British war vessels in the waters of the United States, and warlike preparations were made on an extensive scale. Messrs. Monroe and Pinkney were sent to England in the armed schooner *Revenge* to make a number of demands on the British Government, including the abandonment of the right of search. Great Britain was quite ready to make reparation in the *Chesapeake* affair, but declined to treat on the other matters, Mr. Canning telling the envoys plainly that, while he was ready to listen to any suggestions, with a view to the removal of existing difficulties, he would not negotiate anew on the basis of a treaty concluded and signed and already rejected by one of the parties.

The envoys returned home, and then was passed the famous Embargo Act which prohibited all vessels in the ports of the United States from sailing for any foreign port, except foreign ships in ballast, or with cargoes taken on board before the notification of the Act. Coastwise vessels were required to give heavy bonds to land their cargoes in the United States. This Act, which is the most remarkable example on record of a nation destroying its own foreign trade, in the hope of thereby injuring another nation with which it had large dealings, utterly failed to effect the object for which it was passed. It became law in December, 1807,

and after being made more stringent by several amending and enforcing acts, was finally repealed in March, 1809, it having been found injurious only to the nation that enacted it. In a single year under its operation the imports of the United States fell from \$138,500,000 to \$56,990,000, and the exports from \$108,343,000 to \$22,430,000. In lieu of the Embargo Act a Non-Intercourse Act was passed by which the commerce of the United States was opened to all the world except Great Britain and France. As the latter country had little or no commerce with the United States, it was quite evident that, as before, Britain was the only nation aimed at by this measure. The relations between Great Britain and the United States continued to grow more strained, and they were not improved when, in 1809, the latter Government requested the recall of Mr. Jackson, the British Minister at Washington. The British Government did not take the trouble to send another Minister to replace him until 1811.

In the meantime the Government of the United States, which had every year been growing more friendly to France, was endeavouring to make terms with that country for a relaxation of the "Continental System." As a result of this, in August, 1810, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a despatch to the United States Minister at Paris stated that the Berlin and Milan Decrees were revoked, and that their operation would cease from the first of November following, "it being understood that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade which they have wished to establish, or that the United States, conformably to their law, will cause their rights to be respected by the English." The meaning of the last clause of this communication might be somewhat obscure were it not from our knowledge of the fact that Minister Armstrong had been instructed to offer, in addition to the repeal of the Embargo Act, a declaration

of war against Great Britain should that Government refuse to recall the Orders in Council after the Emperor had withdrawn his Berlin and Milan Decrees. His offer was made in April, 1808, but Bonaparte did not value an American alliance so highly as the men who offered it. His business was war, and he did not believe that an American alliance could be of much service to him. This is why two years were suffered to elapse before any notice was taken of the American Minister's offer. Although the French response was merely a contingent repeal of the Decrees, depending on the repeal of the Orders in Council, the Government of the United States at once treated it as absolute, and, while strictly enforcing the non-importation act against British ships, permitted French men-of-war and merchantmen to enter its harbours freely. It also required the British Government to revoke the Orders in Council. That Government demanded the production of the instrument by which the Berlin and Milan Decrees were revoked, but it was not until the 21st May, 1812, that such a document was produced, and then it was found to bear date of the 28th April, 1811, or nearly eight months after the time when it was first announced that the Decrees were revoked. This instrument expressly declared that these French Decrees were repealed in consequence of the American Congress having by an Act of the 1st March, 1811, provided that British ships and merchandise should be excluded from the ports of the United States. This was a clear proof that an understanding existed between that country and France hostile to British interests. Still when this French document was produced the British Government, to quote the language of the Manifesto issued by the Prince Regent, "desirous of reverting, if possible, to the ancient and accustomed principles of Maritime War, determined on revoking, conditionally, the Orders in Council." It was not until the 21st May, 1812, that the British Government was furnished by the American Minister in

London with a copy of the document, and, on the 23rd June,* a declaration from the Prince Regent in Council was published, absolutely revoking all orders so far as they applied to the United States. Had the Government of that country been animated by a sincere desire for peace this action would have brought the War of 1812 to an end suddenly.

In May, 1811, an encounter took place on the high seas between a British war vessel and an American frigate which showed the belligerent disposition which animated the navy of the United States. The U. S. frigate *President*, 44 guns, carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Rodgers, while cruising off Cape Henry, sighted the British sloop of war *Little Belt*, 18 guns, Captain A. B. Bingham, which was cruising northward in search of the British frigate *Guerriere*. The *President* discovered the British sloop about noon, and immediately gave chase, but it was dark before the American vessel drew alongside. Captain Bingham hailed the *President* asking, "What ship is that?" but the only reply he received was a repetition of his own question. The *President* then fired a broadside which the *Little Belt* immediately returned. An action ensued which lasted about forty-five minutes, when the big American ship sheered off. At dawn the *President* bore down again and Rodgers sent an officer on board the *Little Belt* with profuse apologies and offers of assistance which were declined. As the United States Government was at that time at peace with the whole world, it is clear that Rodgers' attack on the *Little Belt* was merely the act of a sea bully who wished to stand well with his countrymen at a cheap rate, by attacking a ship of less than one-fourth his own strength. The *Little Belt* bore away for Halifax, while Rodgers returned to New York to receive the congratulations of his friends.

When Congress met in November, 1811, its tone was warlike. The Pre-

sident, Mr. Madison, sounded the keynote by a belligerent message, and the Committee on Foreign Relations presented a report which was a comprehensive indictment of Great Britain for almost every kind of political crime. A tremendous amount of fervid eloquence was employed to fire the national heart to the point of going to war, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun being among the loudest and most violent in their advocacy of extreme measures. John Randolph, of Virginia, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, and all the leaders of the Federalist party were against a war with Great Britain, and opposed all proposals to that end, but they were entirely outnumbered in Congress, and measures looking towards a declaration of war were rapidly passed. Additional regulars to the number of twenty-five thousand men were ordered to be enlisted, the calling out of one hundred thousand militia was authorized, and appropriations were made for large purchases of arms and ammunition. The President was authorized to call upon the Governors of the several states to furnish each its quota of this militia force. Provision was also made for the enlistment of a large body of volunteers. These bills were passed in January, 1812, and it was expected that at least seventy thousand men would be ready to take the field in the spring and invade Canada.

The Federal Government was encouraged in its truculent course by some of the State Legislatures, those of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, Kentucky and Ohio having passed resolutions in favour of war with Great Britain. The Massachusetts House of Representatives, in its reply to the annual message of the Governor, denounced Great Britain as "a piratical state." Patriotism was a very plentiful commodity in the United States at that time, if the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations was to be believed. They stated that the patriotic fire of the Revolution still lived in the American breast "with a holy and inextinguishable flame." This

* These Orders in Council were revoked without knowledge of the Declaration of War by the United States on June 18th.

"holy flame" developed itself mainly in an intense desire to possess Canada, and it was stimulated by the thought that a favourable time had arrived to strike a deadly blow against Great Britain. It was known that Napoleon was preparing to invade Russia with an immense army and no one in the United States doubted his success. An alliance with so powerful a ruler appeared to these American patriots to be very desirable, and they fully believed that Canada was ready to rise and throw off its allegiance to the British Crown as soon as an American army appeared on its frontier. Dr. Eustis, the United States Secretary of War, in one of his speeches gave expression to this sentiment when he said: "We can take the Canadas without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the Provinces and the people, disaffected towards their own Government, will rally round our standard."

Henry Clay, who had always been most violent in his animosity towards Great Britain, said on the floor of Congress:—"It is absurd to suppose that we will not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's Provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean, and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. I am not for stopping at Quebec or anywhere else; but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favours. Her fleets cannot then rendezvous at Halifax as now; and, having no place of resort in the North, cannot infest our coast as they have lately done. It is as easy to conquer them on the land as their whole navy would conquer ours on the ocean. We must take the Continent from them. I wish never to see peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them."

It was with such aspirations and hopes as these that the Government and people of the United States entered upon the War of 1812.

Although, as has been seen, war had been resolved on by the Congress of

the United States as early as the autumn of 1811, there was still some formal business to be done before it could be actually declared. The cry for war on the part of the people seemed to be loud, yet there were many who were strongly opposed to such a contingency, while others, when they found their country on the eve of a contest, felt great hesitancy as to the proper course to pursue. Among these doubters was no less a personage than President Madison himself, who, notwithstanding his belligerent message to Congress, had never been in favour of resorting to hostilities if they could by any possibility be avoided. But he was in the hands of men more powerful than himself. On the 2nd March, 1812, he was waited upon by a number of the leading men of the Democratic party, and plainly told that the only terms upon which he could obtain re-nomination to the Presidency was by consenting to a declaration of war against Great Britain. In their opinion such a measure was necessary to the success of the party, although at this day it does not seem quite clear how the Democrats could be defeated because they acquiesced in the pacific policy which the Federalists advocated. Madison, coerced by the threats of his political friends, yielded against the dictates of his better judgment, and thereby brought on his country three years of war which gave not one compensating advantage. On the 1st April he sent a confidential message to Congress, recommending the laying of an embargo on all shipping for sixty days, as a preliminary to a declaration of war against Great Britain. A bill to this effect was, by the aid of the previous question, carried in the House of Representatives the same evening by a vote of seventy to forty-one. Next day it was sent to the Senate, which took it up under a suspension of the rules and passed it with an amendment extending the time of the embargo to ninety days. This amendment was concurred in by the House, and the bill became law on the 4th of April. This Embargo Act was followed by

another measure forbidding all importations by land whether of goods or specie. These enactments were followed by vigorous preparations for war both by land and sea, by strengthening the army and navy and making large depots and magazines for the use of the troops. On the 1st June, Mr. Madison, yielding once more to the pressure put upon him by a Committee of Democrats headed by Henry Clay, sent another confidential message to Congress recapitulating a number of reasons why, in his opinion, war should be declared, and leaving the decision of the question in the hands of Congress. Acting on this the House of Representatives on the 4th of June, by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-nine, passed a bill declaring war against Great Britain. This bill was discussed by the Senate for twelve days, and was finally passed in that body on the 17th June by a vote of nineteen to thirteen. It was then sent back to the House on the 18th for concurrence in certain amendments; the same day it received the signature of the President, and on the following day he issued a proclamation declaring war between the two countries.

While the debate on the war measure was going on in the Senate, although the deliberations of that body were supposed to be secret, enough leaked out to make the public aware of what the result was likely to be. In the South and West the war was popular, but in the New England States the reverse was the case. There the news that war had been declared was received with marked tokens of disfavour. The Governors of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut refused to comply with the requisitions for militia made upon them by the President, taking the ground that such a demand could only be made in case of an actual invasion. The Legislature of New Jersey denounced the war as "inexpedient, ill-timed and dangerously impolitic." The Maryland House of Delegates passed resolutions commending the action of the New England Governors. But such demonstra-

tions only served to exasperate the promoters of the war, the would-be conquerors of Canada. The *Federal Republic*, a newspaper published in Baltimore, which ventured to oppose the war, had its office sacked by the mob and its proprietors put in peril of their lives. An attempt to re-establish the paper a few weeks later resulted in a fearful riot, in which General Lingán, an aged hero of the Revolution, was killed, and General Henry Lee, a very distinguished Revolutionary soldier, was maimed for life and so severely injured that he never recovered. This act of the Baltimore rabble became highly important in a national sense, for it deprived the United States of the services of probably the only officer of the Revolution who was in 1812 capable of successfully leading an army. It also emphasized in a marked degree the partisan and sectional character of the war.

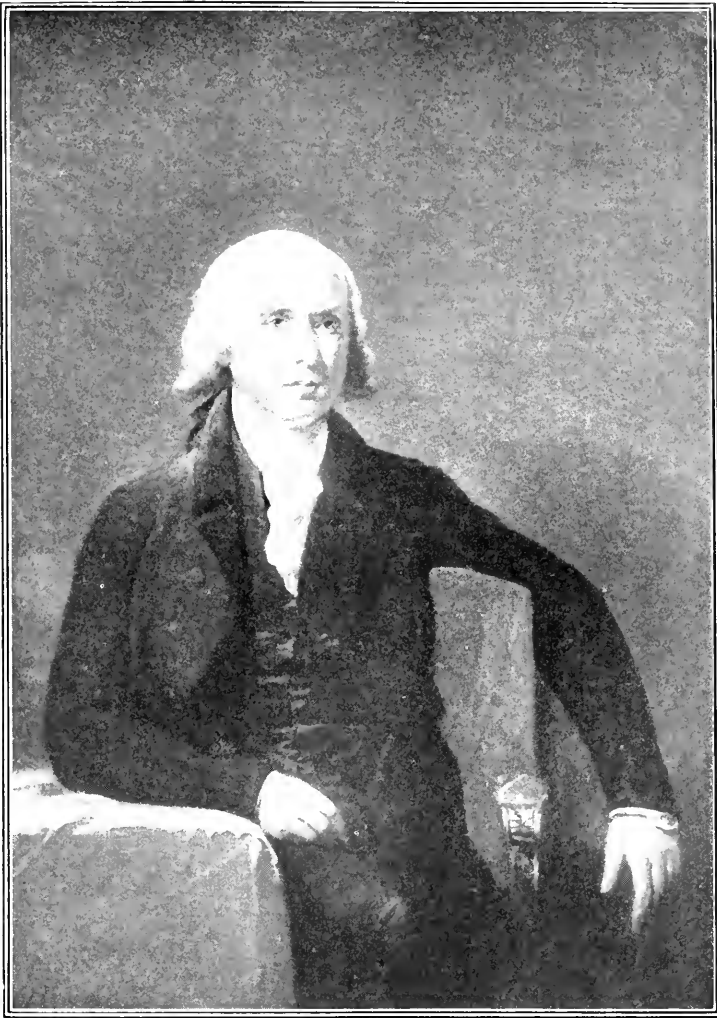
The two Canadian Provinces, which were the prizes the Americans proposed to secure as the reward of their valour, had a frontier nearly two thousand miles in extent, reaching from Lake Superior to the New Brunswick boundary, which was liable to be attacked at any point by an invading army from the United States. Their population was in 1812 less than 400,000 souls, and of this number Western Canada contained about 80,000. The 300,000 inhabitants of Eastern Canada were mostly of French origin, descended from the peasantry left in the country when it was surrendered to Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. The French were sometimes restive under British rule, and it was believed by the United States politicians that they would welcome an invading army of Americans and become Republicans. The small British minority in Eastern Canada consisted largely of exiled Loyalists and their children, from whom even the most sanguine American, if in the possession of his proper senses, could hardly expect a very cordial reception. The population of Upper Canada was made up of the descendants of exiled Loyalists

and disbanded soldiers, together with immigrants from the British Islands and the United States. The British immigrants were naturally attached to their own flag and their own form of Government, but not more so than the Loyalists, who had suffered from United States injustice. In both these classes the invaders of Canada could only expect to find resolute enemies; yet such was the delusion of United States politicians that they actually expected both British immigrants and Loyalists to rise and renounce their allegiance the moment a United States force appeared on the frontier. It was a vain hope, and the lesson taught the presumptuous invaders was one that has not been forgotten even at the present day. The United States immigrants who came to Upper Canada after the Loyalist immigration were not numerous enough to affect the efficient defence of the Province, even had they been disposed to do so, which is doubtful.

Yet, after making all allowance for the loyalty and fortitude of the people of Canada, it is impossible not to feel surprised at the combination of skill, courage and good fortune which enabled the country to make a successful defence against its invaders. Against the few hundred thousand inhabitants of Canada were arrayed the eight millions of the United States, forming a population that had read a great deal of the glories of war and desired to experience some of them in their own persons. The British Islands then had a population of eighteen millions, but they were three thousand miles away, and, with one brief interval of peace, had for nineteen years been at war with France, spending hundreds of millions of pounds in maintaining the conflict, and in subsidizing other nations in order to enable their armies to keep the field. In 1812 the British had a land force of 300,000 men, but the area of conflict was so wide that it was impossible to spare many troops for the defence of Canada, even had a war been anticipated. But all through the summer of that year, the Orders in Council having been revoked, the Brit-

ish Government rested secure in the belief that there would be no war, and it is marvellous that during this critical period Canada was not overrun and wholly lost to the British Crown. The total number of British regulars in Canada when war was declared was but 4,450, and of these there were only 1,450 in the Upper Province with a frontier of thirteen hundred miles to defend against an active and enterprising enemy. These consisted of nine hundred men of the 41st Regt.; two hundred and fifty of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion; two hundred and fifty of the Royal Newfoundland Regt. and fifty men of the Royal Artillery. In Lower Canada were the first battalion of the 8th, the 49th and 100th Regiments, a small detachment of Artillery and the Canadian and Gengarry Fencibles, the latter two being Provincial corps. The only reinforcements which arrived during the summer of 1812 were the 1st Regt. or Royal Scots from the West Indies, and the 103rd Regt., and a few recruits for the other regiments from England, but these reinforcements did not reach Canada in time to take part in any of the important operations of that year. The defence of the country against a powerful invading enemy had therefore to be entrusted to the few regulars that were in Canada prior to the declaration of war and to the Canadian militia.

The preparations for the invasion of Canada were made on a very ample scale. Congress had provided for the maintenance of a regular army of 36,700 men, in addition to 50,000 volunteers, and to these were to be added 100,000 militia to be furnished by the several States. A loan of \$11,000,000 was authorized, and this it was expected would pay the war expenses for the first year, but, as nearly \$5,000,000 of this loan was not subscribed for and the war expenditure was more than double what had been anticipated, the difference had to be made up by an issue of Treasury notes, an expedient which brought financial disaster on the country at a later day. Canada was to be invaded at three points, one army



JAMES MADISON

The President of the United States, who, "coerced by the threats of his political friends, yielded against the dictates of his better judgment, and thereby brought on three years of war which gave not one compensating advantage."

being directed by way of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, against Montreal; a second against the Niagara frontier, and a third against the extreme end of the Western Peninsula at Detroit. Major-General Dearborn, who had the general direction of military operations on the northern frontier, commanded the Plattsburg army in person, and is said to have received the most positive instructions to winter at Montreal.

The Niagara army, which was 6,300 strong, was under the command of Major-General Stephen Van Rensselaer of New York. The Detroit army was commanded by Brigadier-General Hull, a veteran of the Revolutionary war. This last army, which was the first to take the field, was not included in the command of General Dearborn but was under the immediate direction of Dr. Eustis, the Secretary of War, the per-

son who was so confident of taking Canada without soldiers.

It was quite in keeping with the spirit which had marked the conduct of the whole quarrel with Great Britain that Congress before adjourning should have requested the President to recommend a day of humiliation and prayer to be observed by the people of the United States, for the purpose of publicly invoking the blessing of God on their cause. President Madison appointed the 20th August for this purpose. On that day all good citizens of the United States were expected to approach the awful presence of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe with a petition on their lips, that He would strengthen their armies to enable them to invade and slay the peaceful people of Canada; that He would graciously assist them to desolate Canadian homes, to make widows of the wives, and orphans of the children of Canada, and to bring all the manifold horrors of war on a people who had never injured them by word or deed. If the Almighty had not been merciful as well as just, these impious petitions would have withered the lips of those who uttered them, but before they were made they had been denied, and one American army with its General was a prisoner on the soil of Canada. Had this fact been known to the New England ministers who took advantage of the day to denounce the war and its authors from their pulpits, it would have given point to their utterances and strength to their eloquence. The words of William Ellery Channing on that occasion, spoken from his own pulpit in Boston when he declared the war to be "an unjustifiable and ruinous war—a war that is leading us down to poverty, vice and slavery," were so suitable to the day and so true as to be almost prophetic. A war undertaken under false pretences, for the benefit not of the nation but of party, and aimed against the peace, liberty and happiness of a friendly people could not end otherwise than in disaster.

The Governor-General of Canada

when the war broke out was Sir George Prevost, an officer of Swiss origin, who had risen to high rank in the British service, and who, in consequence of his conciliatory disposition and kindly manners, had proved an acceptable civil governor. But as a military leader, as the sequel showed, he was not a success. Canada needed at that time a bold and active Commander-in-Chief, but Sir George Prevost was neither active nor bold. The one sure claim that Sir George Prevost has upon the respect of the Canadians of the present day rests on the fact that he succeeded in winning the confidence of the French of Lower Canada.

The Legislature of that Province, when it met in February, 1812, was not backward in adopting his advice to take defensive measures in view of an anticipated invasion. A Militia Bill was passed which authorized the Governor to embody two thousand unmarried men for three months in the year; and in case of invasion or imminent danger thereof, to retain them for one year, relieving one-half of the number embodied by fresh drafts at the expiration of that period. In the event of war the Governor was authorized to embody the whole militia of the Province should it become necessary. The grants for the support of the militia were on a most liberal scale, when it is considered that the total revenue of the Province for the previous year had been only seventy-five thousand pounds. The sum of sixty-two thousand pounds was granted for the purpose of militia and defence, of which thirty thousand pounds were to be employed only in case of war. The Governor-General was thus placed in a position to command all the resources of Lower Canada in case of an invasion. On the 28th May, when it was clear that war was imminent, he organized four battalions of militia under the authority of the new act. A regiment of Canada Voltigeurs (light infantry) was raised and placed under the command of Major De Salaberry of the 60th Regt.

Arrangements were made, with the concurrence of the Legislature, for the issue of army bills to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, redeemable with interest at the expiration of five years. The sedentary militia were drilled, and in the cities everything assumed a warlike aspect.

The President of Upper Canada was Major-General Isaac Brock, a man in almost every way a contrast to Sir George Prevost. He was active, vigilant and brave, and had long foreseen the approaching conflict. His first care in the spring of 1812 was to strengthen the posts under his command. He reinforced Amherstburg on the Detroit frontier with a detachment of one hundred men of the 41st Regiment. He quietly made arrangements for calling out the militia of the Province, and took such steps as his means permitted for their equipment.

While, as has been already seen, the war was promoted by the Democrats of the United States for the purpose of advancing their party interests at the coming Presidential election, Dr. Eustis, the War Secretary, had some personal views of his own which prompted him to become its advocate. This gentleman had served as a regimental surgeon in the Continental Army of the Revolution, and afterwards settled in Boston where he became a violent politician. After serving in Congress for some time he was appointed Secretary of War by President Madison when his first term commenced in 1809. From the moment of his appointment he employed his best energies to bringing on a war with Great Britain, seeing in such a measure and the conquest of Canada, to which he believed it would lead, an easy method of seating himself, a successful War Secretary, in the Presidential chair. The glory of having added an enormous area to the territory of the United States would, in his view, be sufficient to give him an assurance of capturing so great a prize

as the chief magistracy of the Republic. But to prevent there being any possibility of doubt as to the person entitled to the glory of conquering Canada, he determined on directing an invasion against what he believed to be its weakest point, the Detroit frontier. It was for this reason that he assumed the entire control of the army under General Hull, and it illustrates in a marked degree the irony of fate, that



SIR GEORGE PREVOST

Governor-General of Canada when the United States declared war against Great Britain in June 1812.

the very precautions which he took to isolate this army from the command of General Dearborn, led to its capture and his own political ruin. Had the operations in the Western Peninsula been included in the armistice* signed by Dearborn on the 9th August, the British flag would not have been flying over Detroit seven days later.

There was, however, a great deal of

* The circumstances in connection with this armistice will be explained in a future chapter.



MAJOR-GENERAL ISAAC BROCK

President of Upper Canada when the War of 1812 commenced. To his activity, vigilance and bravery is due the successful defence made during the early months of the war.

the wisdom of the serpent in the manner in which the American War Secretary proceeded to open the campaign against Canada. In the early part of the year Governor Hull, of Michigan, was called to Washington for the purpose of consulting with Eustis as to the proposed invasion of Canada by way of Detroit. Hull was rather averse to be the leader of such a campaign, unless the control of Lake Erie could first be secured, but he was over-

borne by the eloquence and the promises of the War Secretary, and he yielded to his wishes and accepted a commission as Brigadier-General and the command of the proposed army of invasion, which was to be composed of the militia and volunteers of Ohio and Michigan, together with a regiment of the regular army. In pursuance of this arrangement a requisition was made upon Governor Meigs, of Ohio, for twelve hundred militia to be drilled

and ready to march to Detroit. Ohio at that time had a population of 350,000 persons, or four times as many as the whole of Upper Canada, and their warlike zeal was so great that far more than the required number responded to the call of Governor Meigs. They assembled at Dayton about the end of April and spent nearly a month in preparations for the campaign. These included their organization into three regiments and the election of officers. They were presently joined by three companies of Ohio Volunteers, and on the twenty-fifth of May, Governor Hull made his appearance and took command of the army. This date is important and notable for it shows that a United States Brigadier-General was in command of an army intended for the invasion of Canada seven days before the President's message suggesting a declaration of war was sent to Congress, and nearly four weeks before war was actually declared. Nor must it be forgotten that this expedition had been secretly prepared, and that no one in Canada could learn, by any of the ordinary channels of information, of the attack which menaced his country.

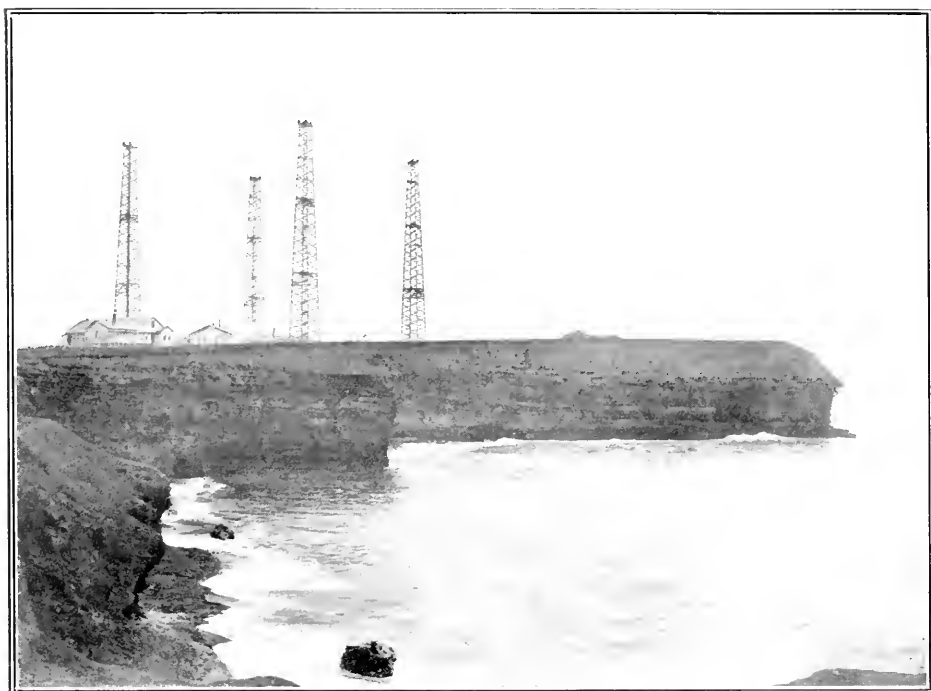
The formal transfer of the command of the Ohio Militia and Volunteers from

Governor Meigs to Governor Hull was accompanied by a grand display of eloquence. If the result of the war could have been decided by words, then the fate of Canada would have been sealed that day, for there were orations by Governor Meigs, General Hull and Colonel Lewis Cass, then a young lawyer utterly without military experience, who had been elected to the command of the Third Ohio Regiment. There was a vast amount of patriotic enthusiasm on the occasion, as all the speakers announced their intention to conquer Canada or die in the attempt. But there was far more when, a few days later, the men of Ohio were joined by the 4th Regiment of regulars under Lieut.-Col. James Miller. They were escorted into camp by the three Ohio regiments and passed under a triumphal arch of evergreens decked with flowers, and inscribed with the words: "TIPPECANOE—GLORY."* General Hull immediately issued a complimentary order, in which he expressed his belief "that there will be no other contention in this army but who will most excel in discipline and bravery." The reader will be able to judge by the sequel how far this belief was well founded.

* The Battle of Tippecanoe was fought on November 7th, 1811, between a United States army under Harrison and some discontented and excited Indians. See Kingsford, Vol. VIII., pp. 78-79.

TO BE CONTINUED





THE MARCONI WIRELESS STATION AT TABLE HEAD, GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT GLACE BAY

INCLUDING AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. MARCONI'S CHIEF OF STAFF

By Thomas J. Curren

THE Marconi Wireless Telegraph Station at Glace Bay is about completed, and the promise of the inventor regarding trans-Atlantic wireless telegraphy is shortly to be put to a test. There seems to be in the public mind a growing scepticism as to the feasibility of Mr. Marconi's project, owing, perhaps, to the prolonged delay in commencing operations; but it should be borne in mind that so much has already been accomplished in long-distance wireless telegraphy, that Marconi's promise to transmit a wireless message across the Atlantic cannot be regarded as chimerical. Marconi is

engaging in an uphill fight. He has to deal with the strong opposition of the trans-Atlantic cable companies, to whom the success of the project means opposition. He has also to combat the more annoying antagonism of the dozen or more wireless telegraph companies that have sprung into existence since he first made his invention generally known. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the inventor is extremely anxious that there shall be no hitch in his system when he offers it to the public. Whatever delay has occurred is due solely to Marconi's desire for perfection and to the experi-

ments he has been conducting with this object in view.

The writer recently made a visit to the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Stations at Glace Bay, where he had an interesting interview with Mr. Vyvyan, Marconi's chief of staff, who stated that while he would like to give all the information in his possession, there were still a few important facts that he

ceived only by the station for which it is intended, thus preserving the integrity of individual messages. The coherer, also, used by Mr. Marconi in his former experiments, has been supplanted by a receiver of much greater capacity and reliability. The old type of coherer was not always reliable, and the new method has the distinct advantage of a capacity of several hundred words

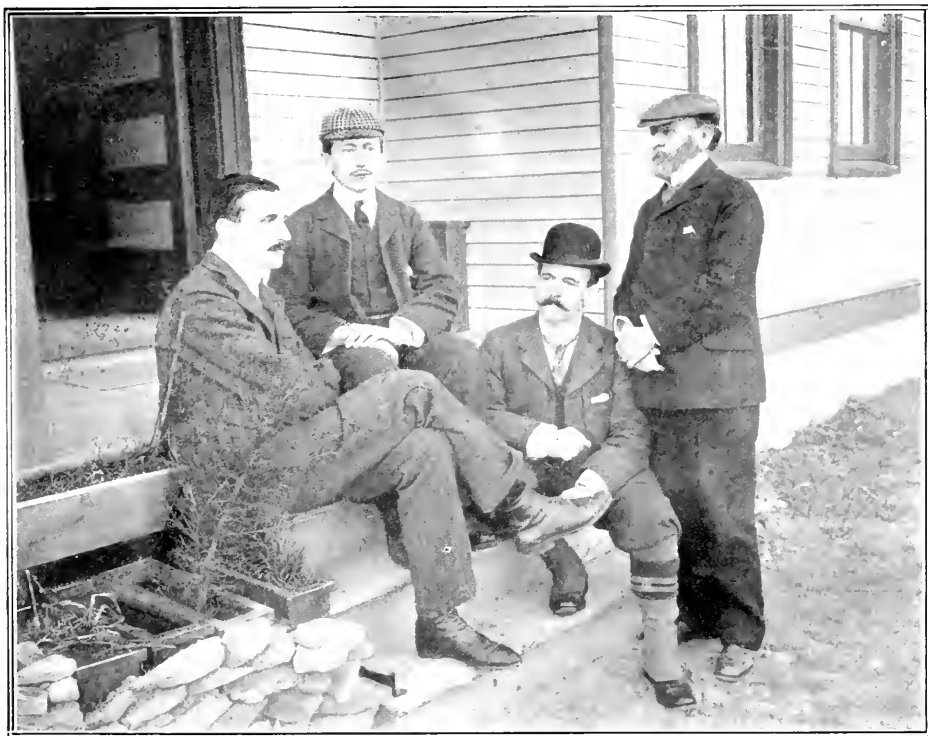


PHOTO BY WHEELER

MR. MARCONI

R. M. VYVYAN

RESIDENT ENGINEER

MR. KEMP

MANAGER

MAJOR FLOOD PAGE

DIRECTOR

would have to withhold, as a publication of them at the present time would be detrimental to the interests of his chief. On account of this apparently necessary secrecy, photographs of the interior of the receiving-house will not accompany this article. It can, however, be stated that the instruments installed there embody new ideas, one of which is the possibility of transmitting a wireless message which can be re-

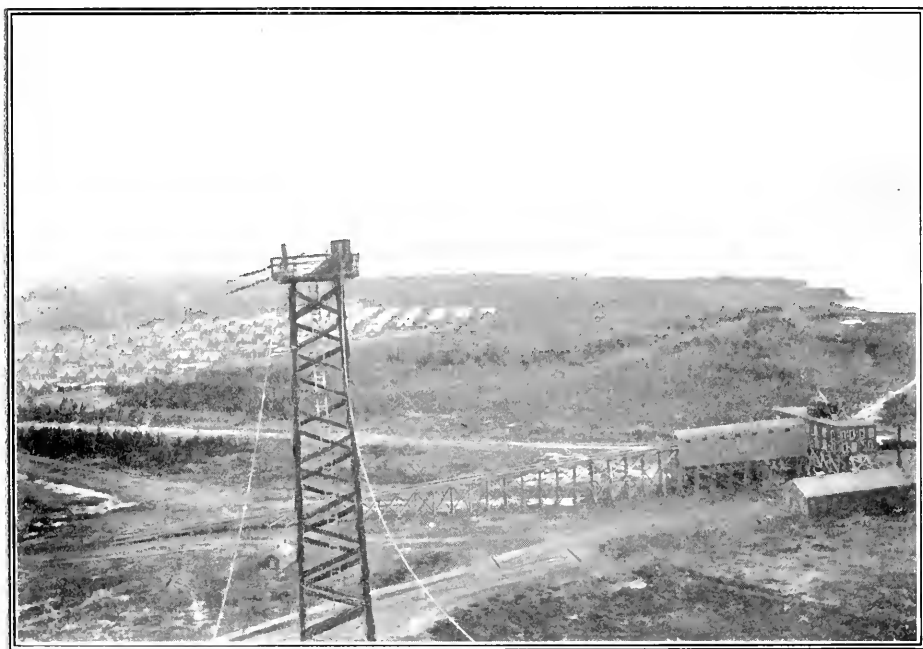
a minute should it be required.

The Glace Bay station consists of four large towers, which support from their tops heavy cables suspended to form a square. From all sides of this square the aerial wires descend and converge to the aerial cable, which is carried down into the building containing the powerful electrical plant specially constructed for the station. The towers take the place of the single mast that

is used where transmission is to be conducted over moderate distances. For the regular transmission of messages over distances measured by the thousand miles a vastly greater capacity is necessary, both in the generation and the reception of the electric waves, than suffices for the familiar experiments of transmission over distances varying from 50 to 100 miles.

The necessary height for the vertical wires has been attained by the four

wires and guy ropes. Four three-inch cables are strung from platform to platform at the top of the towers, and from these cables depend 150 aerial wires. These are drawn together and united in the centre of the square into the cable, which descends vertically to enter the transmitting and receiving house. The average length of the aerial wires before they meet in the common central cable is about 140 feet. The Glace Bay towers are on a prom-



A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TOWERS, SHOWING ANOTHER TOWER. A MINING SETTLEMENT AND THE ATLANTIC OCEAN ARE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

PHOTO BY KELLY & DODGE

braced wooden towers, each 210 feet high, at the four corners of a square, which measures about 200 feet on a side. The foundation of each tower consists of a mass of concrete formed in a hollow square, the external dimensions being 36x36 feet, and the internal 24x24 feet. The experience of previous attempts to carry a set of lofty aerial wires, and especially the collapse of the Cape Cod towers in a heavy gale, has led to many improvements in the method of stringing the sustaining

ontory seventy feet above mean high water, while the English station is at Poldhu, on the Cornwall coast.

Mr. Vyvyan, upon being asked what proof there existed beyond Marconi's assertion that a wireless message had been received at Newfoundland from the Cornwall station in England, stated that the inventor had an assistant with him at the time this experiment was made, and that this assistant as well as Marconi himself distinctly heard the letter S repeated several times. "But,"

said Mr. Vyvyan, "why do you ask for proof of this Newfoundland message, when there exists undeniable evidence of a more severe test in the recent exchange of messages between the s.s. *Philadelphia* at sea and the wireless station at Cornwall, at a distance of 1,551 miles? At this distance messages regarding the condition of the weather at the respective points were distinctly exchanged, and," he

and fully equipped, it will be as easy for me to send a wireless message to San Francisco as it would be to send a message to that promontory over there," indicating a point about a quarter of a mile distant, "and so confident is Marconi of the complete success of his wireless telegraph system, that he contemplates the erection at once of another station at Cape Town, South Africa. Messages can then be ex-

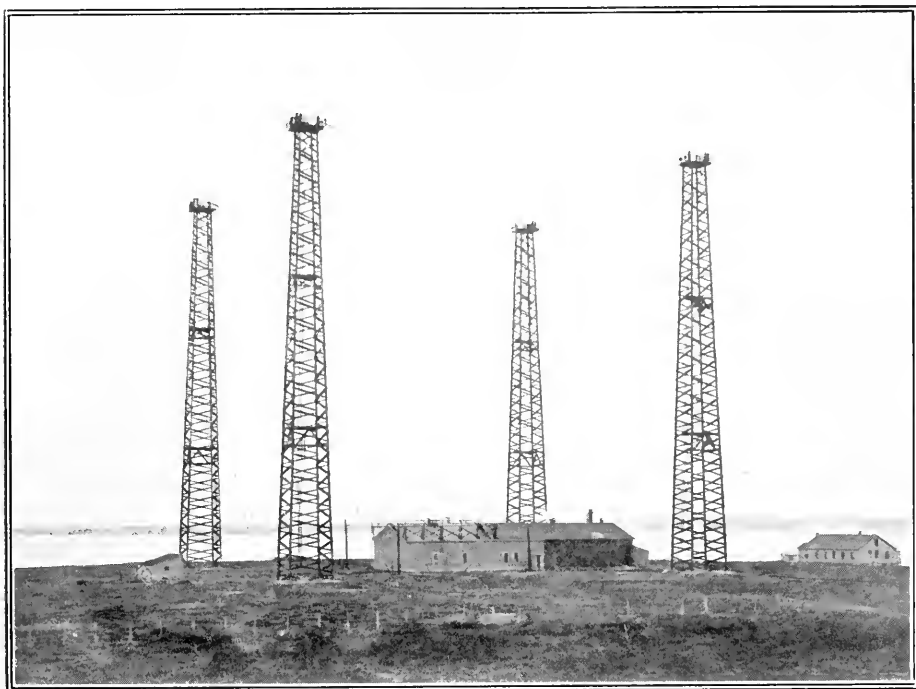


PHOTO BY WHEELER, SYDNEY

OPERATING ROOM POWER HOUSE

RESIDENCE

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT TABLE HEAD, GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON

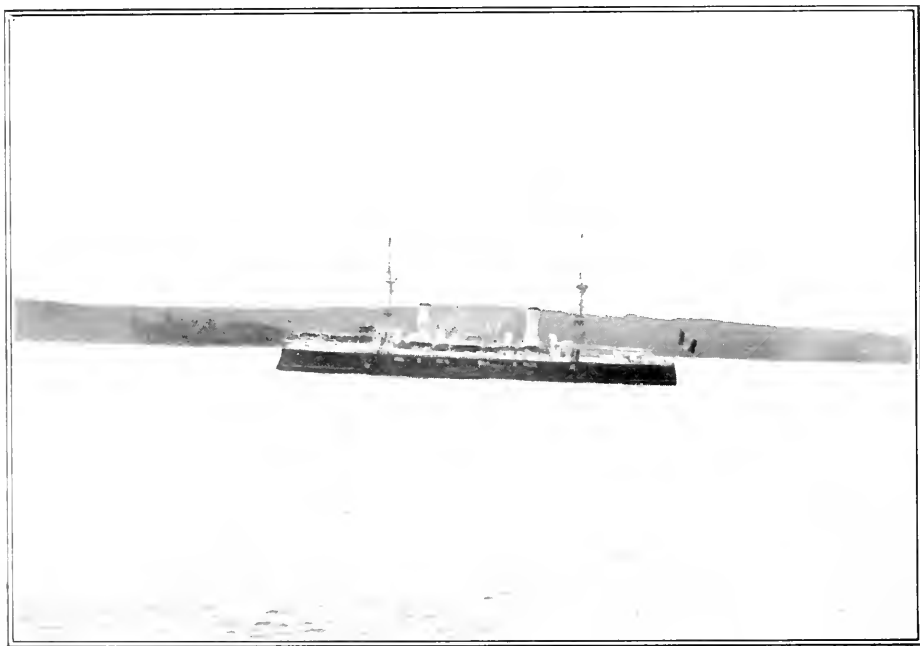
continued, "a greater feat than this has since been accomplished in the exchange of complete messages (at the time of the King of Italy's visit to Russia) between the Italian warship *Carlo Alberta* at Kronstadt and the English station, a distance of 1,400 miles, 800 of which was overland. This, on account of the land resistance, is computed by Mr. Marconi to be equivalent to 4,000 miles over sea. In fact," he added, "when this station is completed

changed between that point and Canada direct as easily as between Canada and England."

The delay in commencing operations, Mr. Vyvyan stated, was due to Marconi's anxiety to thoroughly test his system before offering it for public use and also to the experiments he has been conducting in his efforts to transmit wireless messages so that they cannot be intercepted. It will be remembered that a claim made against

the Marconi invention at the time of the initial experiments, was the fact that wireless messages could be intercepted, and it is evident that this claim was well founded, for it has never been contradicted. The experiments which the inventor has been making to overcome this obstacle have resulted successfully, as will shortly be demonstrated when a public test is made. Mr. Vyvyan would neither affirm nor deny the rumour that wireless messages had

fair to Mr. Marconi. The delays were unavoidable, and never once since the commencement of the construction of the station has the work been allowed to flag. "You will, perhaps, better understand the absurdity of this report," said Mr. Vyvyan, "when I tell you that Mr. Marconi himself is a heavy stockholder in this company, and so confident am I also of the ultimate success of the enterprise, that I have invested all the means I possess



THE "CARLO ALBERTO," THE ITALIAN WARSHIP LENT BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL TO MARCONI. THIS PHOTO OF HER WAS TAKEN IN SYDNEY HARBOUR

PHOTO BY WHEELER, SYDNEY

already been exchanged between the Glace Bay station and England, but taking into consideration the vast amount of experimental work that has recently been done, it is almost safe to assume that the rumour is correct. He gave an emphatic denial to the newspaper reports alleging that the delay in completion of the Canadian station was intentional, in order to give the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. time to unload their stock on the public. The report was absurd and most un-

in the same company. There is another newspaper story which I would like to contradict," he continued, "and that is the recent Associated Press Despatch, stating that Marconi admitted that he was not the inventor of the system that bore his name, but that the credit belonged to the Marquis Luigi Solari. There is no truth in this despatch. It should be understood that Marconi does not claim to have invented wireless telegraphy, for the transmission of sound without wires for short distances

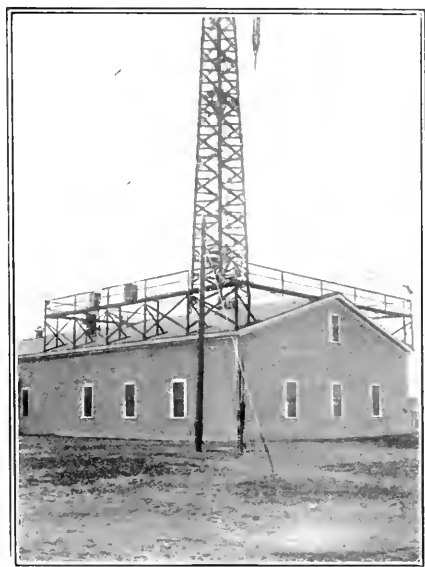
has been a fact well known to the scientific world for some years. But he does claim the credit of putting this knowledge to practical use. The Marquis Solari was associated with Marconi in his early experiments, but beyond this he had nothing whatever to do with the invention of the Marconi wireless telegraph system."

"Now Mr. Vyvyan," I said, "I have still a most important question to ask you, and because of its importance I have left it until the last. When will the first public wireless message be sent across the Atlantic?"

"I had begun to hope that you were not going to ask me that question," he replied, "because I cannot give you a definite answer. You will remember my telling you at the beginning of this interview that the delay which has already occurred is due to the fact that the system is being thoroughly tested, and I will now add that we will not commence public operations until we are assured that everything is in good working order, and that the chance of a breakdown is reduced to a minimum. I think, however, I am safe in saying that we will be in the market for public business in the first month of 1903. Yes," he continued thoughtfully, "you may say that much with certainty."

This article would not be complete without reference to Mr. Wm. Smith, of Ottawa, who was mainly instrumental in inducing Mr. Marconi to come to Canada. Mr. Smith happened to be in Newfoundland at the time of Mr. Marconi's visit there, and when the cable company threatened the inventor with a legal injunction, he lost no time in presenting the advantages of Canada as experimental ground.

The result is the establishment of the wireless station at Glace Bay, the most important (excepting Cornwall) in the Marconi system. If long distance wireless telegraphy prove commercially successful, it would be difficult to over-



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE WIRELESS STATION
SHOWING INNUMERABLE WIRES CONNECT-
ING THE AERIAL CABLES WITH
THE RECEIVING ROOM

estimate the advantages which will accrue to Canada from the prompt action taken by Mr. Smith in the matter. One already guaranteed advantage is cheaper telegraph rates across the ocean. The Glace Bay station is subsidized by the Canadian Government to the extent of \$80,000, and for this concession Marconi has contracted to transmit ordinary wireless messages from and to Canada at the rate of 10 cents a word, and Government and press messages at 5 cents a word.

In concluding this article it may be stated that tangible evidence of the practicability of wireless telegraphy already exists in Canada. The Canadian Government is using the Marconi wireless system between Chateau Bay and Belle Isle with such satisfactory results that Mr. D. H. Keely, the Superintendent of Government Telegraphs, states that he prefers it to the cable which is also in operation there.

A DAY WITH THE WORKINGMAN

By Charles Lewis Shaw

MODERN thought may advance all sorts of theories about the Biblical story of the Garden of Eden and the Decree that thenceforth man should labour, but there never has been a philosopher who has doubted the Divine effect. Most of us have found out that we have to work for good or evil in this work-yard—the world; but that there should be any reason beyond human selfishness why any particular body of men should claim that they alone are the world's workers, is hard to understand. Any one who has borne the heat and burden of a newspaperman's life has a fairly clear idea of what labour, physical and mental, means. Some of us have worked in the trench-digging of the battle of life and have learned that, important as the digging of trenches is, the skilled eye, hand and brain of the man who handles the maxim counts more than the best

manipulated spade in the long line of trench-diggers. But it is hard to convince the trench-digger who is one of the same army, encounters the same heat and faces the same dangers, that the man whose trained eye can plant a shell to the best advantage two miles away through years of study and the wisdom of God in His distribution of mental and physical gifts, is a more valuable man to the common welfare of that army than the trench-digger, no matter how skilled and well-conducted in trench-digging he may be. In the industrial warfare of life in this democratic age every man is rapidly getting equal opportunity to serve in the trenches or with the artillery, and the higher reward will be to him who is the more valuable to the common weal. If this be not true, then the world will have to begin over again and the Anarchist is right. We unconsciously confess or assert in every hour of contact with our fellow-men that men are not equal.

"Spend a day with the workingman and write it up—it might make good reading after this coal strike," I was told. I have spent many days with the workingman in the fortuitous life of a working newspaper-man throughout three continents, and the *MAGAZINE* chief knew it. "You might have a different point of view," he suggested, as I was closing the door of his sanctum. I had.

The workingman, using the word in its common sense as designating one who contributes to the wealth of the world by manual labour, is, after all, very much like other men—good, bad and indifferent—less venerated and polished probably, but still very much the same order of being as the man who controls his labour. Sometimes he is better morally, mentally and physically, but I shall not attempt to bring about the millennium by means of a



ONE OF THE TRENCH-DIGGERS

twenty-five hundred word article. It may be through some defect in my make-up, the early training of a Tory household or the fact that the workingman "who sets up my stuff" frequently gets higher pay than I do for writing it, but I never could recognize, what a Mayor of Toronto aroused the wrath of many by calling, "the aristocracy of labour." The fact that a number of men, through a certain amount of acquired mechanical skill, in which the difference between the best and the worst craftsmen is not of material moment—for their union demands the same pay for each man—can band themselves together successfully for selfish advantage does not necessarily make them the aristocrats of labour. In the highest degrees of art, literature, science and mechanics, "unionism" has been impossible. Through this union of workingmen of different trades in a federation of labour an army is created which, if effectively controlled, could keep back civilization and for a time bring about the triumph of democracy or mediocrity, or whatever you choose to call a crude attempt at leveling up.

Unionism has had its own place in the progress of the economic world, and to it the workingman of to-day owes much, but Capital has not a monopoly of tyranny. A great labour union, with its improved organization, can be also a hydra-headed octopus capable of causing more misery than a Standard Oil Company with enormous capital at its command and the management of a Rockefeller. With a superficial knowledge, that every man cannot help having in this age of printers' ink, of the principles of Socialism, I have often wondered why trades unionists have not adopted the theories of Henry George and the great teachers of socialistic doctrines. The union man seems to be quite willing to adopt those teachings in so far as they are of advantage to himself, but the moment the doctrine of the brotherhood of man has to be extended beyond what he believes to be his own interests he calls a halt, thereby virtually admitting that



THE ORGANIZER—THOUGH NOT CULTURED
NOR EDUCATED, HE EXERCISES
GREAT INFLUENCE

his union principles are adopted for his own personal advantage. Self-preservation may be a first law of nature, but there seems to be only a difference in degree between it and the self-aggrandizement of the capitalist. The horny-handed son of union toil should not pretend to be too good. To give an instance peculiarly within the knowledge of a newspaper-man, the wage of an ordinary reporter on a newspaper in Canada is remarkably small. The wages of the man who manipulates the type-setting machine which sets up his news items are frequently double the amount received by the reporters. No one will deny that the duties of the average newspaper reporter are arduous, entailing a certain amount of literary ability acquired by years of study and expense. The average operator of a type-setting machine has acquired the skill which permits him to set up the reporter's copy in a few months. Beyond a technical knowledge of the art

of printing, which merely facilitates his work but is not essential to it, the skill and knowledge of the operator of a type-setting machine differs little from that of the fluffy-haired, shirt-waisted type-writer girl in the business office to whom you dictate your letters in the intervals between the arranging of her ringlets and the reading a chapter of *Laura Jean Libbey*, and the type-writer girl who probably has a knowledge of stenography as well as type-writing will get less than one-half the remuneration that the union man of the type-setting machine obtains.

In the Capital City of the Dominion a reporter on a daily paper, who was an adept in the use of a type-writer, in the absence of the regular operators, was in the habit a short time ago of setting up his own stuff on the machines in the composing room. He did this partly because it was as convenient for him to set it up in type as to write it and partly out of a desire to know and do things. The typographical union heard of this and shrewdly saw the danger threatened and by resolution determined that no machine should be used by a reporter in what has come to be called a "union office," that is, an office in which only members of the typographical union are employed. They saw the danger. In the better class of newspaper offices in the United States at the present time reporters' copy has to be type-written before it goes to the printer and every reporter must consequently use a type-writer. It does not require even the shrewd foresight of a typographical union to understand the possibility of reporters, instead of writing out their reports by means of a type-writer, going upon their return from an assignment and setting up their "stuff" in type ready for the stereotypers and the printing press. This, after all, would mean merely a slight addition to the knowledge of the already type-writing reporter and a matter of regulation as to time in the composing room. As for the resolution of the typographical union of Ottawa, were there not riot and destruction at the time of the introduc-

tion of improved machinery by the weavers and by the agricultural labourers of Great Britain? Yet the handloom, the reaping-hook and the flail are almost objects of curiosity in England to-day.

I mentioned this to a leading union man the other day—a man who understood the printing business thoroughly and he laughed that laugh that only a union man can when he imagines, in the shortness of his vision, that "the world is his oyster." "Bah!" he said, "Imagine a crowd of reporters tumbling over each other to get their turn at one of the most delicately constructed machines ever invented. Why, every reporter would have to be allowed a machine costing several thousands of dollars. Impossible," and he again laughed the laugh that the sea-captains of old gave forth at the floating tea-kettles, the modern steam-ship. Intelligent as is the modern workman and radical as the changes and improvements in the mechanical trades are, the majority of union men seem to believe that unionism through which they have obtained so much will hold back the invention and resourcefulness of ever advancing civilization. The tyranny of the master has passed, as it had to pass in this God-ruled world, and it cannot be that the tyranny of the servant shall succeed it forever. And to-day the employers have united even as their employees have done in the past.

If selfishness is the bond of union which separates in antagonism these two forces, seemingly necessary under present conditions for the progress of the world, both moving on the same track from opposite directions there must be a collision which will result in the smash-up of both and the clearance of the road of life for the united progress of humanity. The world cannot have been made for only one class. The solution will be worked out in God's will when the world is ready for it. Accordingly I am not losing any great amount of sleep over the matter.

There is a natural inquisitiveness in every man to know what the other fellow thinks of things, and I spent a

day with the workingman. I have worked sufficiently at manual labour in my life to know that if a re-incarnated Dickens or another Zola wishes for pen-pictures of wholesale misery and suffering among the poor, his pen would have little material among the workmen of Canada for the pathetic and heartrending writing that has wrung tears of pity from a generation. The great Canadian writer of sentiment and realism will find possibly a rich field among the learned professions, and it may be that, in the divine order of things, it is time that the non-producer of wealth should be taught things that the capitalist is at present fighting with all the tenacity that the desire of possession begets in human nature.

To rise up at an hour the God of nature says the day has begun, when you are accustomed to it, doesn't strike one as being any particular hardship. To engage in manly toil of brain and body for eight or ten hours under existing circumstances may strike a sentimental chord in some people's breast when spoken of as "toiling from early morn till late at e'en," with references to the "beads of honest sweat bedewing equally honest brows"; but my sympathy has generally been with the man "who begs some lordly fellow-worm to give him leave to toil," whether the lordly fellow-worm happens to be a bloated capitalist or a lot of fellow-worms in the form of a union. To me the saddest thing in human life is the man in all the strength of his manhood unable, through no fault of his own, to work for the support of the life that God has given him and the lives of those for whom he is responsible. There is work for every man, or else every creed the world has ever known is a lie; and organized capital and organized labour can never eradicate that belief from mankind by any theory that the brain can selfishly evolve.

"What about the man who doesn't belong to your union and wants a job?" I asked a man who was piling brick into a hod prior to carrying it to the bricklayer on the second storey of

the building in course of erection.

"He will want," he laconically answered, "if our union knows anything." And he looked insulted when I was conceited enough to say that I could learn his work and harden my muscles sufficiently in a week to handle his job.

"Supposing I want to run my own show and not belong to any union, would you fellows all strike if the boss gave me a job?"

"That's just what we'd do," he remarked.

"Supposing I was hungry and had a large and interesting hungry family, would you strike then?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know about that," the eternal human coming out in the man, "but the union would have to say."

"Then, as might be the case, if a job on this work was the only one available, I would have to beg, starve or steal, or belong to your union. What about the rights of man you fellows are always talking about? I shall have to submit to the control of my individual liberty by a union that may be through the chances in the election of the governing body strongly opposed to everything that I hold to be right!"

"Oh! well, the union works for the advantage of the majority in keeping up wages and regulating things generally in their interests. The greatest good for the greatest number you know."

"Then in a question as to my livelihood and my sense of right and wrong, and several other trifling matters, I have to submit my life's actions to such an unstable thing as a majority!"

"Well, that's the way in a free country everything seems to be run—by the majority."

"Individualism, then, doesn't seem to have much of a show with you fellows. Why don't go in for socialism at once then, and be consistent?"

"Oh! yes," he said, "socialism is all right enough, but those fellows over there just clearing up and choring around the building, would get about as much as I would, and they are not union men, and their



THE INTELLIGENT YOUNG MECHANIC WHO THINKS MORE OF EDUCATION THAN UNIONISM—FROM THIS CLASS ARE RECRUITED THE FOREMEN AND BOSSES

work is not skilled work any way."

I called his attention to a young, athletic co-labourer who had been taking up three loads to his two, and who looked as if he were in the habit of doing so right along, and asked him if he were not a member of the same union, and in receipt of the same pay, and he changed the conversation by remarking "that if it were not for the union they would only get enough to keep body and soul together," and it may be he was right.

I followed him up the ladders and inclined walks through the building on his next trip aloft, and watched the bricklayers work. It was interesting to see the workman-like quickness with which the building rose inch by inch, and I admired the adroitness and activity of the skilled workmen until noon. When the dinner-pails were emptied, and a dozen of us were lolling at ease in the shadow of a shed where the pipes of peaceful tobacco

were permitted to be smoked, I asked about that bricklaying machine, with the aid of which one man could do as much work as ten could now accomplish, and I wanted to know how that would affect the trade and the union. The opinions amounted to about the same as that of the captain of "the wind-jammer" of old regarding the modern steamship. Whether it is that the hard-headed, hard-handed, intelligent mechanic is wilfully blind to the fact that the world "do move," or whether it is that, like a certain celebrated statesman, he says, "Posterity be d——d, what did posterity ever do for us?" cannot be said, but he seems to be building his house on sand that is rapidly trickling from beneath it through the inundation of the inventive genius of the age. I drove away on one of the trucks that conveyed dressed material from the planing-mill a short distance away, and found that the driver had belonged to a teamsters' union that had "bust." "Couldn't keep the boys together, somehow, on



ONE OF THE LOWER STRATA—HE KEEPS THE STREETS CLEAR OF LOOSE PAPER THROWN DOWN BY CARELESS HANDS

a strike," he said, "and, anyhow, they could fill our places too easy." I asked him if he thought it would be the same thing with the carpenters and bricklayers if, through invention in machinery, their work would be simplified except as to a few men. He said he had never thought of it that way, but he remembered the time when nearly all the house-carpenters had their benches in the building under construction, where they made the doors, windows and the finishings by hand instead of getting nearly the whole thing from the factory. "All that most of them have to do is to knock 'em into place."

"Then it seems that, as in your case, a union cannot live because pretty nearly anybody in his senses can drive a team, and in the case of the carpenters machinery is largely taking their place, except at work requiring peculiar personal skill?"

"Must be something like that. You see they're not as particular now about the articles of apprenticeship a carpenter had to serve under for seven years before he learnt his trade. Anybody nowadays handy with tools, or enough gumption to run a machine, can be a carpenter fit to do the ordinary work in a building or in a planing mill within a few months. Still there's some work that machines can never do, and there will always be first-class workmen that will have to do it."

"A case of the survival of the fittest. That won't harmonize with union doctrine, will it?" I asked him. He said he was not worrying about doctrines, but he knew machinery was knocking out high pay for ordinary mechanics.

It was only twenty years ago, and I remember watching with all the natural interest of a boy a dignified middle-aged carpenter, a type of his class in Canada at that time, making the doors and windows of a public building in which the whole of a backwoods country town was interested. We thought him wondrous wise, we boys did, as we watched the skilful manipulation of his tools and listened to the words of wisdom that dropped from his grave lips on things in general and municipal af-

fairs in particular, this elder of the church, town councillor and school trustee, and it was with a sense of pain that the world was losing much that that I watched the boys and young men in the whizzing, whirring factory turning out the various parts of doors, windows and house-finishings at a rate that only permitted a shouted remark every now and then from a foreman directing the movements of some man, who seemed to be merely part of the mechanism of the place. I drove back



"THE MAN WHO DOESN'T BELONG TO OUR UNION SHOULD STARVE"

with my friend the teamster, and waited with him while a blacksmith *en route* fitted and placed in a few minutes a shoe that had been cast by one of his horses. I remembered the gossip and badinage of the blacksmith shop of long ago, when it was the small boy's envied privilege to be allowed to blow the bellows that heated the fire for the iron that the blacksmith's arm made into a horseshoe, while he and the customer exchanged the gossip of the road. There was a quick

look at the hoof by the horseshoer, a box of factory-made horseshoes inspected, and in two or three minutes a fit was found, the shoe was heated and nailed on, and the teamster had hardly completed writing out an order on his employer for the blacksmith to charge when the work was done and we were ready to start again. It was business, but we are losing something in our haste, in spite of the belief that, in the economic advancement of the world, all is for the best. I spoke about this that evening, as half-a-dozen workmen from a big shoe factory dropped in after six to a public house to partake of a social glass, which the machine-like, silent drudgery of the day's work excused, if anything can.

There was something about the smell of leather, I had heard, that fostered radical thought, but I was surprised at an opinion I heard from the lips of a man who bore the outward and visible signs of a thinking man in his strongly marked forehead. "Yes, invention's doing it. And if we loved our fellow-men, as we say we do, we should welcome it with joy. We are merely going through one of the cycles of the world's progress." It's all in the plan of creation. It must be if the Christian is right. In the mysterious workings of Providence all is for the best—for the glory of God, and the happiness of mankind. In the evolution of things, we are at present solving in the wisdom of the Creator of all things one of the great questions that succeed each other, time after time, in the cycle of the ages. The selfishness of human nature in the concerted actions of capital on one side, opposed by the selfish aggrandizement of labour on the other, and between the two, the God-given inventive genius of man, which nullifies or will nullify the united power of the workmen on the one hand, and concentrates into manageable form the manufacturing industries of life to an extent that their control by private corporations, whose interests are naturally and essentially selfish, is already being resented by civilized humanity. You see how the movement in favour of

the assumption of the control by the people of what we call public utilities, is growing throughout the civilized world. And what are public utilities? It would require a change of the laws of the Bible, wherein is set forth man's duty to God and to his neighbour, a reversal of the law of nature, which decrees there shall be no waste, to say truthfully that there is anything that is not of public utility. When the people in rapidly increasing instances already control the distribution of letters and parcels, the sending of telegrams, the management of railroads, factories like Woolwich, street car lines, electric and gas lighting, and dozens of others, when it is already the law that a portion of the estates of those deceased shall revert to the people, it is not a far cry to the remedy, let it be called socialism, public ownership or what name you will. No Act of Parliament will bring it about. The acts will follow the necessities for them, acknowledged by the people who will come to that knowledge inculcated in God's wisdom as the system of humanity demands it. What is being borne in on us at the present time is the fact that in the marvellous development of steam, electric and mechanical power, the world will have to return for the production of wealth to mother earth, its source. Civilization seems to travel in a circle, but always returns to the land. Already there are indications of it in our own country especially. Education and legislation is making Canada comparatively free from the necessity of the army of lawyers that in proportion to her population was remarkable. Already many lawyers are abandoning their profession and devoting themselves to industrial life, such as farming and stock raising, in the hitherto waste lands of the Canadian West, and growing two blades of grass where one grew before, and the world is richer. Sanitary regulations throughout the cities and towns, and the education of the people have affected the practice of the medical profession also, and will have a similar effect.

Liberality of thought has even affect-

ed the ministers of the churches in a curious way, and "creedism" no longer holds paramount sway in the religious world. The papers are not filled with discussions about High and Low Church. Life is too earnest to worry about the doctrine of Apostolic succession. A man doesn't become a Bishop or the Moderator of an Assembly merely because he is the representative of a party in the church. It is because he is a useful man to his kind.

And I thought in the narrowness of my mind as I walked homeward in the crisp, invigorating coolness of the Canadian night, of the possibilities of Canada, which seemed in the divine order of things to be ready for the happy prosperity of the incoming time when in the

development of her mines, the tilling of her vast prairies and the utilization of her resources, there was to be a solution to some extent of the problem of livelihood accentuated by the conflict between capital and labour. That in the merging of small mercantile establishments into large departmental stores, the elimination from our social life of the superfluous professional and middle men, and above every thing, the economy of labour through improved machinery, there was in the return to natural conditions in the production of wealth the answer to the prayer that the Saviour of the world, the divine Carpenter of Nazareth, gave for mankind, "Give us this day our daily bread."

THE KNIGHT OF THE FEEBLE BLOW

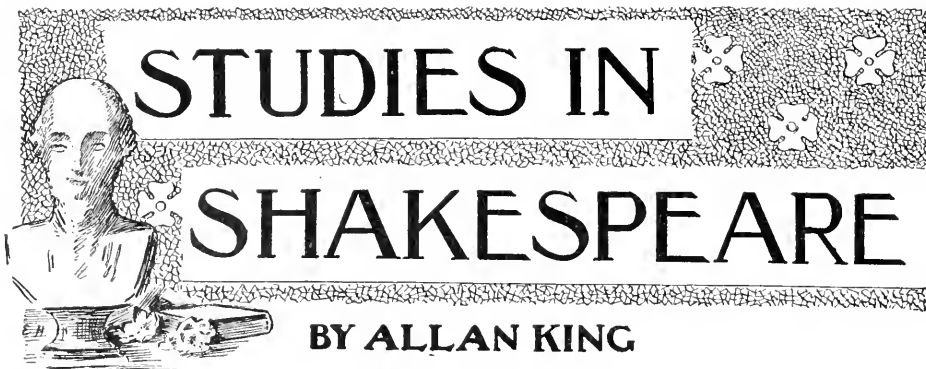
WHEN to the castle-gate I come,
Of my true liege and King,
It will not be with roll of drum
Or banners fluttering;

But pacing slowly and alone,
With plumed head bending low—
A sorry champion of the throne,
Knight of the Feeble Blow!

And when He asks, "How fares the fray
Begun at birth of time?"
I'll have no stirring word to say,
No narrative sublime.

Dumb with the voiceless hush of shame,
I'll meet my liege-lord there;
Oh, that the burden of my blame
Be not too great to bear.

W. H. Belford



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

III—HIS USE OF INSECTS

AS one proceeds with the study of his plays it becomes clear that Shakespeare was a close observer of all the natural objects which came under his notice in his every-day experience.

Most men observe closely only that which for them has some special interest; that which in some peculiar manner is connected with their business or their pleasure.

"The farmer, walking abroad, will be quick to notice any signs which point out the fluctuations of the weather or the changes of the season. The sportsman, in like manner, finds his interest aroused by a thousand varying phenomena; the mildness or the severity of the winter; a late or an early spring; a dry or a rainy summer, all produce certain results upon the objects of his pursuit, and require a corresponding variation in his procedure. 'The piercing note of the wild swan high in the frosty heavens,' and the 'booming' of the bitterness from the 'sedgy shallow' arouse his attention and awaken his destructive energies to action. Husbandmen and sportsmen are alike in one respect, they both take a deep and active interest in some of the phenomena of nature."

That Shakespeare did not make a special study of natural history is plain enough. The birds he mentions are mostly the English birds, which may be seen on the wing or heard to sing on any spring or summer day in

England. The great master was great because he had the hearing ear, the seeing eye and the understanding heart. Nothing seems to have escaped his attention. The insects came under his notice as well as the birds and flowers, and some of the passages in which he refers to them are among those which once read are never quite forgotten, and if read again become the possession of a lifetime.

Shakespeare may not have been the first to apply the term "gilded butterfly" to the devotees of fashion and pleasure; but, in any event, since his time the term, carrying that meaning, has passed into the current language of the day. King Lear and Cordelia, after they were re-united and all past misunderstandings cleared away, were captured by the forces of Goneril and Regan and hurried off to confinement. The old monarch addresses Cordelia in a manner in which, having in view his unhappy condition, is pathetic in the extreme:

"Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage;
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
 down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live
And pray and sing and tell old tales and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news; and we'll talk with them
 too
Who loses and who wins; who's in; who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies." (Act V, sc. 2.)

In the play of *Coriolanus*, when Valeria visits Virgilia and Volumnia, wife

and mother to Coriolanus, after asking Virgilia about her little son, she tells of seeing him o' Wednesday last:—

VAL.—O' my word the father's son; I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy, o' my troth. I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again. (Act I, sc. 3.)

The determined and fearless manner in which boys chase butterflies furnished Shakespeare with a forcible figure at the time when Marcius, joined with the Volscians, is approaching Rome with the irresistible fury of a conqueror:—

"He is their God; he leads them like a thing Made by some other deity than nature, That shapes man better; and they follow him Against us brats, with no less confidence Then boys pursuing summer butterflies Or butchers killing flies."

(Coriolanus, Act IV., sc. 6.)

Titania in her care for "Bottom" tells her fairies to

"pluck the wings from painted butterflies, To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes." (Mid. N.D. Act III, sc. 1.)

There are references in some of the other English poets to butterflies which it may be interesting to notice here. Thomson, in his "Castle of Indolence," contrasts the condition of this insect with that of man:—

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold! See all, but man, with unearned pleasure gay; See her bright robes the butterfly unfold, Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May; What youthful bride can equal her array? Who can with her for easy pleasure vie? From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray, From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly, Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky."

Mrs. Hemans, having in mind its variable and inconstant flight, likens it to

"An embodied breeze at play."

Lord Byron, in the "Giaour," introduces the blue-winged butterfly of Kashmere, said to be the rarest and most beautiful of the species, in the following passage, and calls it the insect queen:

"As arising on its purple wing
The insect queen of Eastern spring,

O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye;
So beauty lures the full-grown child
With hue as bright and wing as wild,
A chase of idle hopes and fears
Begun in folly, closed in tears."

The politician of the old days was not far behind his modern brother in the vocabulary of abuse. In Richard II, Act II, sc. 4, Bolingbroke calls the creatures of Richard

"the caterpillars of the commonwealth,"

and the Duke of York's reflection on the destruction of his hopes is:

"Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away."
(2nd pt. King Henry VI, Act 3, sc. 1.)

"False caterpillars" is the epithet bestowed by Jack Cade and his "ragged multitude" on their opponents.

The Queen, in *King Edward II*, is a concealed listener to the conversation of the gardener and his attendants on the state of the kingdom, and what she heard illustrates the truth of the saying that listeners rarely hear good of themselves.

The attendant inquires:

"Why should we in the compass of a pale
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges
ruined,
Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome
herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?" (Act III, sc. 4.)

Coriolanus, the great Roman general—great until he entered upon the political arena—finds himself buffeted and banished, because he refused to comply with the demands of the capricious mob. After leaving Rome he joined the Volscians and marched against his native city at the head of an invincible army.

"Is't possible," asks Sicinius, "that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?" And Menenius answers him:—

"There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub."

The moths have not been over-looked. Borachio, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, speaks of "the smirched, moth-eaten tapestry," and when Valeria was on the visit to the wife of Coriolanus, mentioned above, she asked her to lay aside her stitchery and play the idle housewife that afternoon, and when she refused to do so Valeria says to her:—

"You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths."

And the worm, which chooses for its domicile "the fresh lap of the crimson rose," is also referred to.

Montague, speaking of Romeo, who is acting in a moody and peculiar manner, because of a certain maiden named Rosaline, who will not smile upon him, says that he is—

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

(Romeo and Juliet, Act I, sc. 1.)

One of the best known and most pleasing passages in Shakespeare is that one in which Viola, under cover of telling her sister's story, tells her own, and in her mouth the image of the "worm i' the bud," becomes one of the most touching ever used by a poet. The Duke wishes her to go to Olivia in his behalf, and tells her that his love for Olivia "is all as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much," and tells her to make no compare

"Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia."

But Viola is herself in love with the Duke, and thinks she knows something about the love at least one woman can bear to him, and says in reply:—

"VIO.—Ay, but I know—

DUKE.—What dost thou know?

VIO.—Too well what love women to men may owe;

In faith they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE.—And what's her history?

VIO.—A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more: but indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love."

(Twelfth Night, Act II, sc. 4.)

Othello refers to the silkworm in the scene where he demands from Desdemona "the handkerchief" which in the hands of Iago worked such mischief between them. He tells her that it was endowed with supernatural virtues by "an Egyptian," and says that:—

"The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk."

(Act III, sc. 4.)

And Cleopatra, in the hour of her extremity, asks the countryman who brings her the aspic:—

"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
that kills and pains not?"

(Ant. and Cleo., Act V, sc. 2.)

The beetle, which everyone has noticed on a summer's evening, is introduced into *Macbeth*:—

"Ere the bat hath flown

His cloistered flight; ere to black Hecate's summons

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note."

(Act III, sc. 2.)

In Gray's "Elegy" the well-known passage will be readily recalled in which he so happily describes a quiet summer evening in the country. The flocks from the pasture, the husbandmen from the field, and the air still—

"Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight."

Hogg, singing the lullaby of departing day, in his "Connel of Dee," says—

"The beetle began his wild ariel to tune,

And sang on the wynd with an eirysome croon,

Away on the breeze of the Dee."

Titania, in her passion for that "gentle mortal," "Sweet bully Bot-

tom," must be called upon again to furnish a reference, this time to the glow-worm.

The fairies are told to—

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gamble in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise."

(M. N. D., Act III, sc. 1.)

Morning comes upon the ghost in his discourse with Hamlet, and it must be gone.

"Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me."

Readers of Byron's "Manfred" will easily recall a stanza which, once read, is never forgotten, and which is always recalled by lovers of nature with a peculiar pleasure. It is to be found at the close of the first scene of the poem. Manfred summons the spirits of earth and air to appear before him, and they speak to him, but are invisible. He hears their voices, sweet and melancholy sounds, as music on the waters, but he is not satisfied; he would behold them face to face. The spirits answer him and say that they have no forms beyond the elements, but ask him to choose a form in which they may appear. He tells them that he has no choice—there is no form on earth hideous or beautiful to him. One of the spirits then appears in the shape of a beautiful female figure. Manfred is overcome with the vision. He thinks he might still be happy with such a female, and he attempts to clasp the form, when it vanishes and he falls senseless.

An incantation follows, and a voice is heard repeating the words—

"When the moon is on the wave,
And the glow-worm in the grass,
And the meteor on the grave,
And the wisp on the morass;
When the falling stars are shooting,
And the answered owls are hooting,
And the silent leaves are still
In the shadow of the hill,
Shall my soul be upon thine,
With a power and with a sign."

The light of the glow-worm has given rise to many very interesting superstitions amongst the country people in remote districts. A very pretty idea is, that the light may be regarded as a nuptial lamp hung out to guide the male glow-worm to the society of the female; an idea which has been happily embodied by Moore in the following lines:—

"For well I knew the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
Was in its nature lambent, pure
And innocent as is the light,
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night."

The grasshopper and the cricket are favourites with the poets. The grasshopper is described as—

"An evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy and sings his fill."

Hogg has noticed both his song and his activity in his "Address to a Wild Deer."

"Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper
sings,
And away in the midst of his roundelay
springs."

Poins says to Prince Hal that they shall be merry as crickets.

In some places it is considered a good omen to find a cricket in the house. Cowper says of it:—

"Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good."

In *A Winter's Tale*, Hermione's son assures her about a story that he is going to tell her that he—

"Will tell it softly,
Yon crickets shall not hear me."

The grasshopper and the cricket, together with some other insects, have a hand in the make-up of Queen Mab's famous equipage. Romeo and Mercutio are speaking of dreams, and Mercutio says to Romeo:—

"O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains and then they dream
 of love;

O'er courtier's knees, that dream on court'sies
 straight,
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
 fees,
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses
 dream,
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters pla-
 gues,
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats taint-
 ed are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice;
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign
 throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathoms deep, and then anon,
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and
 wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or
 two,
 And sleeps again."

We know that Portia was golden-haired, because when Bassanio chooses the leaden casket, and on opening it finds that he has been successful, he exclaims:

"Fair Portia's counterfeit! what demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these
 eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in
 her hairs

The painter plays the spider and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs:

In *Richard III*, Queen Margaret, turning to her successor, half in pity, half in contempt, addresses her in the words—

"Poor painted Queen; vain flourish of my
 fortune!
 Why strewest thou sugar on that bottled
 spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 (Rich. III, Act. I, s. 3.)

In another part of the play the epithet is again applied to the King—

"That bottled spider, that foul hunch-backed
 toad."
 (Act IV, s. 4.)

In the play of *King John*, it is made to appear that Arthur Duke of Bretagne, the King's nephew, was not murdered, but was killed in jumping from the castle wall in an attempt to escape. Falconbridge and some of the nobles have a strong suspicion that there was foul play, and that Hubert was the murderer. Falconbridge tells him that the lightest and most trifling thing would be sufficient for his destruction if accessory "to this deed of death":

"If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair
 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb
 Will serve to strangle thee."
 (King John, Act IV, s. 4.)

The silvery threads of gossamer which a little spider weaves, and which may be seen on the grass or stretching from bush to bush, and are so beautiful with the sunlight on them, are mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, s. 6:

"A lover may bstride the gossamer
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

They are mentioned again in *King Lear*, Act IV. s. 6. Edgar tells his father after his supposed leap from the Dover cliff—

"Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,
 feathers, air,
 So many fathom down precipitating,
 Thoud'st shivered like an egg."

Autolycus, the genial picker-up of unconsidered trifles, whom we have met before, plays upon the ignorance of the shepherd and his son and introduces the wasp's nest with ludicrous effect. He pretends to be a man of authority and points out to them what he will do to the son if he does not comply with his request, and give up some valuables which he has about him. He says: "The son shall be flayed alive; then anointed o'er with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then re-covered again with

aqua vitae or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him where he is to behold him with flies blown to death."

The Winter's Tale, Act IV, s. 4.

It would be difficult to find a better description of the economy of a bee-hive than Shakespeare has given in *King Henry V*, Act I, scene 2:

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

Many of the poets have written in an interesting manner about the bees. The humming of the bee is described by Rogers:

"Hark, the bee winds her small but mellow
horn
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn."

There is a description of a hive of angry bees in the second part of *King Henry IV*, Act III, s. 2:

"The commons like a hive of angry bees
That want their leader, scattered up and
down."

William Cullen Bryant, in his well-known poem of "The Prairies," and Byron in the first canto of "Don Juan," 123rd stanza, have introduced the hum of the bees, grouped with a collection of pleasing objects and simple sounds, which linger in the mind like a strain of sweetest music.

"The bee

A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings
And hides his sweets as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude,
Which soon shall fill these deserts.

From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children,

The soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream

And I am in the wilderness alone."

—Bryant

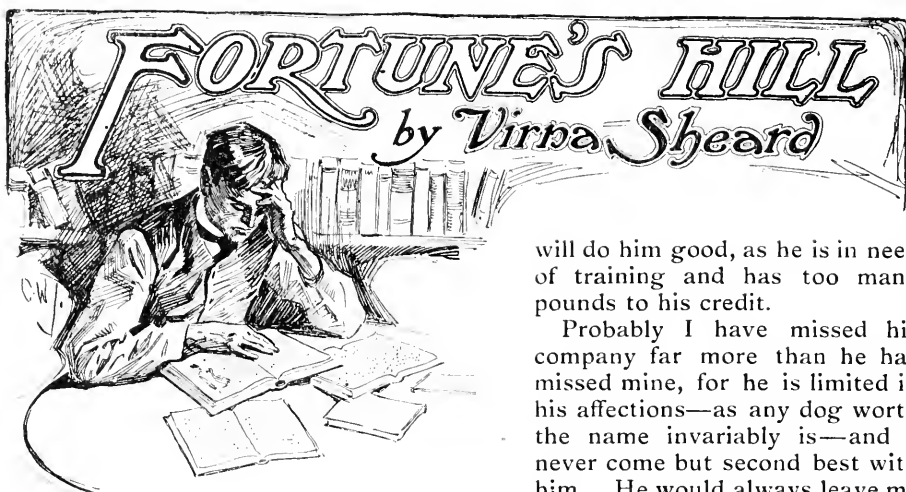
"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest
bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near
home.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we
come.

'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words."

—Byron





CHAPTER VIII—SOME COMMENTS
BY DAVID TRENT.

WINTER has gone—a summer and another winter since Darryl and I first went up to college. It is now August, and I am home again after having a summer session which the Faculty held. Only a handful of students took advantage of it, but to me it was a godsend, as I intend next spring to make a finish, taking the third and fourth year work together, as the Powers-that-be reluctantly allow us to do.

The city was hot, dry and dusty, and the asphalted streets and rows of sun-baked brick houses have never before seemed to me so utterly tiresome. I am very glad to be at home, and, while my father is the least demonstrative of men, by small signs that only an expert in reading him would notice, I am quite aware that he is glad also. We smoke our pipes together in the cool of the evening, and, though it is usually a silent ceremony, there is a pleasant sense of companionship between us. I fear me our thoughts do not run much on the same things, for his are higher than mine, as the heavens are higher than the earth. Still we do not jar each other.

Pat and I took up our friendship and our tramps where we left them off; it

will do him good, as he is in need of training and has too many pounds to his credit.

Probably I have missed his company far more than he has missed mine, for he is limited in his affections—as any dog worth the name invariably is—and I never come but second best with him. He would always leave me at a word or look from my father, who, indeed, rarely notices him, but who in some occult way long ago secured the worship of his canine heart.

Nowadays Bowlby addresses me as “Mr. David, Sir,” and it is a little hard to get used to; of old it was “Davy,” or “Davy, lad,” and before this summer he never appeared to grasp the fact that I had stopped growing and arrived at an age when it was possible to discriminate between good and evil.

The queer old chap always did shower a devotion upon me that was deserving of a better object; there is small doubt if I wanted the moon and Bowlby could get it I wouldn't be wanting it long. Since my return he is embarrassingly polite, and with it all morbidly anxious because I have fallen off considerably in weight. Physical work he understands, but why mental labour should pull a fellow down is past his comprehension.

I cannot convince him that I am well, and so our table blossoms with his most elaborate flowers of culinary art, placed there to tempt an appetite that has really nothing wrong with it. At odd hours also he plies me with certain concoctions which he hopes will build up this earthly tabernacle. He follows me up with these things and presents them with an insinuating smile, a gentle dignity of manner that dis-

arms one, and always the same formula—"Do 'e take this now, Mr. David, Sir—it's trimmed tidy an' to yer taste."

After that there is nothing for it but to bolt the stuff as little Pip bolted his bread and butter. After all, Bowlby's delight at watching these gastronomic feats is worth something.

I often think of Darryl these days. Just now he is on his way to the Coast, but will be back before the Medical School opens.

We took the late session together, though I do not believe he would have heard a lecture if he had not found it too much trouble to shake off my hold upon him.

He is such a lovable sort of chap, and so entirely his own enemy that it is particularly pleasant to thwart his efforts to do himself harm.

There is but one way to do it, and that is to give him no quarter; to be hard with him even to the telling of unpalatable truths, and, whether he will or not, to drive him at his work.

This takes time and a certain amount of nerve force, but the results are worth it.

The lash and spur for a horse that can go and won't, no matter how fine a beast he may be. So may he pass the winning post.

We enter our third year together by the grace of patience, and we are almost neck-and-neck.

I shall not urge him to take the last year's work as well, though in spite of the way he belittles himself he is entirely able to do it; but he is so handicapped by that strange horror at sight of the operations and clinics that he must take them easily. Time and familiarity with such things may change him, though I doubt it. To my mind it is something he was born with—a sort of mental birthmark.

I do not think there is a much higher form of courage than that with which Darryl forces himself to witness things that turn him white as death.

We will neither of us ever regret

having taken the summer lectures. The professors who gave them are enthusiasts in their own subjects, and financially removed from the necessity of teaching, which, therefore, makes it a labour of love.

When men who are members of the Royal College of Surgeons, and have walked the hospitals abroad, give to the students the one thing that is of the greatest value to themselves—their time—it behooves any fellow who is behind in the running or wishes to read between the regular lines, to take the gift in all thankfulness.

Doctor Bennett last winter gave an evening a week to a few of us, and to be asked to enter the small circle he formed about his own library fire upon that night was to receive the highest compliment a student could receive. It was also apt to accentuate his good opinion of himself, for Dr. Bennett has a way of making a man feel that he too, perchance, may reach in time the upper heights.

With the Dean it is different. His dignity permeates the school atmosphere and congeals his very accents and manner. As to the profundity of his knowledge, no plumb line has been known to fathom it. No raw and callow undergraduate unheralded and unsung goes uninvited into his presence, and he is on but frosty terms with the finals.

His principle in life is "Render unto Cæsar the things, etc.," and as long as they *are* rendered, affairs move smoothly; but that misguided youth who brings discredit upon his "Alma Mater" by midnight brawls, failure to discharge his honourable debts, or other glaring obliquities, would rather perish with all his imperfections on his head than meet the steely blue eye which glitters behind the Dean's polished eye-glasses.

So while I paddle along I think of all these things that have come into my life, and more—I think of Margaret Darryl. I see her face with the fringed eyes, wide and beautiful, and

fraught with danger to men, looking out at me from the tangle of green on the banks, or chancing to glance back I fancy I see her sitting in the canoe by Pat, a little mocking smile on her scarlet lips, and her hair all flecked with gold.

There is that in her face which says,

"You cannot escape me, David Trent. You cannot forget me—you must follow on."

And I am such a fool that I but smile back at the vision of her in the sun and answer, "It is quite true—quite unalterably true. Who can control his Fate?"



CHAPTER IX—AS EDWARD DARRYL SAID

WE are back again and at it. Jimsy has his big M.D. and puts on decided airs. He is doing the hospital, and is in residence there under—considerably under—a lot of other fellows.

I fancy they set the new men at most of the small disagreeable duties that don't count, for at present he seems dreadfully gloomy and depressed. Every time I run across him he says: "Life is one long, demned, horrid grind, Darryl." And, while I never use such language myself, it is.

Then he continues with a solemnity foreign to his nature, "I'll give you a piece of my mind, Ted,"—(when Jimsy speaks of his mind he always conveys the impression that it is something solid and portable) "never—as you value your happiness—live in a hospital. A man's at everybody's beck and call, morning, noon and night; especially night. And do you get any credit for it? Not if the court knows herself. Not unless you're on the staff, dear boy, and have all the regulation letters to your name from the universities across the pond."

He seems to forget that he is in there to pick up some crumbs of wisdom and to learn how things are done; but that's just like Jimsy, he's either all up or down. As for his advice, I'd take it only too gladly if I could. I prefer life in Siberia to walking the hospitals.

How Trent can calmly contemplate taking the third and fourth together is beyond me. I know his brain is all convolutions and the rest of it, and that there's no doubt of its colour being "grey," but it's possible to

overwork even that kind of a brain, and so I tell him. In fact, I've drawn harrowing pictures of the sort of mental wreck he will be later on, till I'm done. You might as well talk to a rock.

He's the best fellow in the world just the same. Now if he had been the Governor's youngest son, it would have been as it should be. In that event, and by the law of compensation, I suppose I'd have belonged to old Trent, the blacksmith. It certainly is odd to imagine myself in that position, but if it had happened so I should have taken up work at the forge quite naturally. I never should have soared. It always struck me as no end jolly, the idea of hammering away at red-hot horseshoes and that kind of thing. I abominate getting down to hard study, and I hate the hospital—the awful whiteness of it—white walls, white beds, white scoured floors, white bandages. I hate the odours that cling to a fellow, that pursue him after he gets away from the place, and refuse to be parted from him on any condition; the faint, sweet smell of the ether, so deadly in its suggestiveness; the imperishable scent of the iodoform that creeps into the very inside pockets of your coat.

Trent has read to me many a night till his voice gave out, while I, selfish beggar, took it more or less as a matter of course. He has held on to me time and again, and taken me against my will up to the lectures, he has waylaid me, coaxed me, bullied me and, take it all in all, been the most self-forgetful friend a fellow ever had.

Some way I don't mind Trent taking me in hand, which is rather strange considering everything. I think though that he was born to command. He will rise from the ranks will Trent, for he's one of those exceptional people who manage themselves first and after that every one else whom they think it worth while to trouble about.

I suppose the Governor would be pretty wrathful if he knew the real state of affairs. I think he might jolly well be grateful to Trent instead. Heaven knows it's not for my own pleasure I'm at this penance. Give me the chance and I'd change places like a shot with Bob or Douglas, who are in the navy, or even with Kenneth, who is mining out in the wilds of Borneo where he has to turn in and bear the white man's burden with a vengeance.

I asked Trent the other day whether he had been forced into Medicine. He was filling his pipe at the moment and finished before he answered, then he looked at me with those cool, queer eyes of his, which conceal his own thoughts while reading yours, and he lifted his brows a bit. "I was never forced to do anything in my life," he answered.

"Well, whatever did you go at it for?" I asked, pushing the question to the verge of rudeness because his tone ruffled me.

"For two reasons," he said slowly. "One, pardon me, I shall not tell you; for the other, I needed work and concluded it was the kind I cared most to do. Some months after the day of that storm—possibly you remember?"

"Oh, yes! I remember, Trent, a beast of a storm. Go on."

"Some months after that when away out on the country roads, I chanced to see a horrible threshing-machine accident—they are not uncommon. I will never forget the helplessness of us all; the slow moments till the doctor came; nor afterwards, the relief, the intense relief, when the poor chap who had been hurt was under an anesthetic.

"It was that incident that put me into Medicine. To have the skill to bring relief from such torture as I saw

that afternoon."—He broke off abruptly, then went on again—"To know what to do to lessen the suffering that is everywhere—I made up my mind then I would give my life to it. Have you ever thought about it, Darryl, the mystery of pain?"

"No," I answered, "not I. The consuming idea that possesses me is to get away from all sight and sign of it, as you very well know."

"But look you, Ted," he answered, in that slow, grave way he has when anything touches him, "that is not possible. We may all wish with Keats—you know what he says—

'To quite forget
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin and
dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs.'

"Believe me again—it is not possible—we cannot escape it, so the best thing is just to face as much as we can and do what we may to help.

"God knows. I think if one could comprehend the awful amount of agony that is being endured on this earth but for one hour—he would go mad or wish to die that he might shut out the remembrance of it.

"It is so strange that we have been made with such an infinite capacity for suffering—mental and physical. It is so strange, the most incomprehensible to me of all the problems. We come into the world with pain and with pain we leave it. I cannot reconcile my mind to it."

He took a turn across the room, then came back and stood by me, glancing down with that swift smile that so brightens his dark face.

"I would like," he said, "to put a tablet to Sir James Simpson on the walls of every hospital in existence. I would have him remembered."

"Sir James Simpson," I repeated. "Really, Trent, I can't place the name."

"Ah! Darryl," he answered, "never

forget it—for if we who follow him forget, how can we blame the others. It is a name to reverence—to pay homage to—to love; it belongs to the man who discovered the use of chloroform as an anesthetic, who rested neither night nor day till he had accomplished what he set out to do. The world is his debtor, yet he is forgotten where men of little worth are remembered and honoured. Still, as for me, I never cross the threshold of the theatre in the hospital but I thank heaven that he lived."

I never heard Trent speak like that before. Of course I always knew there was a lot of undiscovered country in him, but it's another thing to have a search-light turned suddenly on to it.

That charming cousin of mine, Margaret Darryl (who, I am delighted to hear, is on her way out to Canada now), has most justly incensed her relations by having within the last few months, without rhyme or reason, refused two noblemen, actual peers of the realm, sundry wealthy commoners, and a miscellaneous collection of musicians and artists, or fellows of that sort. As they all appeal (by letter) to the Governor, incidentally news of them reaches me.

Aunt Marshall, our encyclopædia or bureau of family information, tells us that at present Lord Welford, eldest brother of Lord Brandon, Sybil's husband, and heir to the old Earl of Carns and Welford, is most desperately in love with Margaret. She has written at some length to my father on the subject.

"Any girl," ended my Aunt, the other evening, "who would refuse such a match as *that* must be *insane*."

"Oh! I don't know," I answered airily.

"Whatever do you mean by saying 'you don't know,' Teddy?" she exclaimed, in her excitable way. "You *do* know that Lord Welford would make an ideal husband for Margaret, and in every way a desirable connection—for—for us. You met him when

he was here a year ago, did you not?"

"Oh! yes, I met him, Aunt," I said, with a stifled yawn.

"Well?" she went on questioningly.

"Well?" I returned.

"What was there about him you did not like?" she inquired.

"I am not aware that I said there was anything I did not like," I answered mildly.

"You insinuated it, Edward, which is extremely rude."

"I beg pardon then," I said, "but really my opinion doesn't matter, does it? However, if you want it, Aunt, I think it would be a thousand pities for Margaret to marry Lord Welford. He is so much older than she is and seems so intolerably bored with life—as if he had seen all the wheels go round and had found out the dolls were stuffed with sawdust, and so on, you know."

"I fail to understand you in the slightest degree," said my Aunt loftily, "but, as you say, Teddy, your opinion will not count. Margaret will be guided by your father, and, possibly, myself."

"Oh! yes, of course," I returned. "Madge was."

"Madge was the exception; her sister may profit by her unhappy experience."

"Well, for my part," I said, "I think she is remarkably happy, and I can't for the life of me see why you don't all leave Margaret alone. I'd let her marry the tattooed Greek if she wanted to."

"The tattooed Greek!" she cried, throwing out her plump little be-ringed hands and laughing, "was there ever such a boy! But you can exasperate me, Teddy, when you are obstinate."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, trying to look properly penitent, and so, because she is fonder of me than I deserve and never can stay vexed long, she took my arm, patted it lightly, and we sailed in to dinner.

After that I talked about Trent for a while. Aunt Marshall is beginning to feel an interest in him, and asked

me to bring him up to see her some Sunday afternoon. I have not told her he comes from Grandville. All

she knows is, that he is decidedly presentable in appearance, and has taken every scholarship up to date.



CHAPTER X—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

JANUARY 1ST.

WE are well out to sea and the chalk cliffs are three days behind us. It is a vividly sun-bright morning, and yet it requires tact combined with patience and much coaxing to get Aunt Elizabeth Darryl—with whom I am crossing—on deck. Aunt Elizabeth is a maiden aunt of ours, and considered a little peculiar by most of us. Possibly "original" would be the better word.

The few times I have conquered her objections and carried her triumphantly out for the air, she did not enjoy herself in the least. It certainly was windy—and there happened to be rather a roll. But what did that matter when the smell and taste of the fresh salt breeze was so delightful, and the colours of the water and sky so lovely beyond words!—those strange sea-greens that rest the eye and go through all the shades from where the sun touches the foam on the crest of a wave and tints it like the silver side of a poplar leaf, to the depths that one looks down into—the cold mysterious depths, dark and shining as the centre of an uncut emerald.

Aunt Elizabeth said she had seen it all before, and it was much the same and terribly monotonous; that she could not imagine why I was determined to make both of us uncomfortable when it was warm and comparatively pleasant below. She had no desire to die of pneumonia. A burial at sea had always seemed to her the most dismal of performances, and much more unpleasant than being securely settled in the vault at home with the usual flowers and—and tears, and so on. It had been her invariable habit, she continued, to seek the seclusion which her cabin granted at the beginning of a voyage, and to keep it till

they reached port, during which enforced rest she improved her mind with solid reading. She thought if I must come up and cling on to deck rails, with every prospect of being parted from them and swept overboard, I had best bring Jean. Jean was my sister's maid before they married, and is now mine. She is middle-aged, most wise and non-committal, and very Scotch. When one finds her heart—which is not as easy as it sounds—it is of pure gold. Still, gold is never easy finding.

Undoubtedly I would rather bring Jean, but it did not seem just the thing to say to Aunt Elizabeth. She would not have understood, her ideas and mind being so diametrically opposite. However, I shall let her rest in peace as I have now satisfied my sense of duty.

It is when life is dull I bethink me of my diary. After all, it is a sort of friend. This is no well-kept daily chronicle, but reminds me of the top bureau drawers, when, to Jean's distress, I upset them to hunt for something gone astray. Instead of a chaotic collection of ribbons, laces, gloves, notes, cotillion favours, fans, and heaven knows what, there are scraps of gossip, bits of sentiment, quotations, dates I want to remember, and rough sketches of people, places and things.

If such a calamity could happen as that it should fall into the hands of some Philistine, who, with or without qualms of conscience made its contents his own, he would thereafter know Margaret Darryl almost as well as she knows herself—which is not saying much. However, it is not her intention to tempt the well-known curiosity of the masculine mind by leaving this volume on any of the cabin seats, deck chairs or other places where she is in

the habit of losing her goods and chattels.

There may be a man who will some day read all this, but again—there may not.

Yesterday we had what the first officer told me was a "stiff nor'-nor'-easter." It was so unpleasantly stiff, indeed, that no passengers were allowed above, and I spent most of the day in wishing I belonged to the ship's company. I love a storm, though my people seem to think me bereft of wits when I say so.

I am glad to be going to Canada, it is so large and beautiful, and the seasons are so clear-cut and unblurred by fogs, long rains, or times of great heat.

England is dear and the home of my heart. It is all like a garden well planned out and set about with fences, and there is no smallest possibility of missing the gate out. Yes, it is all very dear and safe, but the unexplored has its attractions.

I am not fond of life in London. There are very many of us and we are all much alike and painfully beset with unwritten rules for the things we may do, and the more we may not.

Perhaps we are so conventional that we have ceased to be natural. At the least we divide people into distinct

classes, and we keep them there. Now and then that seems a mistake.

Teddy has written much in his letters of David Trent and I am quite anxious to meet him again. Teddy thinks that David Trent is the strongest man in his college, both mentally and physically. The last comes, I fancy, from his father having been a blacksmith, and the other by a special grace.

Yet, how is one to account for that volume of "*Les Miserables*?" It is certainly odd and interesting. Things that completely upset one's theories are always interesting.

David Trent intends to graduate in the spring. Teddy says he never knew a student to work so hard, and that he does not believe Mr. Trent ever sleeps, for late at night he often takes his skates and goes down to the Bay by himself. Possibly he does not need so much sleep as Ted.

It must surely be beautiful out on the great frozen Bay under the mid-winter sky. It would be like a sheet of silver if the moon were shining, and a person would feel quite alone and part of it all, swinging over the ice in the clear cold midnight air and the silence.

I find the thought of that solitary figure often comes to me.



CHAPTER XI—DAVID TRENT SPEAKS

HEAVY training of the body or brain takes a lot of devilment out of a fellow, and the old hymn which affirms that our great adversary bestirs himself to provide employment for the idle seems to be right. Anyone can see that it is the men in college who do not work who possess an unlimited capacity for getting into trouble.

Some half dozen of them are in every disturbance, and Mallon is their leader.

Mallon is a splendid-looking chap, blessed or cursed, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of money, and an amount of personal magnetism that carries the others along with him.

Apparently he is without respect for anything in heaven or earth but is a law unto himself. He has appalled the professors and delighted the students this term by extravagances of one kind and another until his "folly fraught days and nights" are a by-word.

We came to an understanding, he and I, when he was in his second term and I was a freshman. Since then he has hated me cordially, and he is what Johnson loved, "a good hater." Of late, concluding it was too difficult to touch me directly, he has struck through Teddy Darryl.

Mallon is clear-sighted enough to

see that if Darryl is plucked in the spring it will be a matter of intense regret to me.

Mallon is determined he shall be plucked, and we work against each other in silence, though each is grimly set upon carrying his point. This conflict has gone on since the first of the term, and the climax came last night.

About nine o'clock in the evening Mallon and two other men came up to Darryl's room where he and I were grinding at "fevers." It goes without saying that Ted was only too glad to drop the fevers, there is nothing keenly enjoyable about them. I went to my own quarters, having plainly been bowled off the field.

I lit the lamp, and settled down to read alone on my side of the wall. For about an hour and a half the sound of their voices came to me through the partition in a muffled sort of way—much as the sound of the wind comes to one on a stormy night—now rising—now falling—now dying off into silence—now in headstrong gusts. I paid small heed to it.

For a while they played cards and got into a row over the game—so much it was easy to follow.

Then some one strummed on a banjo that was short a string or so and the rest sang tumultuously. Following this, Mallon fell to entertaining them for a while in his inimitable style. I could tell it was Mallon by the roars of laughter that followed each comparatively quiet period. Judging by it, he was in unusually good form.

They evidently dropped from this into a lively argument. I was conscious it was an argument, a heated one, and fast passing the point of friendliness, though I listened unthinkingly, abstractedly, the while my mind was struggling to grasp and retain certain figures on a fever chart.

I swore once or twice at the noise which made clear thought impossible, even irritating, but went on by an effort till, quite suddenly, it struck me that the place had grown uncommonly quiet.

There had been no turbulent fare-

wells—no sound of the men tramping downstairs, yet they must have gone, without a doubt, so I concluded to see if Darryl had gone with them.

Going to his room and finding the door ajar, I pushed it open and went in, for we used little ceremony with each other.

Mallon was sitting on the table, his open watch in his hand. His blue eyes flashed as I entered and he smiled that little amused careless smile of his that just shows the line of his dazzling white even teeth. The two other fellows had disposed of themselves with little grace but as much comfort as possible in the two big horse-hair chairs. The room was thick with smoke, and they all looked at me through the haze without saying a word.

"Where is Darryl?" I asked.

"Darryl? Oh, he's gone out," answered Mallon.

"Where?" I said again shortly, an unreasonable tingling creeping through every nerve in my body.

"We are timing him, my dear Trent," said Mallon, flicking the ash off his cigar. "He has just run over to the school and was to have been back in twenty minutes, though it's a bit overtime now."

"The school?" I said. "Are you joking?"

"Certainly not, old chap," he replied coolly. "It isn't particularly funny. It is rather a fool thing in fact, for a fellow like Darryl, who is all nerves you know, to do; but somebody, Jack Wellington to be accurate, dared him to go over there alone, at least, said that he was the only man of us who would not go into the dissecting-room at night by himself. Ted regularly flew off the handle at that, and as I, oddly enough, happened to have a key that fits the dissecting-room door and mentioned the fact, nothing would do but he must take it, along with a pocketful of matches, and sally forth to prove that Wellington was a liar—as he delicately put it. He is to bring back a text book I left on the table that stands about the vat trap-door.

There's a new sub. on that table, and I remember perfectly having left the book beside him. Ted can't miss it."

Taking a step over to Mallon, I caught him by the shoulder and looked down into his daredevil eyes. An uncontrollable passion for the minute choked all words back into my throat. Some sense of it must have reached him, for he slowly whitened to the lips.

"What affair is it of yours?" he asked hoarsely. "What affair is it of yours? We are simply giving Darryl a chance to prove he is no coward; every man in the hospital knows he turns faint at sight of a corpse and slopes every operation you are not paid to drag him to. Let go my shoulder."

I took my hands from him slowly.

"You fool," I said, "to leave me out of the reckoning. It is between you and me, not you and Darryl. As for him, there is not the man in college—not one of you here—who thinks he is a coward. What he feels is not fear as men understand the word. It is a thing of a different nature—as a— as a birthmark is not a scar."

Then I swung the door open, went swiftly down the stairs and out.

It seemed an endless road to the school. It was a rough night and raining hard. I bent against the wind and battled with it.

A conviction that some accident had happened, a certainty of it, took possession of me as I sped on. It should not have taken Darryl more than the bare twenty minutes to go and come, even if he had to look about for the book. As I made it out now he had been gone fully three-quarters of an hour.

A vision of the low white dissecting room swam before my eyes. I fancied the bare walls of it; the tables with their formless, shrouded burdens faintly lit by the blue light of the sulphur matches as Darryl would strike them.

I felt sure Darryl would not leave the building without the text-book, that is, not until he had burnt his last match, for he believed it had been left there. I did not. Mallon was quite equal to putting up such a game.

I ran up the steps, reached the

strong outer door, pushed it open. If Ted had come out he undoubtedly would have locked it again.

Taking one of my father's letters from an inside pocket I twisted it and set it alight. The unsteady flame lit up the cold bare room and all its horrors. The shadows flitted over the tables with their shrouded burdens and fled down the white walls—queer, blurred shadows of shapeless things.

I found Darryl after a moment or two. He was lying at the bottom of a short flight of steps that led from the dissecting room down to the vat. He had either missed his footing in the dark or had fainted and fallen, for his head had struck upon the heavy iron ring in the trap-door.

He was quite unconscious, and the man upon the table just beyond was not more dreadfully still. I turned him face up and listened at his heart, but could not hear the least beat, nor could I find a thread of pulse at the wrist. He might have been an hour dead for any sign of life there was about him. Yet I did not think he was dead.

It was not possible to leave him and get help, for who could tell how or why he had fallen? A sound had startled him, or perhaps he had touched one of the silent figures, causing it to slip a little from its place, and so his nerve had left him. Who could tell? And if he came to himself there—alone—no, it was not possible to leave him.

My thoughts went half madly from one point to another, and then, not knowing what else to do, and time was going, I wrapped my coat about him, lifted him across my shoulder and carried him home.

The fellows were still waiting when we came in, and they looked white and awe-struck. I have no memory of what I told them, but two helped me with Darryl and the other went for Dr. Bennett. He is the nearest man. In the interval we learned what it is to wait. I for one had never known the meaning of the word in its full value before.

When Bennett came he said it was concussion of the brain, following intense nervous excitement or shock, that Darryl might not return to consciousness for hours—if, indeed, at all. After doing what he could he asked how it happened, and we let Mallon, who still waited, explain.

Dr. Bennett never lifted his eyes from Darryl's face, that had a grey-white shade upon it, and that mysterious look a face wears when the soul of it is away. He seemed to be tracing with his eyes the outline of the livid mark at the edge of the temple and close up under the light wavy hair where he had struck the iron ring in his fall.

When Mallon had finished his story he spoke in his usual clinical tone.

"We will detain you no longer, gentlemen. Trent will assist me. If there is a change be assured you will be informed of it."

After they went he glanced at me.

"I believe, Trent," he said slowly, "that if he has any people in town it would be best to let them know at once of this. I don't like the symptoms. Word might even be sent to his father—to-night. You go. I shall wait here."

Then I knew what he thought.

I went out again and took my way to the house of Mrs. Marshall, Darryl's Aunt. After much ringing at the door, a man-servant let me in—as it were on suspicion—and only after I had told him in part my reason for coming.

The great drawing-room where he bid me wait was dimly lighted and warm and sweet with the scent of many roses. The chairs were drawn here and there in little groups as they had been left late in the evening; there was a home-like air over the room though it was empty.

I stood there impatiently, a thing out of place, a disturber of the peace, a bearer of evil-tidings. A fierce longing to be back with Darryl strained at my heart, a hot anger at being kept waiting. I would leave the message and go, I said to myself, and then—the curtains at the far end of the room parted, and Margaret Darryl came towards me. The folds of her white dress swept about her feet—her throat and arms were bare and warmly white, and the light caught the glittering waves of her hair. So have I often dreamed of her. She came towards me swiftly, her hands outstretched, her eyes full of fear. I had not known she was in the city.

TO BE CONTINUED

UNDER A BANNER OF BLACK

By Maude Pettit

THE library looked cosy enough, even elegant that winter night—a grate fire, a screen of plants, a profusion of books and papers and two easy chairs standing with a confidential air beside the table.

He had just risen to go and stood hat in hand talking to her in the doorway. He was the very acme of polish, a man a little past thirty, of extremely aristocratic bearing—night-editor of the *Post*.

The lady edited a page of current topics on the same staff. She was cer-

tainly lady-like in appearance, but she had less of that air distingué that stamped her guest. In fact there was something Quaker-like in her clear, sincere face. Perhaps she was best described in the words of her kitchen-maid long after: "She was just her own good self and no making her up into anything different."

That was about it. Such as she was, Irwin Chambers looked into her eyes with a reverence that he had never given to any other woman. Their hands touched for an instant, then he

went out into the city street with the snow falling in great white patches all around him.

Enid Byrne went back to her writing, but her pen did not flow very freely that night. She was too interested in the real story she was weaving to work on the "make-up one." It was but little over a year since she had come to the city to make her way as a journalist. But she had had the advantage of a name. When only twenty-three, a book she had dared to publish had sent her name up like a sky-rocket. The book had died though, like most of its kind, in a season, leaving its author more famous than enriched thereby. She had since contributed regularly to the *Woodruff Magazine*. Irwin Chambers had noted her writings and recommended her for the staff of the *Post*. They had never met till her installation in her new office, but naturally his admiration for her work was the beginning of a firm friendship. Friendship! friendship! She nervously told herself it must be friendship always. In delicate little ways she let Irwin Chambers know it too. She was not free to marry like most girls; she was the only child of an invalid mother. The very house-rent of this beautiful home was paid out of her income. The maid came to her for her wages; the coal-man for his dues.

Besides, she had nought for her dower but a long line of ancestors. She was a struggling young journalist and Irwin Chambers was wealthy, very wealthy. His sisters moved in the most fashionable circles of the city. He worked for pastime and for fame; she for bread. No, no, it must always be friendship, she said. But his friendship was more to her than other men's love. And so she kept on drifting—drifting—drifting—but there was music in the oars, and music in the billows, and lights along the shore. Her heart was beating with something half joy, half pain, and she let herself drift—drift. Sometimes a look, a pressure of the hand startled her with the consciousness that it must all end somewhere. Then she suddenly cloaked

herself in dignity and grew cold, and Irwin Chambers was forced to admire her genius from afar off when he dared not approach her womanhood, proud man though he was. And if sometimes she wished he thought of her a little less as a genius and a little more as a woman—if she wished—ah! well.

The tinkling of a little silver bell roused her from her thoughts. She glided up the stairway, and pushing back the curtains, passed into a room half in darkness, half filled with a subdued rose-coloured light.

"What is it, little mutterchen?" she said, kneeling down beside the couch. "Have you been awake long?"

"Not long, dear."

An artist would have seized gladly upon the scene: the room was a perfect den of luxury, massive pictures, white statuary, soft-piled rugs and dainty bric-a-brac, and the rose-shaded light turned low, giving to everything an added richness. On the couch in the corner lay a woman of some sixty years, elegant in everything pertaining to her, from her puffs of silvery hair to her long transparent hands. The fire cast its reflection upon Enid Byrne bending over the couch, and lighted up her face—her plain, good face. The resemblance between mother and daughter was just great enough to make the contrast all the more striking. Enid was like her handsome mother. Only somewhere there was lacking in her that air of extreme elegance that was so much a part of the elder woman.

"Was Irwin Chambers here to-night, my child?"

"Yes, we have been reading manuscript all the evening."

"He comes rather often of late."

"We have much work to do together, mother. We shall have less now that he is promoted to the night editorship."

The mother smiled and sighed, but Enid did not notice it. She was preparing her things for the night.

"Now if you will read to me, Enid, I think I'll sleep."

But Enid lingered after the reading

was finished, talking quietly, her hand in her mother's. They were very dear to each other these two.

"You are not quite happy, little mutterchen," she said. "There is something you are longing for. I can see it. Tell me what it is, little mother."

She laid her cheek fondly against her mother's, but drew back quickly.

"Why, mother dear, you are crying. What is it? Can't you tell me, dearest?"

"Perhaps I ought not, child, you have sacrificed so much for me. But I do long to see England again before I die. If I could only see the old home again this summer, I think I should die satisfied. Do you think you could do it, Enid? I know I ought not to ask it, dear child."

Enid hid her face on her mother's breast in silence for a few moments. She might have told her that the rent had risen, that the maid had threatened to leave unless her wages were raised; that the doctor's bills had been nearly doubled, in short, that she did not know how to make ends meet as it was. But she only answered:

"I think it can be managed, mother dear; we'll see."

"Poor child, you are sacrificing your youth for me."

Enid laughed gaily.

"Never fret, little mutterchen, I should never have been a social success. I am as well earning a livelihood for us both."

The smile was still lighting her face as she left the room, but it died as quickly as she was out of sight. There was one way of granting her mother's request—one way.

She turned on the light in her room, and kneeling down before her secretary drew from the lower shelves a heavy pile of manuscript. Twelve! The city clocks were striking far and near. One! Two! Still the light shone from one solitary window along the avenue. Still Enid Byrne sat turning over the sheets of writing and reading rapidly through the night. It must have been near morning when she lifted

her face again and her eyes had an excited brightness and her cheeks a glow. Yes, it was by far the best thing she had ever written. She was not mistaken in it. Dreamy woodland and hurrying city, breath of wild flowers, smoke of factories, love and labour, greeting and parting, death and life, she had woven them all in with a hand that was strong and faltered not. Nothing she had ever written compared in any way with this. It was the work that would make her name, if published. But for six months she had been secreting it under her secretary instead of submitting it to a publisher. She had let her old friend, the editor of the *Woodruff Magazine*, read the first chapters as she wrote them and he had asked to see the rest of it.

"Oh, Miss Byrne, you have made your name this time," he had said. "I can't praise it enough. You will let me find a publisher for it. Our columns cannot pay you a just price."

"Thank you, very, very much, Dr. Workfield, but I have decided not to publish it at any price."

"Not publish it! My dear Miss Byrne, why such a strange decision? It is not right, not just to the world and yourself to stifle the children of your brain like that! Why, it's positively alive! It's so much alive it bleeds when you touch it."

But Enid Byrne steadfastly refused to publish it. It was so much alive. That was the secret of it. It was her own heart-story. She had never written with the same power before. Perhaps she never would again. But this story was too sacred to sell for money. Besides the world would not be slow in recognizing some of the characters. It would recognize herself in the girl with the pen. It would recognize the hero the night-editor of the *Post*. And what of Irwin Chambers, the man himself? Even if the world were blinded there was no deceiving him. There were occasionally the very words that had fallen from his lips among those pages; there were the life-dreams and ideals he had confided to her in his better moments,

the pessimism he had given vent to in his bitterer hours. The heroine was a young journalist like herself with many of the same ambitions, trials and joys that he knew to be hers. Into this woman's heart she had breathed all her love for him—aye, a step further, she had let that love be returned in the pages of her story—for the sake of making a master-work of art she had let them weave their ideal of life together. He could read it there. The world could read it. This was the price of sending her mother to England—she could see no other way. Yet on that trip her mother's life might depend—her mother's life. She could publish the story under a *nom de plume*, to be sure. But there was danger even then of her style being recognized. And no *nom de plume* would veil her from Irwin Chambers' eyes; he knew her hand too well. And what would he think of a woman who sold her own heart's-story for money and for fame? She turned the light off and went to the window, the manuscript still held like a child in her arms. The storm had ceased, the stars were shining bright in the darkness just before morn. The snow lay in a great white cloak on the roof and towers of the mighty cathedral opposite, and the great bell hung silent and dark in the starlight. No sound, no step of passer-by; the street was still. And while the city slept the woman at the window with the manuscript on her breast stood fighting the bitterest battle of her life.

Nay, but she could not finish the fight to-night! And she laid her treasure away with a sigh.

"I will wait just a little longer," she said. "Perhaps another way may open. I will wait."

A month passed; it was night again, a winter Sunday night. Enid Byrne stood by the same window again. Her mother had had another bad spell that day, but had just fallen asleep, and Enid had come to rest a while after her day of watching. Her room was dark and she could see distinctly into the street below. The snow was fall-

ing as it had fallen that other night, myriads of little white things floating down among the electric lights. But the cathedral was aglow to-night, and the great bell was swinging forth its ponderous call. Enid sat watching the crowd pouring in at the entrance, and stopping to shake off the snow in the brightly lighted hall. Suddenly Irwin Chambers and his two sisters ascended the steps into the light. She watched him as he shook their magnificent sable furs, then they passed on out of sight, but not before he had cast a backward glance toward her home. She felt it rather than saw it—that look.

Then the doctor's carriage stopped at her door, and she roused from her reveries.

A few minutes later she was descending the stairs with the family physician.

"There is one thing only can save your mother's life, Miss Byrne—that is an entire change of scene. She must be roused from that couch where she lies."

"Would a—a trip to England be—"

"The very thing. If you could manage it toward the close of the summer even, I think that would spare her to you a few years."

Dr. Carson wondered at the sudden pallor of the girl's face as she answered, "It shall be managed, Dr. Carson." Three months later the literary world was talking of a new serial in the *Woodruff Magazine*. Who was its author? No one knew; the secret had been carefully guarded by both writer and publisher. The *nom de plume* of Caché concealed, indeed, everything that the world might ask. Enid Byrne had been mistaken in believing her style would be recognized. She was still a young writer, and this story so far transcended anything she had yet done that no one pointed to her.

But one man read her story sitting alone in his editorial chair, and his lips closed a little more firmly. His hand trembled slightly as he read. Irwin Chambers pierced the veil as she knew he would. She was to leave for Eng-

land in a fortnight's time with her mother, and it was surprising how seldom she met with her co-worker after that. Naturally she avoided him, though he did not appear to avoid her, and made no mention of her story. If anything, he was more polite and deferential than usual, but with a strange, icy distance of manner, and he came no more to read manuscripts to her at No. 90 Armure Ave. The breach was too delicate to bridge over between them. She had written her heart-story; she had written him as her hero; she had sold it—sold it for money. She could picture all the scorn his sensitive, aristocratic soul would feel for a woman like that. He might even think more. He might think she had published it that he might read and know her secret. Thus she stood before him in heart-nakedness and shame. And neither spoke a word. Oh, if she might only flee from his presence! It came at length, her last day in the office before sailing. But there was one member of the staff who did not come to say farewell; he was out of the city that afternoon.

The breeze fluttered among the mast-flags of the *Sea-girt Isle* next day. Men and women hurried to and fro along the decks. Husbands and wives, mothers and sons said farewell. Children fluttered their little kerchiefs from the wharf. The *Sea-girt Isle* was about to sail. Enid Byrne came back to the deck for something after settling her mother comfortably in the cabin. A man had just left a group and was turning shoreward. Her heart gave a wild throb. It was Irwin Chambers. So their farewell was to be out here, then, on the blue harbour with the sky above.

"Oh Miss Byrne, happy to have an opportunity of saying good-bye. I have just resigned my position on the *Post* to-day. May not see you again for some time."

"Resigned!"

"Yes, going abroad with my sisters for a couple of years. There's the signal to go ashore. Good-bye. Bon voyage!"

He hurried off the ship. The gang-plank was pulled up. The ropes fell with a crash into the water, and the *Sea-girt Isle* was loose from her moorings.

So that was to end all.

A sudden resignation, a parting on the ship's deck, a decision to go abroad, and so life passes! Out in the blue, out on the billows—dream-clouds—foam-caps—and the towers and smoking chimneys of old New York growing fainter on her vision!

She looked up at the mast-flags floating above and out on the blue of the sea, and she seemed to see herself setting out on the life-voyage afresh. But the mast-flag of her ship was of black—the black banner of a past that was dead.

Years passed—one, two, three—seven of them. Two gentlemen sat reading on the verandah of a country summer resort one August morning. A third, a man of extreme dignity of bearing sat down some little distance away.

"There's another of Enid Byrne's stories in this magazine," said one of the twain.

"Yes, I always read her stories. Wonderful gift, hasn't she? None of your penny-a-liner about her. Let's go down to the fish-pond, Mulchray."

The two rose to go. The stranger was left alone. He reached over immediately and possessed himself of the magazine they had left in the chair.

What he read was the story of a young writer who had written her own love-story without meaning to publish it; the hero and she were simply friends. Months later poverty was making itself felt in the home; her widowed mother was sinking slowly into a decline, and to save her from want she sold the story that was to her as her own flesh and blood. The man's friendship was killed by the blow. The story was beautifully told, a gem from a literary point of view, but oh the pathos of it—

"I wonder if that is her own story

too," said Irwin Chambers. "Her mother died in England that fall. I wonder if she published that story for her sake. I wonder what has become of her. I wonder if she cares—yet."

Irwin Chambers had never seen her face since that day he had said "Bon voyage" on the decks of the *Sea-girt Isle*. He had heard of her mother's death, of her resignation on her return. He had from time to time seen her stories in the most prominent magazines. She was successful, "as a woman ought to be," he told himself, "that would lay bare her own love for money and for fame." But was it possible, after all, that he had been mistaken—that money and fame were not her motive? Was it possible—such a sacrifice?

His own mother was dead now, his sisters married, and the past came before him with a new force in his loneliness.

Down in the doorway of a farmhouse kitchen a woman stood fanning herself that hot August morning. A display of fresh-baked bread testified to her well-earned rest of a few minutes. But she did not look like a woman accustomed to the toil of a farm-house. She was too erect for one thing. For another she surveyed the bread altogether too proudly. Her hair was rich, luxuriant and silvery, but her face was fresh and youthful. It would have been girlish but for a certain "mothering" air. She was probably but little past thirty, and she did not look even that. She stood a moment looking over the pasture lands, the sheep in the shadow of the elms, the sunflowers and the blue patches of lupus on the hillsides, and then across her vision there floated a city dwelling, an artistic little nest where she lived with her maid and tried to welcome and "mother," in short, young writers, artists, journalists, young strugglers

of every description in old New York.

Enid Byrne had laid her mother to rest beneath the English sod. Her spirit had fainted at first but not for long. She had devoted herself heart and soul to her stories after that. Her name had risen like a star. Wealth had come to her; she had bought a dainty home in the suburbs of New York, and a large and aspiring family had been sheltered gratis beneath her roof in times of stress and storm. And if she had lost the love of one, the love of the many was given her instead, and so she worked cheerily, and her cheeks had not lost their roundness nor her eyes their light.

Just now she had come to visit her only remaining relative, a cousin. Her cousin's wife had fallen ill the day before, and until help could be secured Enid was installed as mistress of the farm-house. She put another batch of cookies into the oven and went to the door to fan herself again. A man in black cloth was coming down the road. He was probably a boarder from the summer resort across the hill. There was something about him familiar to her, but the next moment she was looking away toward the morning shadows on the hillsides.

"Pardon me, madam, but could you tell me which road leads to—"

The voice of the stranger startled her as he came around the house corner.

"Enid! Miss Byrne, pardon me. I have been reading your last story this morning."

Their eyes met in the long moment of silence that followed.

Then the pigeons gathered in a row along the kitchen eaves and heard a great deal more that summer morning. That last batch of cookies was still in the oven over an hour later; then Irwin Chambers helped her remove her blackened confectionery. Afterwards he feasted in a farm-house kitchen on fresh home-made bread baked by a celebrated writer.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLean Helliwell

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

If you have any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world cry and shout,
Doubt it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day,
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold
Next your heart lest it get cold,
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet.
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should see,
See it.

Whether life be right or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear,
Hear it.

WHEN men and women first dwelt in houses made with hands, these structures were divided into apartments, each of which was designed to serve one definite and particular purpose. Therefore, when Daniel Webster came to the word *bedroom* he had no hesitation in disposing of it with the brief and simple explanation:—"a

room or apartment intended or used for a bed," adding, in order to remove the least suspicion of ambiguity, the terse corollary:—"a lodging-room."

Such a definition was, indeed, sufficient unto our grandmothers, who furnished their chilly, stately bedrooms with their one especial purpose always in view. Hence the central and most important piece of furniture was the huge four-post bedstead, massive and imposing, with its solid mahogany foundation, its heavy dark curtains and its mountainous feather-bed, to reach the summit of which little steps had to be called into requisition.

The great bed, in which as a child one was put to sleep when on a visit to grandmother, is still vivid in one's memory, and at the bare mention of it one feels again the little thrill of excitement that went through the small person as she girded up her strength for the perilous leap from the top of the little steps into the shadowy depths of the cavernous bed. The folds of the dark curtains were the lurking places of many strange, mysterious beings—the good Brownies who worked while mortals slept; the avenging gnomes who punished slumbering evildoers by whispering terrible nightmares into their ears; the little fairies who brought beautiful dreams to the deserving; and, best of all, they encircled the strong white angels who hovered over good little children while they slept, and guarded them from all harm.

But alas! now *nous avons changé tout cela!* Spurred on by our little, dangerous knowledge of the omnipotence of microbes of dust and bacilli of disease, the enlightened present-day housekeeper has long since torn down the damask curtains and has replaced

the old four-poster by a trim little brass or white enamel bed, aggressively sanitary.

Where are the gnomes and pixies, Brownies and fairies now? Routed by a feather duster, homeless and friendless, I doubt if they could find a place to-day even in the imagination of our practical, modern babies! In addition to the big bed, grandmother's sleeping-room contained her washing-stand; her heavy chest of drawers, her little dressing-table, the mahogany "wardrobe" in which grandfather's apparel hung, a little stand at the head of the bed, on which a glass of water and a candle stood ready for any night emergency, and, if grandmother were very devout, or lived in Lower Canada, a little red velvet *prie-dieu* completed the furnishing, with, perhaps, a black horsehair rocker and a substantial hassock. The rocker was not very general, however, for this room, you will remember, was "an apartment used for a bed," and one cannot be in a rocker and submerged in a feather-bed at one and the same time. When one wanted to enjoy the comfort of a rocking-chair and hassock one repaired to the library,

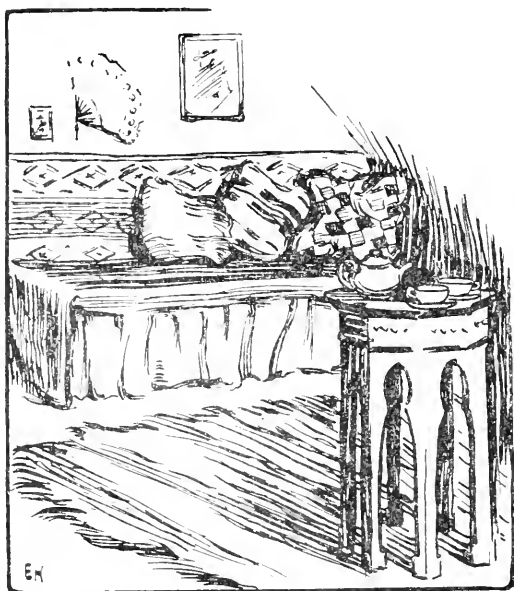
nursery, or sitting-room. The stiff bedroom was a room for occupancy by night alone. As a place in which to receive one's friends—well, grandmother would just as readily have received them in the kitchen or the woodshed!

But in these days of the independent, live-by-herself-in-one-room female, the bedroom pure and simple is becoming extinct. The woman who lodges or boards spends unlimited time and strength in so arranging her one room that it will suggest all things to her visitors except what it really is—a lodging-room.

That which is a bed by night becomes, after some skilful manipulation of mattresses and arranging of draperies, not, indeed, Goldsmith's "chest of drawers by day," but that *sine qua non* of modern furnishing, a "cosy corner," the white night-slips of the pillows being modestly replaced, or at least hidden from view by gay cushion-covers. The innocent-looking mirror, so obviously a mere thing of beauty and ornamentation, tells no tales as to its utilitarian qualities, and is apparently quite unconscious of the brush and comb

tucked in a little bag behind its back; while the decorous screen that guards the jug and basin and small oil-stove reveals no secrets, unless, indeed, a clumsy, restless visitor should chance to overturn it. And in the absorbing interest created by the tea-table, judiciously placed well in the foreground, one forgets to notice the bulging curtains that, veiling my lady's wardrobe, dangle deprecatingly in the shadowy background.

The woman who lives by herself, in spacious apartments or in a six-by-four cubicle, cares for nothing and desires nothing in the way of furniture so long as she has her tea-table and her cosy-corner. And even the girl who is living at home regards her room less as a sleeping-place than as a sort of combination boudoir, library, reception and



WHO WOULD THINK IT A BED?

sitting-room. Here she sews, reads, studies, writes her letters and club essays, receives her feminine friends, and frequently brews herself a private pot of tea.

One of a large family of girls remarked not long ago that "Mother" was very good to them all, that each had her own bedroom and afternoon tea arrangements and little gas water-heater, so that "We can each receive our own friends in our own room as privately as if we were boarding, without bothering mother, interfering with each other's places or getting in each other's way."

One cannot forbear, in passing, to chronicle a protest against the growing tendency of a certain type of modern maiden to walk in a path of self-reliant, self-sufficient independence, a path in which there is no room for any members of her own family, so that it is not unusual to find several sisters living in the same house, each of whom pursues alone the even tenor of her own individual way, having in common with her sisters neither tastes, interests nor friends. But to return to our mutton. In addition to the orthodox bed-chamber furniture, the bedroom of the twentieth-century girl contains her desk, book-shelves, cosy-corner, cabinet of curios collected during continental wanderings, if she be one of Fortune's favourites, easy chairs, comfortable upholstered boxes which serve the double purpose of affording seating accommodation and of providing a suitable receptacle for filmy bodices and evening gowns, and frequently a small tabouret which can be readily converted into a tea-table.

A contemporary magazine, edited in the interests of women everywhere, recently published a series of photographs of girls' bedrooms, supposedly typical rooms, furnished and occupied by typical present-day girls. Special features to be noticed in almost all the



THE FOUR-POST BED AT GRANDMOTHER'S

rooms, which were interesting as demonstrating the radical departure from the ideas in furnishing followed a generation or two ago, were the built-in book-shelves, the cosily-arranged seats by the fireplace, so suggestive of *tête-à-têtes* and tea; the well-equipped desk, and the golf-sticks, rackets, foils and college-streamers which tell of the athletic girl's progress, and which have supplanted the samplers and pious woolwork mottoes which proclaimed her grandmother's accomplishments.

So change the times and the customs, and the fickle tastes of human creatures. Perhaps another generation will see the total disappearance of the bedroom proper, and weary individuals, when night falls, will merely sink to rest on the hygienically-covered floor of their library or sitting-room, pillowing their enlightened heads on the nearest hassock *à la* the heathen Chinese, whose civilization, we are told, antedates that of all other existing nations, and should therefore be entitled to some consideration.

There has come to *Women's Sphere* the ninth volume of "Women-Workers of Canada," the interesting little publication issued annually by the National Council of Women of Canada.

The present volume, in addition to a report of the business transacted at the ninth annual meeting of the National Council, which was held at St. John, N.B., last July, and was commented upon at the time in these columns, contains the able papers which were read before the Council on that occasion, thus offering a vast amount of valuable information and helpful suggestion to all who are in the least interested in the welfare of their fellows—men as well as women, for the Council labours for the good of both sexes.

From amongst so many excellent articles it is hard to choose any for particular mention, though perhaps those on: The Care of Aged and Infirm Poor, The Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Prison Reform, Manual Training, Physical Culture, and The Necessity for Purity Teaching in our Public Schools, may be considered of most interest to the general public.

The keynote of Mrs. Nicholson Cutter's admirable address on The Place of Physical Culture in Education, is sounded in her own words:—"Physical culture is the rounded development of all the powers of the body to the end that it may become a ready and obedient servant," and the paper concludes with the pregnant sentence: "We cannot come into the full enjoyment of our spiritual or mental selves while we ignore the necessity of making the body the avenue of impression from outward sources, the avenue of expression for the soul, normal, strong, free."

A very valuable paper is that contributed by Mr. McLean, late Secretary of the Montreal Board of Associated Charities, who is eminently fitted to speak with authority on the subject chosen by him, that of Penny Savings Banks.

One is sorely tempted to enter at some length into a discussion of the

various ways of encouraging thrift in the poor dealt with by Mr. McLean, but lack of space forbids more than a bare mention of the various methods described:—(1) Savings banks, (2) Ordinary and so-called industrial insurance, (3) Medical aid, accident and sick benefit, and funeral benefit agencies, provided by the Government in some European countries, entirely under private auspices in Canada and the United States; (4) Co-operative schemes such as the great building and loan societies of the United States and Canada, (5) Postal savings system, as adopted in England and Canada.

Anyone interested in the good work of helping to help themselves those who are helpless through ignorance—the highest and ideal charity—will derive much profit from a careful perusal of Mr. McLean's article, and those on Life Insurance Schemes for Women, contributed by Mrs. Baxter, of Victoria, and Provident Schemes for Women, by Mrs. Rose Holden, of Hamilton.

The subjects of Manual Training and Domestic Science are ably discussed by Mr. J. B. Kidner, of Truro, N.S., and Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton. That the introduction of these branches into public schools has been fraught with most excellent results, has already been proven in England, France, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Sweden and the United States, and a practical proof of one man's belief in the value of such instruction is found in Sir William Macdonald's handsome gift of \$125,000, to be used in building a Domestic Science Training School at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

Concerning the vital questions of prison reform, the custodial care of feeble-minded women, and the care of aged and infirm poor, no thoughtful man or woman could read the comprehensive articles on these subjects without being awakened to a keen realization not only of how much has already been accomplished in these directions, but of how very, very much there yet remains to be done.

The thoughtful, authoritative ad-

dresses on prison reform, delivered by Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, and Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, Rhode Island, should be widely read.

In conclusion, one would also like to commend to the careful consideration of every earnest-thinking man and woman, Miss Danard's admirable little paper on Purity Teaching in the Public Schools.

The National Council is to be congratulated on the scope and breadth of its work and the diversity of its interest, and we cannot too highly commend the labours of these men and women who are devoting so much time and energy to bettering the condition, physical, mental and moral of their fellow countrymen.

A reader of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has been kind enough to express his approval of the remarks made in *Woman's Sphere* a short time ago, regarding the regrettable carelessness of speech, incorrect pronunciation, and unmodulated voices of many of our people, and he has sent to the editor a copy of the Annual Calendar of the Provincial Normal School of Truro, N.S., in which certain marked passages show that the directors of at least one college in our Dominion realize how important it is that their students should have a *speaking* and *writing* knowledge of their own language before all else. One is delighted to find that in this school a full year's course is given in "the interpretation and oral rendering of selected specimens of English literature, and in the delivery of brief extempore addresses, and of narrative, descriptive, and critical themes composed and memorized by the pupils." "A special aim of this exercise," writes the editor of the Calendar, "is the correction of false pro-

nunciation and tone, and of imperfect enunciation, and the development of correct, fluent, and confident delivery. Severity in the treatment of this subject is rendered necessary by the absence of an accepted standard of speech throughout the Province, by the growing tendency to nasality and guttural quality, and by the indifference with which vowel sounds and word endings are commonly treated. Nothing but constant watchfulness on the part of teachers will save the popular speech from debasement, a result which may entail a lowering of national spirit and self-respect."

These words are by no means too strong, and the Provincial Normal College of Nova Scotia is to be complimented upon having taken the firm stand that "the ability to express oneself in correct and well-delivered English is by regulation insisted on as a qualification for a Normal School diploma," and the "persistent use of ungrammatical forms of speech, crudeness of manner, conspicuous awkwardness or timidity, or an unsympathetic attitude towards children, will each constitute a sufficient reason for withholding the diploma."

FAILURE.

What if thy glory, like a great green tree
With slow grown weft of waving branches,
spread

Till farers by the weary land or sea
Afar gaze wondering on the sky-borne
head,—

And violets grow not in its sunless shade,
The clover sicken and the daisy die,
And in the barren circle scarce a blade
Wave a wee signal to the yellow fly,—

What if enriched by every wind that blows,
The tree win praise from shifting tribes of
men,
And by its sullen plot dead leaves of rose
Go drifting and unheeded—aye, what then?

—CHARLES E. RUSSELL.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE Anglo-German coercionary expedition to Venezuela reveals to the United States the extent of the obligation it has assumed in standing as guardian to these unruly republics in Central and South America. What the end is to be is not at all clear. With an entire lack of public conscience and an assurance that the United States will prevent any very serious punishment to be imposed on them, the "sucking republics" of the South are a highly irresponsible group of States. Two or three main principles hold most States to the path of honour. In the first place should be put the desire to maintain the public credit; secondly, concern for the good fame of one's country; and, thirdly, the fear of reprisal from the countries whose citizens would suffer by the derelictions of other States. The first two are found to be quite sufficient for self-respecting States, but there are a class of weak States whose self-respect is low, and with them a less reputable incentive has to be supplied. The Central and South American republics, taking advantage of the Monroe doctrine, and feeling that their territory and their independence cannot be infringed on, feel themselves free even from this lower motive for honest dealing.

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The United States are consenting parties to the demonstration now being made, but President Castro and his Ministers know that their foes cannot proceed to extremities, for the seizure of territory is what the United States under no circumstances will peacefully allow. Indeed, it must be said that President Roosevelt and his Cabinet are deserving of the thanks of both

participants in the demonstration, for they run considerable political risks in permitting things to go as far as they have gone. We may be sure that when consent was given for the course now being taken, the date when it should be put into operation was carefully ascertained. Had the combined fleet, for example, appeared off La Guaira about the middle of October, it would have been too tempting a theme for Democratic orators. We would have heard about the Monroe doctrine being trailed in the dust and spat upon. There being no elections in sight at the moment, there may be no temptation just now to indulge in these "windy inspirations of forced breath." It must be said, however, that a great deal will depend on the duration of the joint occupation. The debt is said to amount to thirty million dollars. If the plan adopted to collect it is the seizure of the custom houses, there would exist to the hand of the demagogue, in the midst, say, of a Presidential election, a weapon that would exercise an irresistible fascination over his mind. It would be sufficient for him to point to the Anglo-German occupation of Venezuelan custom houses, which by that time would have endured two years and certain to exist many more, to prove that the Monroe doctrine was a thing of shreds and patches. He would contrast the attitude of a Democratic President, Mr. Grover Cleveland, when the same Venezuela was threatened by a foreign country. Richard Olney, who, as Secretary of State, is said to have been the author of Cleveland's message, has been spoken of as a possible Democratic candidate in 1904. What strength he would gain among the Jingoës, contrasted with the administration that was al-

lowing a virtual occupation of soil in the western hemisphere by European monarchs. And Germany, of all countries in the world! She is more than suspected of casting longing eyes towards South America as a hopeful field for colonization. Once established there, would it not be difficult to oust her—would she not, in fact, like Britain in Egypt, make herself so indispensable to the prosperity and progress of the occupied country that even the Venezuelans would be divided as to the desirability of her presence at La Guaira?

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All this would make excellent material for a Jingo election, and we may be sure that every effort will be made by the Republican administration to arrange matters that it will not be necessary for the foreign Powers to occupy the Venezuelan custom houses. A wider question lies at the bottom of it all. Will this plan of collecting debts with battleships make it quite unnecessary for investors to exercise any prudence or caution in lending to reckless governments? If so, who will bear the expense connected with this costly mode of enforcing claims? In civil life the person distrained on has to bear the cost of the process.

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Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, commented on the little war which Britain is conducting against the Mad Mullah, characterizing it as a "Foreign Office war," and protesting against the Foreign Office taking the initiative in declaring or undertaking to prosecute hostilities. He added sarcastically

that the next thing they would hear of would be an expedition organized by the Department of Agriculture. His Lordship will find fresh fuel for his indignation in this Venezuelan expedition which appears eminently to be a Foreign Office war.

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The curious thing is that the British people are anything but well disposed towards their partner in the present operations. The recent "revelations" of Sir Horace Rumbold, former British Ambassador at Vienna, are still being warmly discussed in England. Sir Horace has a hearty admiration for the Austrian Emperor, who remained throughout the South African war an undisguised partisan of the British view of matters. His position at Vienna gave him unusual opportunities of becoming familiar with the real spirit of both the people and the Government of the neighbouring country, and his judgment is that Germany is



IT SEEMS TO BE THE STYLE NOW TO JUMP ON VENEZUELA

—Chicago Herald



AN APPARITION AT CAPETOWN

The cheerful, kindly comment of the *South African Review* runs thus: "The announcement of Mr. Chamberlain's visit came like a thunderbolt on the Premier and his fellow-conspirators. (Query: How will Sir Gordon explain his Fairy Tales when he meets Joe face to face?)"—*South African Review* (Capetown).

"potentially England's most unrelenting and dangerous foe." The German press is severely hurt because Sir Horace's article was copied by some of the leading Austrian papers without a protest against the language used to characterize Germany. The Ambassador's opinion is the opinion of a large proportion of the people of the British Isles. There will be no great enthusiasm over this joint expedition, and that it has been undertaken at all is proof of the influence the moneyed interests have over governments in all parts of the world. Money is certainly king both in republics and kingdoms.

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The European outlook is, nevertheless, satisfactorily calm. Russia is proceeding with her vast railway projects, and is at least professing to be evacuating Manchuria as rapidly as the

interests of civil order in that country will allow. She is already experiencing a difficulty that will tax the utmost skill of her statesmen to cope with, namely the invasion of cheap Chinese labour, with which even the Russian peasant is unable to contend. Will Siberia become a western outpost of the Mongol race? That is not Russia's purpose in opening up Siberia. It was to be a vast preserve for the Russian people. But who can contend with elemental forces? And the movement of a people across a geographical line may be regarded as elemental. Even the wide, roaring seas that surge between Asia and America scarce suffice, combined with restricting laws, to keep them out of this continent.

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France is engaged abroad with her Asian empire.

A new treaty with Siam has given her considerably increased territory in that part of the world. Her possessions there, which began with Tonkin, are now of imposing dimensions. It is, indeed, France's India, and, like India, it is not a white man's country. It really affords no outlet for France. It may be said there are no Frenchmen desirous of going abroad. If, however, there were a second France in some part of the world, it would in all probability exert a tremendously beneficial effect on France and Frenchmen. The idea that pervades the whole of French society is that there is no other place on earth for Frenchmen but France, and it therefore behooves them to see that there are no more Frenchmen in existence than French soil can support. The idea is a paralyzing one from every point of view, and will finally result in the great leaders in the refinements of

civilization taking a second place in the scheme of things. At present the main idea of Frenchmen with regard to a colony is that it is a place where French goods may be sold and the goods of the intrusive foreigner kept out.

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Mr. Gerald Balfour is pursuing a determined policy against the League in Ireland. Several persons convicted of breaking the law, including some members of Parliament, are serving terms in prison. And for the moment Ireland has but few friends outside her own borders. The Education Act has put the Parliamentary party in a cruel position. The English Roman Catholics are as deeply interested in the measure presented for acceptance by the Balfour Government as the Anglican Church itself. The Nationalists were therefore in an extraordinary position between conflicting claims. There was, first, the claim of the English Roman Catholics; secondly, the claim of the Nonconformists, who were their staunch allies in putting the Home Rule Bill through Parliament, and, thirdly, the claims of political retaliation. The opportunity of administering a body-blow to the Government that was busy clapping them in jail must have been almost irresistible. Seldom has a leader had so perplexing a problem presented to him. Mr. Redmond's solution was to withdraw his followers from Parliament altogether. This course has displeased both the English Liberals and the hierarchy in England and in Ireland. Cardinal Vaughan and Cardinal Logue have each written letters expressing their



THE COMING CHEAP GOVERNOR-GENERAL

"The *Times* says that if Australia is reluctant to provide a salary proportionate to the vice-regal magnificence expected in a Governor-General, it may be necessary to appoint some one whose expenditure will be strictly according to his salary.

"FUTURE GOVERNOR-GENERAL (receiving public bodies): 'Soda or water? By the way, hope you brought your pipes: can't afford to keep cigars in the house.' (Public bodies would have a fit at first, but they would soon get used to it.)"—*Bulletin*.

amazement at the desertion by the Irish representatives of their fellow-religionists at such a critical and important moment. Mr. Redmond has replied in a tame letter in which he says that the bill is commanding majorities of a hundred on divisions, and that the presence or absence of the Nationalists would have no effect one way or the other. It is pointed out, however, that more than one amendment has been fastened on the bill detrimental to the clerical control of the schools, which could not have carried if the Nationalists had remained at their posts. These incidents possess much interest for students of the Irish question.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



ON the second floor of the building on St. James' St., Montreal, which is the home of *La*

MR. TARTE'S *Patrie*, is a new and well-furnished of-

fice. Behind the low, square, regulation office desk, in an easy chair, sits the Hon. J. Israel Tarte, the ex-Minister of Public Works. When the writer visited him recently, he found him reading Greene's "Short History of the English People." He looks much



younger than he did a year or two ago, and is as gay and debonnaire as a young man in his twenties.

Here Mr. Tarte receives his friends, laughs pleasantly over his departure from the Laurier Administration, pens trenchant articles for *La Patrie* (which

is now second, if not first, in importance among the French journals of Canada) and is gathering strength and information for the next political move. He declares that the change is a pleasant one, that he is glad to be relieved of the worries of a Cabinet Minister, that his friends have been kind and not forgetful, that his only immediate concern is to keep the readers of *La Patrie* well supplied with the latest political information. In the Province of Quebec, the French daily and weekly papers published outside of Montreal and Quebec are not of much importance, or, at least, do not measure up to the standard of those published in Hamilton, Kingston, Brockville, Brantford, Stratford and other Ontario towns. Consequently, the daily paper from Quebec or Montreal is everything politically and socially in French Canada. Because of this *La Patrie* fills a large place in the journalistic life of Quebec, and Mr. Tarte meets daily with a large audience. This, he says, accounts for his complaisance.

He has recently purchased the Quebec *Mercury*, which George Stewart, D.C.L., has edited for some years. Mr. Tarte is looking for a new editor for that journal, a young English-speaking Canadian with talents and energy. With the *Mercury* he will at-



THE RT. HON. SIR HENRY STRONG, EX-CHIEF JUSTICE OF CANADA

tempt to reach the English-speaking people of Quebec, and thus add a second string to his bow. Then if anything should happen to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Wilfrid is neither young nor strong, who will be the hero of Quebec? In Mr. Tarte's estimation it will not be Mr. Monk, though he would probably admit that the latter will be a doughty rival.

It is also whispered that Mr. Tarte is writing some strong speeches for the next session of Parliament, and that "Canada for the Canadians" will not be the least of his themes.



Lord Charles Beresford knows something about business. That he is a critical observer is proven by some opinions given to a

A BUSINESS commercial journal re-
NOBLEMAN. cently, when he was
asked how Britain

could best meet foreign competition. Among other, things he stated :

Manufacturers must send out what foreign consumers want, not what the manufacturers think they ought to want.

Orders should not be declined because of their smallness. The great effort should be to form new connections. Small orders may lead to large ones.

Prices and weights should be quoted in the language of the country in which trade is sought.

Quick delivery is of the utmost importance, and is often of more consequence than the question of price. British manufacturers are losing a great deal of foreign business because of their unwillingness to contract for early delivery.

When the average British manufacturer tries to sell his goods in this country, he does not try to find out what Canadians want before he shows his samples. He assumes a lofty tone and says "These are my goods." He spurns small trial orders. His prices are not quoted in dollars and cents, and his ton is not 2,000 pounds. His delivery is often carelessly slow.

These facts explain largely why Canada buys so little from Great Britain and so much from the United States. The United States manufacturers endeavour always to meet all the wishes



THE HON. SIR HENRI TASCHEREAU, THE NEW
CHIEF JUSTICE OF CANADA

and fads of their customers. They will manufacture any quality, any quantity, and endeavour to meet any price. They are never lordly when showing their wares.

And in all this there are lessons for the Canadian exporter, who is rapidly becoming numerous.



One or two friends of the United States living in Canada are very much worried over Canada's lack of confidence in the trust-

UNITED STATES	worthiness of Unit-
FOREIGN	ed States diplom-
RELATIONS.	acy. The general
	accusation is made

by Canadian writers and publicists that United States diplomats have not always been as frank in their arguments as even diplomats are expected to be, and also that the United States does not always abide by an international bargain even after it has been made. This feeling has been produced in Canada as a result of careful study of



THE HON. JUSTICE ARMOUR, FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO, NOW PUISSE JUDGE IN SUPREME COURT OF CANADA



THE HON. JUSTICE MOSS, THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO

United States diplomatic methods and is now a bar to an easy settlement of outstanding disputes between the two countries.

One of these worried gentlemen, to whom reference has been made, has pointed out that a note in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* of February, 1896, is, in his opinion, unfair to the United States. That note is headed "The United States and Arbitration." It intimated that although, after arbitration, it was found that the United States had improperly interfered with Canadian sealers in the Behring Sea, and although Secretary Gresham had agreed to pay \$425,000 in liquidation of those claims, Congress refused to pass an appropriation for the payment. Our correspondent points out that Congress did appropriate this sum and pay it to the British authorities.

An investigation shows that the correspondent is right. Congress did do so, but not until June, 1898. Secretary Gresham, however, agreed to the amount early in 1895, and in the same year Congress refused to pay the amount. Thus at the time that note was written, February, 1896, the facts were correctly stated. The writer of a note in 1896 could not be expected to

know anything of the Congressional action of 1898.

The more one looks into the matter, the less there is to the credit of the United States in this affair. The Congress of 1895, that of 1896, and that of 1897, each failed to appropriate this small amount to pay what was agreed to by the Executive at Washington after arbitration had decided that the United States was liable. Why was there such delay on the part of Congress? An editorial in *Harper's Weekly* of January 11th, 1896, makes an explanation. It points out that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was a member of the Arbitration Commission and on two of the five points to be decided was the only dissentient. He was also, "unfortunately," (that is the word used by *Harper's Weekly*) a member of the Senate Committee on foreign relations, and it was he who blocked the appropriation in Congress. It is regrettable that the United States should be blamed for the action of Senator Morgan and those who supported him, but it cannot be otherwise. So long as Senators such as Mr. Morgan exist in the United States, so long must foreign nations be careful in their dealings with that Power.

With these facts fairly stated, our correspondent should surely be satisfied. He must see that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE writer was quite accurate in what he penned, and that the United States can have no cause of complaint for the adverse criticisms which have appeared in this and other journals.



The Right Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, when less distinguished by titles and years, was a member of the

Commission for the CON-
JUDICIARY solidation of the Statutes of
CHANGES. Canada, before Confedera-
tion. After forty-six years

of added experience, more than twenty-five of which he has been a member of the Supreme Court, he is again appointed to a similar position, retiring from the Chief Justiceship of Canada for that purpose. He is succeeded as presiding officer of the Supreme Court by Sir Henri Thomas Taschereau, who has been a member of that Court since 1878, and who is one of the few surviving Fathers of Confederation.

The vacancy in the Supreme Court has been filled by the appointment of the Hon. John Douglas Armour, who for two years has been Chief Justice of Ontario. This latter position has been bestowed upon the Hon. Charles Moss, a judge of the Court of Appeal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto. The new Chief Justice of Ontario is a brother of the late Hon. Thomas Moss, who held the same position. The vacancy in the Court of Appeal has fallen to John J. MacLaren, K.C.



United States writers are much given, of late, to wondering whether the boundary line between Canada and

the United States is per-
manent. With a mil-
lion Canadians in the
United States and a half
million United States-

ers in Canada, it does seem possible that the international line might become blurred. The language and the fashions of the two people are the



J. J. MACLAREN, K.C., RECENTLY APPOINTED
JUDGE IN THE ONTARIO COURT OF APPEAL

same, and the customs and manners approximately similar.

Opinion is divided. Some believe that in a hundred years the boundary line will be a matter of history. Others think it permanent. The latter argue that since the Government of the United States, federal, state and municipal, is so bad in principle and practice that the United Statesers who come to Canada will not be an influence making for amalgamation. They are glad to leave all the memories of political spoliation behind them, and join heart and hand in supporting a constitution which has in it the elements of good government and stable development.

There is no doubt that Canada has ideals in administration, in government, in politics and in finance which tend to keep her politically distinct from the United States. In public and social life there is a higher moral tone which, if properly preserved, will tend to keep Canadian nationality something unique on the North American continent. The lack of quick development and the slowness in the growth of population, the features of our national life so often lamented, have tended to preserve this high moral tone. It may remain our salvation.

John A. Cooper



BOOK REVIEWS

GLENGARRY SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE Ottawa River does not form the complete boundary line between the French settlements of Quebec and the English settlements of Ontario, for the French settlements have pushed across the river near where it enters the St. Lawrence. At this point, where the two settlements meet, lies Glengarry, that Scotch-Canadian district which Ralph Connor has made famous in "The Man from Glengarry," and in his newer volume, "Glengarry School-Days."* Proud, strong, able-bodied, religious Glengarry may well be proud of her historian, for not many Canadian districts have found their Ralph Connor.

The old log school-house is the American type of rural college. In both the United States and Canada it has played no unimportant part in every early settlement. In it were educated most of the men who have laid firmly and deep the foundations of Anglo-Saxon civilization and predominance. It existed before universities and colleges, lived long and served faithfully, even after these larger institutions began to rear their heads. It has only recently been replaced by the less picturesque, if more pretentious, frame or brick "Noah's arks" which now stand as bare and lonely sentinels on the rural horizon.

And the boys of the Glengarry's school-days! There was Ranald, who pulled wee Hughie out of the Deepole in the big creek, where "the great fan-topped elm trees hung far over it," and made Hughie promise that he would never tell. There was stolid Thomas Finch, who took wee Jimmie Cameron's whipping until the master had

used up two birch-rods. There was Foxy, the store-keeper's son, who kept his own little shop, where he gathered in pennies for bull's-eyes, licorice sticks, and caps and powder. And there was Hughie, who captained the Twentieth shinny team, taught it system and discipline and tamed the haughty shinnyists from the Front School.

And the young teachers who learned as much as they taught! They are worthy of study too. Young as they were they knew that minds might be trained and stored with knowledge, but that boys must also learn honour, truth, right, nobility and self-control. They were young, but they were men among men—learning for themselves some of the higher lessons, and going forth to be greater preachers and barristers and leaders of the people.

And the mothers and fathers, and the minister's wife! These are characters whom to know is to respect, perhaps to love. They lived their simple, wholesome lives in such honourable, upright fashion, that at the last there was no need of lamentations or tears.

The picture is a strong one. Ralph Connor has painted it well, as only one who has breathed the air of Glengarry could paint it. It is an inspiration, and therein differs from the coldly-written problem novel, or the finely polished production of the literary artist. It is sentimental, and melodramatic, but not overly so. It is sketchy in its characterization, but the characters group well. It is weak in humour, but it is written by a Scotch minister about Scotch people, as was "Beside the Bonny Brier-Bush." Its great qualities lie in its trueness with life,

* Toronto: William Briggs.

and its healthy, invigorating atmosphere.



THE BLUE FLOWER.

One of the most handsome of the holiday editions is a volume of fancies* by Henry Van Dyke, with its coloured illustrations by Weguelin, DuMond, Heming, Lunson and Howard Pyle. Nor does the delicate beauty of the book surpass the delicate imagery of the nine stories here brought together. The author explains: "I wished to bring them into one book because they seemed to me like parts of the same story—the long story which will not be perfectly told till men learn a new language—the story of the search for happiness, which is life." As his symbol of happiness, for which men seek Van Dyke, take "The Blue Flower," which one saw in his dreams:—

"But what charmed him most, and drew him with resistless power, was a tall, clear-blue flower, growing beside the spring, and almost touching him with its broad, glistening leaves. Round about were many other flowers of all hues. Their odours mingled in a perfect chord of fragrance. He saw nothing but the Blue Flower."



A STUDY IN SLANG.

The business of the American world has developed a peculiar language, a language full of colloquialisms, solecisms and unusual idiomatic expressions. When a man sits down to write a book, he usually tries to avoid these. Sometimes his work loses because he keeps his style pure and faultless, but usually it gains more than it loses. George Horace Lorimer has written a volume purporting to be "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son,"† in which he attempts to embody the conversational language of the American business life.

* The Blue Flower, by Henry Van Dyke. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

He follows in the footsteps of Haliburton, Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley, and yet marks out a new path. John Graham has many things to tell his son who is at college, and he fancies, or Mr. Lorimer, his creator fancies, that he is not under the necessity of speaking grammatically. He says: "he don't need;" "you bet it pays;" "because I have sat tight;" "I know that a good many people say I am a pretty close proposition;" "it's the fellow who has the spunk to think and act for himself, and sells short when prices hit the high C and the house is standing on its hind legs yelling for more, that sits in directors' meetings when he gets on towards forty." He says many other things, some wise, some simple, some clever, some witty, some merely slangy. It is a book of cleverness rather than a clever book.



RALPH CONNOR



W. A. FRASER

The person who desires to hear the hard-headed, dollar-hunting American business-man talk his peculiar philosophy, should read the book. All others may safely pass by on the other side.

3

THOROUGHBREDS *

Speaking of the new story by one of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE'S most important contributors, the Toronto daily *Star* says:

This is a novel by a Canadian writer of fiction who has for four or five years been doing good work in the short-story field. His short stories dealing with life in Burnah were first to appear, and won the recognition of the leading magazines in New York and London. Then he wrote tales of adventure, with the scenes laid in the Canadian Northwest, all short and full of action. He felt sure he had books in him, but before venturing on the long flight of a novel he experimented fully at short range. Thus he developed his technique, and practised the fine art of turning a plot. He has published three volumes, "The Eye of a God, and Other Stories;" "Mooswa," and "The Outcasts," the two last-named belonging to the school of animal stories so much affected of late. "Thoroughbreds" is an animal story, too, but of an entirely different kind. The animals do not talk, expressing human sentiments. They are not disguised human beings. "Thoroughbreds" is a racing novel, treating of race-horses, their owners, betting men, jockeys, tracks, touts, the whole sport and business of racing. It is W. A. Fraser's first important work. He has shown some form as a two-year-old, but this is his first appearance in a big event, in fast company as a three-year old.

The author carries this man and his stable

of good ones through two seasons on the American turf, managing to weave into his plot all that is straight and all that is crooked in racing. He throws no false glamour over racing, nor does he seek to write it down. The novel is neither an attack on racing nor a defence of it, but a portrayal of it as it is, with its splendid excitements, its fascination for good men and bad, the effect these men have on it and its effects on them. Several races take place in the course of the story, all run with spirit and vigour that stirs the reader to a sporting interest.

3

BARNABY LEE

The days of Dutch and British rivalry on the Atlantic coast make up an interesting period in our Colonial history—before Canada became British, and before the English Colonies became the United States of America. They were stirring days, when a man held his rights by his wits and his strong right arm. John Bennett has gathered the spirit of them into his heart and breathed it out again in his story of "Barnaby Lee."* This is a book which may well be added to a Canadian library. The score of excellent illustrations by Clyde O. De Land add much to the book, and should add something also to this painter's fame. These pictures have much merit, even in these days when Gibson and Christy are the vogue.

3

WESTERN AND OTHER STORIES

The Western United States stories now being issued deal with a less rugged life than they did some years ago. Yet these milder tales are romantic and stirring, portraying phases of Western life which are full of colour and incident. "Fool's Gold,"* by Annie Raymond Stillman, is a mining camp story. "The Order of the Prophet,"* by Alfred E. Henry, gives the life story of a cultured young English woman, who marries a Mormon priest in England, comes to America with him and settles in the West, where

* Thoroughbreds, by W. A. Fraser. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

* Barnaby Lee, by John Bennett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

plural marriage brings strange complications.

The eternal problem of how to get the most out of life, how to fight against the inevitable hardships and disappointments of this, is worked out by a Scotsman in a little book entitled "Love Never Faileth."* Of course, the remedy is limited in its application. The style is not ordinary.

"Deborah"† is a tale of the times of Judas Maccabæus, picturing the lives and the ambitions of Jews, Syrians, Greeks and Romans. The author is James M. Ludlow, author of "The Captain of the Janizaries."

"Under Calvin's Spell,"‡ pictures Geneva in the Middle Ages, when Calvin and the Huguenots held a leading place on the stage of European existence and action. It is written by Deborah Alcock, author of "The Spanish Brothers."

PARKMAN ON TOAST †

Parkman must have turned over in his grave when Professor Edgar's book, "The Romance of Canadian History," was published. To have his choicest paragraphs and sections cut out and pasted on MS. paper in order to provide copy for a new volume, must be galling to Mr. Parkman, even in the spirit-world. But to have such poor style shown by his latest tailor, must have been enough to stir even his dry bones. The following is one of Professor Edgar's paragraphs, taken from the introduction :

Apart from the successive appearance of his histories, there are few events to record in his life. In 1850 he married, and in his eight years of happy married life *three children were born*. He suffered a great bereavement in the loss of his son in 1857, *to be followed* the next year by the death of his wife.

Of course, the first sentence should read, "few events in his life to record."

* These five novels are published by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, New York and Toronto.

† The Romance of Canadian History, edited from the writings of Francis Parkman, by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

The phrase "to be followed" is incorrect and conveys a wrong impression. The middle sentence, however, is the best example of how not to write English. It has two subjects and it contains an untruth. To say that only three children were born during the eight years Parkman was married is ridiculous, when everybody knows there were thousands.

On the same page of the text, the Professor speaks of "actual insanity," which must be an historical variation of that affliction. He also states that Parkman "wring a notable success out of the most depressing circumstances"—a metaphor which should live.

A VOLUME OF VERSE

J. W. Bengough is a newspaper poet. He seldom dares the sublime, preferring usually the lower paths of the recorders of shifting scenes and passing phases of human action and thought. When one understands this, his new volume "In Many Keys,"‡ will be appreciated. There are poems on Dargai Ridge, The Return of the Continentals, The Canady Farmer, The Kurds, To Ian Maclaren, In Memory of Queen Victoria, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. George and Frances E. Willard, as well as miscellaneous verse, which is gay, pathetic or serious, as the poet's mood varies. He rises almost to the sublime in patriotism in "Canada's Inspiration," of which three stanzas may be given:

I saw my country rise; upon her face
A light from heaven fell as if to bless,
As lifting one white arm aloft she cried:
"That which exalts a land is righteousness.

"This goodly heritage of mine, this realm,
Of Greater Britain, spread from sea to sea,
I dedicate to God and to the cause
Of Justice, Honour and Humanity.

"The bow that glorifies our arctic sky
With its white myst'ry of quick-darting
lights,
Shall symbolize the purity of our fame
And our unsleeping guard o'er freemen's
rights."

* Toronto: William Briggs.

A MONUMENTAL HISTORY

Lord Acton, Professor of History at Cambridge, died just before the appearance of the first volume in the great work he had planned on modern history. He was, unfortunately, not spared to see even the beginning of this monumental labour, which in the generations to come will be regarded as the product of the best English research and scholarship of the nineteenth century. Only by the co-operation of all the living English authorities could such a work be accomplished. The first volume deals with "The Renaissance."* The writers in this volume include Bishop Creighton, Sir Richard Jebb, E. J. Payne, Dr. Garnett, Dr. A. W. Ward, Professor Cunningham, Stanley Leathes and other noted men who have devoted themselves to special periods and subjects with profound learning and ability. Modern history, it is agreed among these scholars, may, for convenient purposes, be said to begin in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although E. A. Freeman always argued for the unity of history, and denied that you could divide the ancient from the modern. This volume embodies the latest researches, and treats history not from the English standard, but from that of Europe. Its appearance marks an epoch in the treatment of history as a subject for scientific investigation.



NOTES

The people in the United States are making quite a fuss over Booth Tarkington, the Indiana writer who was elected to the State Legislature the other day. "The Gentleman from Indiana" brought him into notice, while "Monsieur Beaucaire" (though a slender piece of fiction), brought him fame. "The Two Vanrevells"† is a French-United States story, for Indiana was once as much a part of New France as

was Ontario. There was some French blood in Indiana and some Paris influences, even as late as the "fifties" of the nineteenth century, the time of the events chronicled in this ultra-sentimental love-story. The point in the plot is the existence of two lawyers, partners and friends, the one a lovable scamp, the other an admirable citizen. A young girl, fresh from the convent, mistakes the one for the other, and peculiar complications follow. The style and sentiment are exuberant and florid.

J. Macdonald Oxley is a sort of Canadian Henty. His books for boys are good. The latest, "With Rogers on the Frontier,"* details the exploits of one, Seth Allen, who served with Roger's Rangers in the New England expeditions against the French in Canada. He took part in the defeat at Fort William Henry, the march on Fort Duquesne, and was later captured by the French and sent a prisoner to Montreal. From there he escaped down the river and joined Wolfe before Quebec. He was one of the twenty-four volunteers who led the way up the heights to the Plains of Abraham.

"Fuel of Fire,"† by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is somewhat disappointing. The dialogue has more variety than in her previous books, but it has less cleverness. The social conflict between the old feudal families and the new trade families in England, is clearly indicated, and is the striking feature of the story.

"The Loom of Life"‡ is a better novel than "The Redemption of David Corson," and this is a matter of congratulation for Charles Frederic Goss. The wronged woman haunts her betrayer until his cup of punishment is running over, and then she wonders if vengeance is, in such a case, an evil or a virtue. When should we forgive those who have wronged us? is a question which even this clever novelist finds difficult of answer.

* The Cambridge Modern History, Vol. I. The Renaissance. Cambridge University Press.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

‡ Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



IDLE MOMENTS



AN OTTAWA STORY

THIS is an old story which is often retold, and it is told this way: A Cabinet Minister, the deputy head of a department, and a dignified Senator, strolling one evening through that part of the Dominion Capital known as Lower Town, informally settling the affairs of the nation between the whiffs of their cigars, and incidentally avoiding the persistent pursuit of ardent politicians seeking positions for their wives' relations, saw a fight. Two walloping big shantymen were apparently intent on giving a half-drunken little Irish-Canadian a thrashing, and were succeeding. Even politicians have a sense of fair-play when it gets down to primitive conditions, and they interfered on behalf of the blood-stained, over-matched little Hibernian; and the inopportune French-Canadian policeman turning up at that moment, the three legislators and the little Irishman were arrested. The law-guardian's knowledge of English was limited, and he failed to grasp the explanation of Canada's law-givers, and the quartette were escorted to the police station.

The Sergeant at the desk also failed to understand the situation, and commanded silence, even as the wig-crowned Speaker was wont to do in a riotous debate. "What's your name?" he sternly asked the Cabinet Minister, whose name is a household word over half a continent. It was given, and the Sergeant gasped, "Good heavens, man, what do you mean giving that name? Is it yours?" And upon being assured, wrote it down dubiously. Then he asked the Deputy Minister of one of the largest executive departments of the country's government what his name was, and upon hearing it leaned back in his chair and pinched himself to see if he wasn't having one of those dreams he was in the habit of having when he was a patrolman. There was a startled look on his face, and his eyes

began to protrude as he weakly asked the Senator what his name was, and the pen fell from his hand when he heard it. Drawing himself together with an effort, he turned his eyes on the fourth prisoner—the wondering little Irishman—and feebly asked, "For goodness' sake, what's your name?" The little Lower-Town tough looked inquiringly at his fellow-prisoners for a minute, and turning to the Sergeant, straightened himself up and said, "I'm merrily kerphlumixed what the game is, sor, but I'll stick to the boys—I'm Major Maude." C. L. S.

A CARLYLE ANECDOTE

There is a Carlyle incident worth recalling:—

"The British people, sir," said a young Liberal one day at a dinner-party, "can afford to laugh at theories."



"MY BOY, YOU SHOULD READ YOUR BIBLE; IT IS WRONG TO SMOKE."

"GWAN! WHEN DEY WROTE DE BIBLE DEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT SMOKIN'."—*Life*.

"Sir," observed Carlyle, speaking for the first time during dinner, "the French nobility a hundred years ago said they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man and wrote a book called 'The Social Contract.' The man was called Jean Jacques Rousseau, and his book was a theory, and nothing but a theory. The nobles could laugh at his theories, but their skins went to bind the second edition of his book."

A VILLIERS' STORY

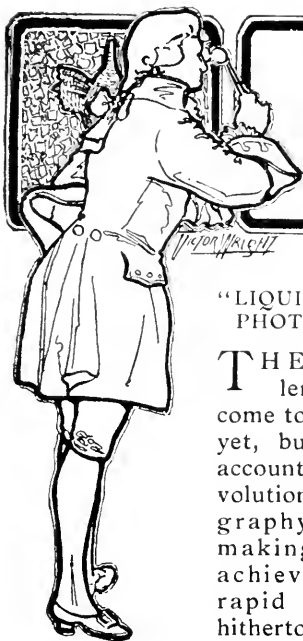
Mr. Frederick Villiers, the veteran war correspondent, in his "Pictures of Many Wars," describes his visit to the citadel at Rustchuk, where the Turks showed him every honour. Not understanding the extraordinary civility with which he and his companion were received, he summoned his dragoman, and asked what on earth the people meant by their extraordinary civility and splendid reception. With a cunning smile on his face, and rapping his nose, he said:—"I am a very good

dragoman." I nodded assent. He continued: "I am ze best dragoman in all ze Turkey." I said—"All right. But go on, you fool. What do you mean?" "You say you want to see ze fortress. Only most important personage can gain admittance, for it is ze war zat is on. So I say to myself, 'These gentlemen must be important gentlemen; they must be ze colonels of ze British army, and also ze M.P.'s, too.' So I went to ze citadel and told ze commandant." "But," I exclaimed, "you ruffian! It is all very clever, but look at the hole you've placed us in. They will wire to the Embassy in Constantinople, and we shall probably be imprisoned, or more likely shot on the spot." Still with his cunning smile on his face, and shaking his head, and tapping his nose again with his finger—"Oh, no, you won't, sir. Oh, no. It is all right. I am ze cleverest dragoman in all ze Turkey. I am no fool. I tell zem dat your visit was very secret; you were travelling what you call incognito on ze secret service of your country."



THE PURSUIT OF "BRIDGE WHIST"

Punch gently satirizes the prevailing fad among the British people



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



"LIQUID LENS" IN PHOTOGRAPHY

THE "liquid lens" has not come to America as yet, but from all accounts it is revolutionizing photography abroad, making possible achievements in rapid work that hitherto have been thought to be out

of the question. In fact, the new development in photographic art is being hailed as no less a wonder than the Röntgen rays. For, by using a certain oil between the parts of a rectilinear lens, the refraction is so increased that instantaneous photographs may be made in the ordinary light of a theatre. This is but one of the photographic feats possible. Another is to take a photograph at midnight on a pitch-dark night with no apparent light in fifteen minutes. A third is to make a photograph at midnight, with a fair moon, with one minute's exposure.

Other tested possibilities of this new lens are no less extraordinary. A photograph may be taken in a theatre, the footlights only being used, in a quarter second of exposure. In an ordinary room, with an exposure of but five seconds, a photograph may be made, with an illumination of but forty-eight candle power. Never before in photographic history has there been a lens so extremely rapid as this.

To the amateur photographer it will all seem to be fiction, but it is none the less an undoubted scientific fact. The liquid lens is an English invention, the

device of Dr. Edward F. Grun, of Brighton, England, who has been working on it for several years, and was led to the experiments that have resulted in its perfection through his work with the microscope. Dr. Grun's early experiments were made with the idea of being able to photograph stage performances at night. He found that the fastest lens he could get was not quick enough to photograph a play in action, that there must be a halt for an instant, posing the figures and losing the time effect, or else the picture would show movement and blur, thus interfering with the natural effect.

A speedier lens became necessary, and finally Dr. Grun devised it, discovering an oil which, placed between the glasses of the combinations of the lens (and not in the air-spaces, as first tried), shortened the focus materially. What this oil is the inventor will not say. Its success, however, has been proved by many extremely fine photographs that the doctor has made. It works at a very large aperture and is thoroughly practical, though in actual operation it can only be used for small plates.—*Pop. Science News.*

HOW THE DOE TRAINS THE YOUNG DEER.

I dropped into the heather at once, and crawled a yard or two to the right to the cover of an old broken tree. Here I cautiously raised myself and peered forward. I could (writes Hugh M. Warrand in *Blackwood's Magazine*) see no more than the back of the head and ears of a large doe, apparently standing listening. Presently the head and ears disappeared, and quickly and silently I crept forward to another tree some ten yards farther on. Here I



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM

AN ARTIST'S PICTURE OF "THE GIRL IN THE MOON"

raised myself again and found the doe in full view, and certainly within a gunshot of me. She appeared totally unaware of my presence, and what she was about I could not imagine, for she strolled backwards and forwards, as a man might who was making up his mind about something.

Suddenly she sprang forward a yard or two into a round, open space in the heather, hitherto unnoticed by me, and began running round and round. As if from out of the very earth, and almost at the same moment, into the circle jumped Master Buck and his sister, and before I had time to guess at what was going to happen, I found myself the solitary spectator of certainly the most novel and graceful circus I had ever seen, or may ever hope to see again.

Round went the doe faster and faster, her children after her; then she faced about, chasing the latter this time;

again she turned, and was followed, and so the game went on. Presently all three were out of the ring, led by the doe, and bounding away through the heather, over the ridge, and out of sight. I thought that I had seen the last of them for one day, but not so. Back I beheld the performers coming at full gallop, and this time they had another performer with them. Last year's fawn had joined the troupe. On they all came without a stop, and into the fairy ring, where I was treated to another graceful performance, which seemed rather more

complicated than the first. I wish I had studied it better, but I was so surprised at the whole thing, and it was over so quickly that I really had not a fair chance to grasp every detail. In a few minutes the ring was empty, the performers out of sight, and I left alone to wonder if what I saw was real or imaginary. Real it certainly was, for when my astonishment had worn off a little I got up and went forward to view the fairy circle, when I found abundant traces of my fairies, and a few yards away I found another circle, which was evidently in use, and farther on another, which appeared old and disused. In one stood a tree, in another two stumps of trees cut down, the latter being the one most in use, to judge by the state of the ground. I went home happy that evening, for I felt that I had been a witness to a spectacle few sportsmen have had an opportunity of witnessing.



CANADA

FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



CANADA for the Canadians does not necessarily imply free trade or high protection. Nor does it involve hostility to those commercial ideals necessary to good relations among the nations of the world. This department will be conducted without prejudice and in the broadest spirit.

✱

Hon. J. D. Rolland, chairman of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, has stated that the manufacturers do not ask nor expect any general revision of the tariff. The Hon. Mr. Fielding, at the Halifax banquet, has stated that he is still for stability of tariff, and will only make such changes as seem to him absolutely necessary by changed conditions at home and abroad. Many manufacturers think the tariff high enough; Mr. Fielding thinks it high enough; both are undoubtedly right.

✱

Yet there are some places in the tariff where the rate should be raised, and there are some articles on the free list which should be changed to the dutiable list. This must be ever the case. When the manufacturers present their views to Mr. Fielding, and these are presented to the Cabinet, then there will be a chance to discuss details.

✱

"Made in Canada" is the new label of the Canadian manufacturer. This is good. It is better than high tariffs. It is better than bounties, bonuses or Government guarantees. The pride in

one's country is something which may be safely appealed to by the producer of goods which are honest and true. Many a Canadian is wearing a stiff felt hat with a label on the inside which reads "New York" or "London"—but the hat was made in Canada. Much Scotch tweed is really Canadian Scotch tweed. Let "Made in Canada" be put on everything.

✱

The form of future subsidies to new railways will be much discussed at the next session of the Dominion Parliament. The Grand Trunk Pacific desires to build a new transcontinental line to run north of the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, through Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. The Trans-Canada will run from the city of Quebec, still farther north through Quebec, Ontario and the West. The Central Canada has a charter to run a line from a point at or near the French River in Northern Ontario through to the Pacific Coast, and will apply for a charter to connect this starting-point with Toronto. There are many other projected extensions and new lines.

✱

It is said by those who have studied the subject that 65 per cent. of the pulpwood ground up in United States paper mills comes from Canada. This pulpwood is purchased in this country at a price ranging from \$3 to \$5 per cord. When turned into pulp or paper, the price varies from \$15 for ground pulp, \$40 for chemical pulp, \$45 for

newsprint, to \$100 for book paper—a cord of pulp being approximately equal to a ton of paper. The pulp and paper manufacturers met in Montreal the other day and decided to ask the Government to impose an export duty on pulpwood, so that this raw product might be manufactured here. Instead of selling a million cords at \$5, they would have it manufactured into pulp or paper. Supposing it were manufactured into newsprint the result would be:—

1,000,000 cords of wood @ \$5 ...\$ 5,000,000
1,000,000 tons of newsprint @ \$45 45,000,000

Net gain\$40,000,000

And one million cords is not more than the actual yearly export of this country.

✱

Why are the Canadian editions of *Pearson's*, *Strand*, *Illustrated London News*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Munsey*, *Delineator*, etc., manufactured in the United States instead of in Canada? Because printed paper comes in free if in the form of a magazine or periodical, while unprinted paper is taxed twenty-five per cent. By this injustice Canadian paper-makers, printers, binders, engravers and publishers are losing business of a million dollars a year. On periodicals and newspapers imported in bulk there should be a duty equal to the duty on the unprinted paper. The raw material should not be taxed more than the finished product.

✱

Will the old policy of granting cash subsidies and land bonuses be continued? It is not likely. A new policy will be inaugurated. There are several proposals. The Montreal *Chambre de Commerce*, led by Mr. J. N. Perreault, advises that the Government purchase common stock in some of these enterprises. Some writers are in favour of land grants only. Others favour only guaranteed interest on the bonds. Others more radical say that the day for bonuses and assistance of any kind has passed away.

The fight in the next session will be

a notable one. The Canadian Northern, the Canadian Pacific, and the Grand Trunk Pacific are all determined to maintain the old policy—cash and lands. If they combine, they may be strong enough to force the legislation they desire.

✱

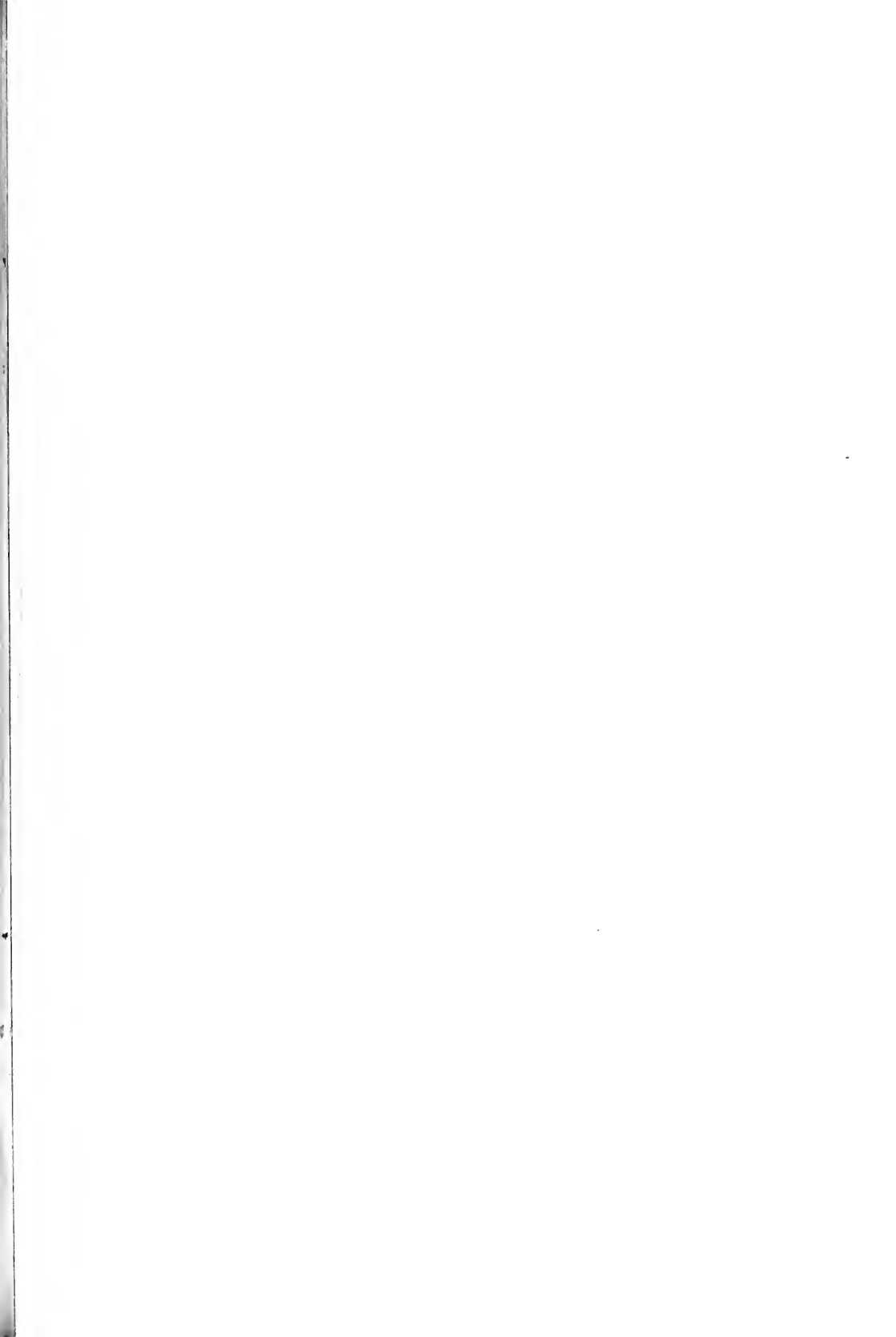
“Industrial Canada” is making a strong agitation to have all Government-aided railways buy Canadian-made rails. On its face, it is a good proposition, if we have reached the stage where we can supply the demand promptly without unduly increasing the price. Apparently we have not. There is only one steel-rail mill in Canada, and that is at Sault Ste. Marie. Even it cannot yet be called a successful institution. “Industrial Canada” is too early with its agitation. The *Toronto Star*, more sensibly, suggests a small bounty, so that the rails brought into Canada to overcome the deficit in the home supply, shall not be too expensive. It is not unwise to buy cheap foreign rails, if no Canadian industry is thereby injured or retarded.

✱

The Montreal manufacturers have taken up technical education, and are assisting in making more efficient the one institution of this character in that city. The Toronto manufacturers performed a similar duty some time ago. The latter were assisted by the city and the Ontario Government; and the former are seeking similar assistance from Montreal and the Provincial Government of Quebec.

Technical education, in the agricultural arts and in mining, has been given much attention in Ontario for some years. The newer technical education relates to the improvement of mechanical arts by training young men who intend to enter manufacturing pursuits. Perhaps it would be better to term it industrial education.

This is another phase of the growing desire for a complete policy of “Canada for the Canadians.”





YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLES AT HOME

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS P. MUIRHEAD, JR., OF ATLIN, B.C. FOR DESCRIPTION SEE "ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4

BRITISH GUIANA

By Wm. Perot Kauffmann

WHEN looking at an extended map of the world have you ever remarked that upon the South American continent on the northern coast and just a little to eastward there is a "tiny strip of red"? Run your eyes along the 60th meridian west and 6th parallel north, and you will locate for yourself Britain's only South American colony, British Guiana. You will see that it is upon the mainland of the continent, and is not, as many suppose, one of the West Indian islands.

British Guiana covers an area of almost 100,000 square miles, and has a seaboard of some 360 miles. It is divided into three counties: Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice. Though inhabited by only 350,000 persons, on account of its potentialities it is quite capable of supporting a population of several millions. This magnificent province is watered by mighty rivers, three of the same names as the respective counties. It is along the coast that most of the people dwell, for these are the districts upon which the sugar cane is grown and converted into sugar. The colony contains two towns: Georgetown, its capital, with 60,000 inhabitants in the county of Demerara; and New Amsterdam (8,000) in Berbice. Along the seaboard are numerous villages with populations varying from a few hundred souls to four thousand.

Guiana may be said to have been discovered by Columbus in 1498, for

he could not have passed into the Gulf of Paria, which lies between Trinidad and the South American continent without observing the highlands of that part of Guiana now known as Venezuela,—the Spanish main.

It was not, however, until the latter portion of the sixteenth century that these lands were exploited, for not until then there arose the myth of "El Dorado the Gilded," who was anointed every morning with balsam, upon which gold-dust was blown, so that he



GREAT PALM TREE



BRITISH GUIANA—A MARRIAGE PARTY OF EAST INDIANS

appeared as if made of gold. In these days of credulity too, the Spaniards had found that the Indians throughout the West Indies and Venezuela were possessed of gold plates rumoured to have come from the "Land of Cannibals," the first name given to Guiana from reports of man-eating Caribs living on the coast.

Impelled by these exaggerated reports, Spanish expeditions were equipped to search out the golden city of Manoa and the golden sands of Lake

Parima. Most of these ended disastrously, for the powerful Caribs always succeeded in repelling the invaders. Then Sir Walter Raleigh came upon the scene. Believing the reports of the Spaniards, he sailed up the Orinoco river in search of this rich country. The next year—1595—Capt. Keymis continued the exploration. No wealth was gained by these fortune-hunters, but their justice and kindness to the Indians elicited the sympathy of the aborigines. The



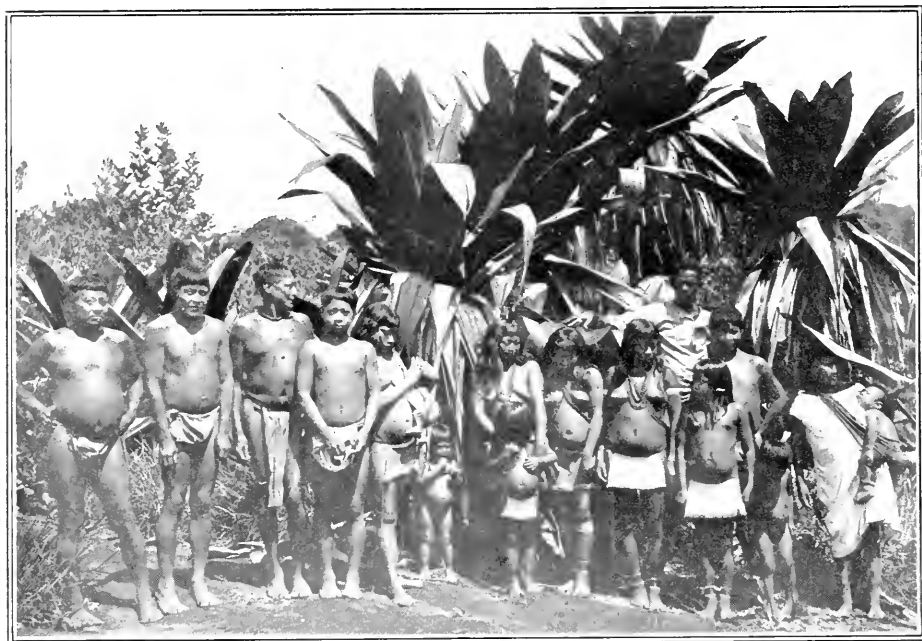
A SUGAR-CANE ESTATE—COOLIE RANGES

English were through them able to gain much information regarding the country and the people.

In the interim Dutch traders had been busy along the coast bartering the produce of Holland with the natives, and receiving in return cotton, balsam, tobacco, gum animi, copaiva, and letter-wood. To prevent theft and to defend themselves from the Spaniards or unfriendly tribes, a block-house or fort was built, armed men

British hands, but its fortunes varied until the peace of 1815 when it was formally made a part of the British Empire.

Since these early times there have been several events which have more or less seriously affected the progress of the colony, including the abolition of the slave trade and emancipation. The emancipated slaves demanded higher wages and refused to work. Agricultural labourers were imported from



THE NATIVES OF BRITISH GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA. THEY ARE VERY SHORT, AS MAY BE SEEN BY COMPARISON WITH THE AFRICAN NEGRO IN THE REAR

were put in charge, and thus a nucleus of a settlement was formed on the Pomeroon River. This post being somewhat open to the raids of the Spaniards, early in the seventeenth century a depot and fort was established at Kyk-over-al (Look over all), at the junction of the Mazaruni and Cuyuni rivers with their mother stream the Essequibo. Their trade flourished, and in 1621 the Dutch West India Company was established, and Guiana became a possession of Holland.

In 1666, the country again fell into

Madeira, Malta and China. These did not prove eminently satisfactory, and finally importations were made from India and the East Indies, and it is to the presence of this class that Guiana to-day looks for her agricultural labourers, there being some 85,000 out of the population of 350,000.

Georgetown, the capital which covers an area of fourteen hundred acres, is admittedly the handsomest city in the West Indies. A bird's-eye view of the town from one of the towers unfurls to one's gaze a collection of

houses, churches, and public buildings embowered in palms and foliage—in-
deed so numerous are the trees that it
appears as if the city were built in a
forest. Almost every house is isolated
from the other, and stands upon its
own plot of land, which is invariably
laid out as a garden, and stocked with
beautiful foliage plants and brilliantly
coloured blooms of various shrubs.

The city stands on the eastern bank
of the Demerara River, with the Atlan-
tic (made muddy by the silt-laden cur-
rent which sweeps around the Brazilian

of wharves built on piles and jutting
into the stream; alongside are moor-
ed vessels discharging their cargoes
or being laden with the produce of the
country. These wharves, except the
public stelling, are all in connection
with business houses and stores, all
of which face on Water Street, the
chief commercial thoroughfare of the
city.

In Water Street is also situated the
General Postoffice, above which are
the Reading Rooms and Museum of the
Royal Agricultural and Commercial



BRITISH GUIANA—A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE

coast past by our shores) as a
second frontage. Along the coast
about the town is a massive construc-
tion of stone extending for a distance
of about two and a half miles, and
known as the sea-wall. It serves to
keep out the ocean waters from the
land, which is very flat, and about four
feet below sea-level, and also as a
beautiful esplanade. On Sundays and
public holidays the "Walls" are
thronged with people in gala costume,
and there they promenade and ex-
change conventionalities.

The river frontage extends for about
two miles, and is composed of a series

Society, and near by are the Bank and
Tower hotels, with good accommoda-
tion for visitors.

From Water Street extend numer-
ous other streets which are intersected
at right angles by those going in the
other direction, so that the town is cut
up into squares, and consequently
facilitates matters for a stranger.
Some of the streets are more than a
hundred feet wide, having canals plant-
ed with the Victoria Regina water
lily running down the middle, while on
the grassy borders are planted trees so
as to form an avenue. Then come the
roads on either hand, another border

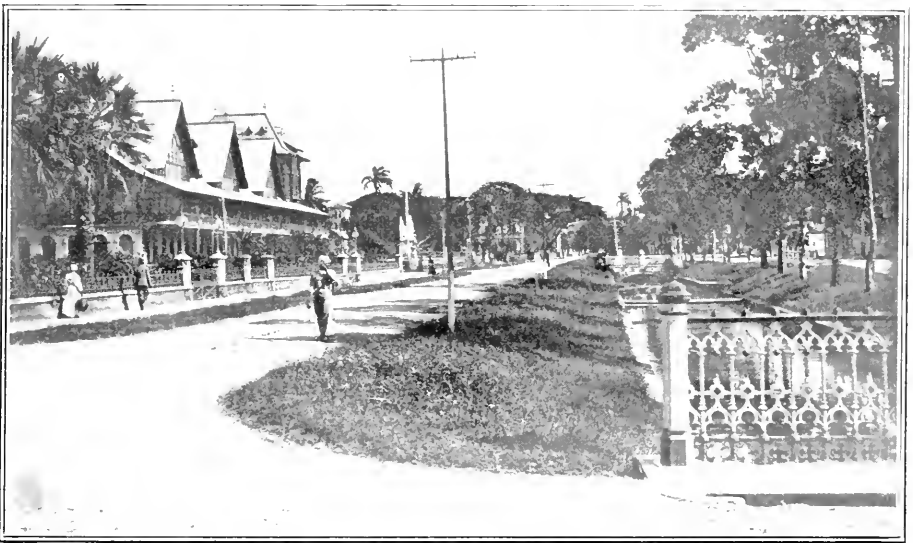
of grass, and then the houses with their fine shrubberies, all of which contribute to the making of a picturesque street.

High or Main Street is undoubtedly the finest in the city. On it are situated several of the finest public buildings and dwellings, including the Victoria Law Courts, Town Hall, Police Magistrate's Office, St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church, the Colonial Bank, the Portuguese Roman Catholic Church, and the Georgetown Club.

The government of the colony is ad-

may be considered as a Crown colony. For the purpose of voting the colony's expenditure, however, a college of six "Financial Representatives" is adjoined to the Court of Policy. This assembly is known as the Combined Court, and in it the representatives of the colonists are in the majority.

Justice is administered by three judges and various stipendiary magistrates in the several districts. The criminal laws are based upon those of England, but the Roman-Dutch civil code of the old colonies yet survives with a few



GEORGETOWN — HIGH STREET LOOKING WEST

ministered by a Governor, advised by an Executive Council comprised of three official and three unofficial members, who are appointed for life by the reigning Sovereign. The Court of Policy consists of eight officials, including the Governor and eight elective members, chosen from amongst the inhabitants of the colony by a constituency qualified to vote by property or income. The Governor, in event of a tie resulting during the voting of the court, gives his casting vote, and can consequently decide against the representative members; therefore in all legislative matters British Guiana

minor modifications. An excellent body of police is kept, and life and property is absolutely safe, while concurrent endowment is made to the various denominational churches and schools. For the purposes of higher education the Government maintains the Queen's College with an able staff of teachers from British universities.

Though the population is very cosmopolitan, little or no trouble is experienced, they being peaceable and law-abiding. Many of the Chinese, Portuguese and East Indians who came to the colony as agricultural labourers after the abolition of slavery,



GEORGETOWN—THE BOTANIC GARDENS

have taken up plots of land for agricultural pursuits instead of their back passages to their native land, and have given rise to a small peasantry class, and also to a numberless crowd of petty storekeepers, especially the Portuguese who have specialized in the liquor shop and salt provisions and grocery businesses. From these "Portuguese shops" purchases may be made from a cent upwards. As a class the Portuguese are shrewd, business-like and thrifty, and have accumulated in many instances great wealth. The blacks cannot compete with them in this line, and it was the jealousy which even now exists between these two classes that occasioned the outbreak of riot and its continuance for three days in 1889. Labour is cheap, the day's wages of a working man ranging from 40 to 64 cents per day.

The Chinese are the only people who can compete as shopkeepers against the Portuguese; they also are frugal and thrifty, and being quiet and extremely exclusive, have betaken themselves to the south-western vicinity of the city, where they live and carry on their business in the ward known as Charlestown.

To the East Indians we owe chiefly our dairying community, their great ambition being to own a cow. Some of them possess a thousand or more

head of cattle. As a class they are very excitable, and from time to time go on strike on the various sugar estates over, usually, some imaginary grievance. They may even at times break into riot and attack the manager and staff of overseers in the open field.

The Black community, which make up the masses, are engaged for the most part in occupations requiring great physical strength and endurance; they form the backbone of the mining and forest industries, and also from their ranks come the porters, artisans, and all classes of navvies. Along the coast lands they engage in agricultural pursuits, raising chiefly vegetables such as plantains, cassava, yams and sweet potatoes for home consumption, and also in fishing for the supply of the local markets and the city. They are good-natured and well-meaning, and though not invariably so, they are very improvident. Free education, however, is eliminating this their greatest drawback, and it has been conclusively proven that they are capable of being highly educated and refined. Many from their numbers have risen into positions of trust in the mercantile line, and there are also many of high standing in the legal, medical and teaching profession, as well as in the ministry. Those of education are equal in every way to their fairer com-

plexioned brethren, and are much respected by everybody. As a class they are far superior to the negro of the United States of America.

Of the other nationalities, Europeans other than Portuguese, there are about 15,000, chiefly English, Scotch, and a few Irishmen, and also a few Dutch and Frenchmen. There are also a few Arabs and Assyrians, who roam the country chiefly as peddlers.

From Georgetown a railroad skirts the seaboard, passing by or through the various villages, sugar estates and other agricultural settlements of minor importance, and after having run a course of some 70 miles terminates at Rosignol, on the western bank of the Berbice River. Hence the ferry-boat is taken, and after crossing the river, some two miles broad, you are landed in New Amsterdam, the chief town of Berbice, which is a miniature counterpart of Georgetown. There is no such railroad along the east coast of Berbice, and the 90 miles is traversed by a stage-coach daily.

Most of the transportation of produce is done by water by means of large punts, which sail into the large

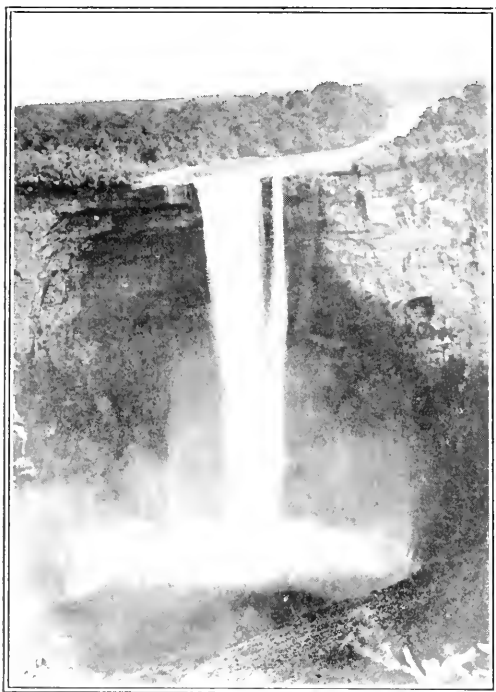
canals along the coast and are there laden. Excellent and well-kept roads, along which coaches, carts and wagons are continually passing, add to the efficacy of the system of overland transportation, while the only approach to the river settlements and villages is by boat, in addition to an ample service of river steamers.

The mineral resources of the country are very little developed, but gold and diamonds are being found in paying quantities. The purity of the gold varies from 914 to 932 fine, and the size of the diamonds from one-fifth to four or five karats, but the generality of them are below one karat. They are identical in appearance with the Brazilian brilliant, the best specimens being perfectly pellucid, and with no bluish cast, so characteristic of the South African gem; nearly 300,000 stones were found during 1902.

The scenery in the forests and by the rivers is grand and majestic. After leaving the flat, low-lying coast lands the country becomes hilly and rises eventually to a height of 8,000 feet above the sea level at Mount Roraima, a huge table-topped plateau of sand-



GEORGETOWN—WATER STREET LOOKING NORTH



THE KAITUM FALL, WHICH HAS A DROP OF 741 FEET,
OR FIVE TIMES AS GREAT AS THAT OF NIAGARA

stone. The rivers are broad, black, sullen streams beset with many gurgling, rippling rapids and falls, and passing through banks clad with an overwhelming luxuriance of tropical vegetation, so that travelling upon them is attended with many dangers, much expense, and infinite delight. At its mouth the Essequibo is 29 miles broad, and along its course from start to finish are first innumerable islands, and then rocky islets, those at its estuary being, some of them, cultivated.

Upon the Potaro River, a tributary of the above-mentioned stream, is one of the great wonders of the world—the Kaitum Fall, the perpendicular drop of which is 741 feet, and the stream of water which rushes over the precipice 120 yards broad. In volume it is not to be compared with Niagara,

but that fall would have to be put upon itself five times over in order to outstrip the stupendous drop of the Kaitum Fall, and then only by a few feet.

Home-life in British Guiana is very similar to what it is in Canada. The colony is very British in every way. The houses instead of being made of brick are of wood, and are lofty, having many windows so as to allow the breeze into every nook. The climate is warm and moist, though not un healthy, the temperature being from 87° to 96°; seldom does the thermometer fall below 75°, and when it does everybody shivers and thinks it very cold.

Both Georgetown and New Amsterdam are lit by electricity, and have good telephonic communication, while the former is traversed in every direction by an excellent system of electric cars. There are two banks, the British Guiana and the Colonial, both of which issue their own bills. British currency is used, but is reckoned in

dollars and cents, a shilling valuing at 24 cents, or a halfpenny taking the value of a cent.

Cricket and tennis are the games of the country, football being occasionally played. At holiday time horse or cycle races are held in various districts and in Georgetown. There is an excellent rowing club, and canoeing and sculling, as well as rowing in the “fours,” are popular sports. Fishing and shooting is abundant along the coast, and always affords much amusement to the energetic.

I have told you very little of our interesting colony, but you will see from what has been said that we are quite up-to-date in every direction, but like all new countries our natural resources are dormant and are awaiting development by capital from over the seas.



PASSING OF THE PIGEONS

By C. W. NASH

WHAT has become of the wild pigeons? is a question very frequently asked by people old enough to remember the vast flocks of these birds which used to cross our southern borders every spring on their way to the forests of the interior where they spent the summer and raised their young. The only answer is, that they, like the bison, have been exterminated by the civilized people who have taken the place of the so-called savages of the North American continent. The constant persecution to which they were at all seasons subjected, together with the destruction of the hardwood forests from which they derived the greater part of their food, and in which they nested, have been too much for them, and they are now almost extinct.

The Passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) was one of the first birds to attract the attention of the earliest settlers. The incalculable numbers which composed the flocks when they travelled and the enormous area of their breeding colonies could not fail to be noticed, while the ease with which they could be taken and their value as human food would make them objects of great interest to such practical people as were the early colonists. The two great American naturalists, Audubon and Wilson, have left us descriptions of pigeon flights and nesting colonies as they saw them in their time, 1794 to 1830. These accounts show that as compared with pigeons, the flocks and breeding colonies of all other known birds sink into insignificance. At this time the

birds were of commercial importance, and were persistently followed to their breeding places by professional netters who captured them in vast numbers for the market. Audubon says that in 1805 he saw schooners lying at the wharves in New York loaded in bulk with pigeons taken on the Hudson River, and that the birds sold for only a cent apiece. In March, 1850, they were so abundant in the New York markets that piles of them could be seen in every direction. Such constant destruction could have but one effect. This was realized by some few men of forethought, and in 1861 an effort was made in Ohio to afford the pigeons some slight measure of protection. On the discussion of the law it was urged, "The Passenger pigeon needs no protection. Wonderfully prolific, having the vast forests of the north as its breeding grounds, travelling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here to-day and elsewhere to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them, nor can those taken be missed from the myriads yearly produced." The extermination of these birds in the short time which has elapsed since this discussion took place, shows how foolish the argument was, yet the same sort of plea is invariably set up when any effort is made to restrict the excessive slaughter of any of our living creatures which have a commercial value.

The last large nesting colony of which we have any authentic record was established in Michigan in 1876 or 1877. This nesting, as described by Mr. Wm. Brewster, began near Petos-



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

THE WILD PIGEON AND ITS NEST

In the days of their abundance the first of the pigeons always reached us in April, and the flight continued usually until nearly the end of May, so that by the time the last arrivals reached the breeding colony the first would have eggs in their nests. The birds generally flew low enough to be well within gunshot, and enormous numbers of them

were killed as they passed along. The nest of the Passenger pigeon is about the most slovenly and the flimsiest specimen of bird architecture known. It consists of a few dry twigs without lining, and is so loosely put together that the eggs or young can always be seen from below. How the birds contrive to avoid throwing their eggs off the frail platform when they go upon it or leave it is a mystery solvable only by themselves. On this structure two pure white eggs are usually laid, though many authorities have stated that the majority of the nests never contain more than one egg. Mr. Brewster says that five weeks are consumed by a single nesting and then the young are forced out of the nest by the old birds. In 1884 I found nests containing eggs from the 21st of May to the beginning of June, and noticed the first young birds able to fly on the 3rd of July. Both the male and female take their turn at incubation, but when the males are off the nest feeding they move about in small flocks and frequently fly long distances in search of food. The females, however, seem to feed singly and seldom go very far from their nesting-place. How many broods each pair of pigeons will produce in a year seems to be somewhat in doubt. Those I was able to observe undoubtedly bred

ky, and extended northeast past Crooked Lake for twenty-eight miles, averaging three or four miles wide. The birds began building when the snow was a foot deep in the woods, although the fields were bare at the time. The nesting extended eight miles through hardwood timber, then crossed a river bottom wooded with arbor-vitæ, and thence stretched through white pine woods about twenty miles. For the entire distance every tree had more or less nests, and many trees were filled with them; none were lower than about fifteen feet above the ground. Pigeons are very noisy when nesting and the clamour from the colony could be heard four or five miles away when atmospheric conditions were favourable. In 1881 a nesting colony was established a few miles west of Grand Traverse, in Michigan. This was considered at that time to be "only of moderate size, perhaps eight miles long"; this was probably the last colony of any size that the persecuted birds attempted to establish. At any rate, I have heard of none since. From 1882 to 1887 I frequently saw small flocks of pigeons in Manitoba, and found them breeding occasionally in small communities, but more often found isolated nests, usually built in the small oaks which are abundant in the southern part of that Province.

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twice, though I might have some difficulty in proving it, for a second brood was never raised in a nest from which young had already flown. It is generally said that pigeons are exclusively grain-eating birds, and certainly their principal food consists of beechnuts, acorns, berries, and such grain and seeds as they can glean from the stubbles; yet on the 27th of June, 1885, I shot fourteen, all males, and found the crop of each one of them full of caterpillars. This was the only time I ever found that these birds had indulged themselves with an insect diet.

The Passenger pigeons have gone. They were victims to the results of advancing civilization and so-called improvement. They were birds of the forest, entirely peculiar to North America, requiring large areas of woodland in which to fulfil their natural functions. Their gregarious habit during the nesting period especially, rendered them an easy prey to the insatiable market-hunter. Had it not been for the destruction wrought by these people, and had the birds been accorded a fair measure of protection during the breeding season I think it is probable that the pigeons would not have to be ranked amongst the creatures that once were, but now are not. All animals are capable of adapting themselves to changed condi-

tions; as the forests disappear the large flocks would have broken up and the birds would have bred in small communities or single pairs wherever they found suitable localities—just as I found them in Manitoba in the early eighties.

What has happened to the pigeons will surely happen to others of our valuable forms of life. Our lakes and streams are being depleted of the best species of game and food fish, and our game, both furred and feathered, is disappearing so rapidly that all the next generation will see of it will be a few skins in museum cases. Laws for the protection of our fish and game we have in plenty, but laws that are not enforced, and which are not supported by public sympathy, are worse than useless.



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A PAIR OF WILD PIGEONS—NOW VERY RARELY SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY WHERE ONCE THEY WERE SEEN IN THOUSANDS

A HYMN OF EMPIRE*

EVERY sea laves the shore of Britain's wide Empire;
The sunlight never leaves her fields of grain;
The girdle of her might is clasped about the earth,
And right is cloistered in her halls of power:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

The East is dawned upon her realm;
The West sleeps in her arms;
The North holds barrier to her sway;
And South her mandates reach:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

Beside the King stand Britons all;
Each to himself his right he hath,
And in the law no great nor small,
For might is tribute to the right:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

Behind the Empire stand Britons all
To guard their heritage of blood;
And when it crumbles from its high estate
Will cease the bondage of the fallen one:
Then furl the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

Of ourselves, all humbly,
To the Nations this our speech—
We are Britons, of the Kingship,
Proud our tenure of the faith:
'Neath the royal banner—the banner of St. George.

* *Written for the King's Birthday*

W. A. Fraser

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XXXVI.—THE HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK

THE HONOURABLE LEMUEL J. TWEEDIE, who has been Premier of New Brunswick for more than two years, is a native of the Province, and was born in Northumberland county, which he has always represented in the Legislature, and in Chatham, the town in which he now lives and where he has always lived. Mr. Tweedie is descended from the old Scotch family of that name which has for centuries resided in Peeblesshire and which takes its name from that old historic river the Tweed.

The Tweedies made no small amount of stir in Scotland in ancient days, and in the sixteenth century the feuds of the Tweedies and Veitches were considered to be of so much importance that they attracted the personal attention of King James the Sixth, who exercised his kingcraft for the purpose of putting an end to them. If, therefore, the present Mr. Tweedie is combative by nature, he has fairly obtained that characteristic by descent.

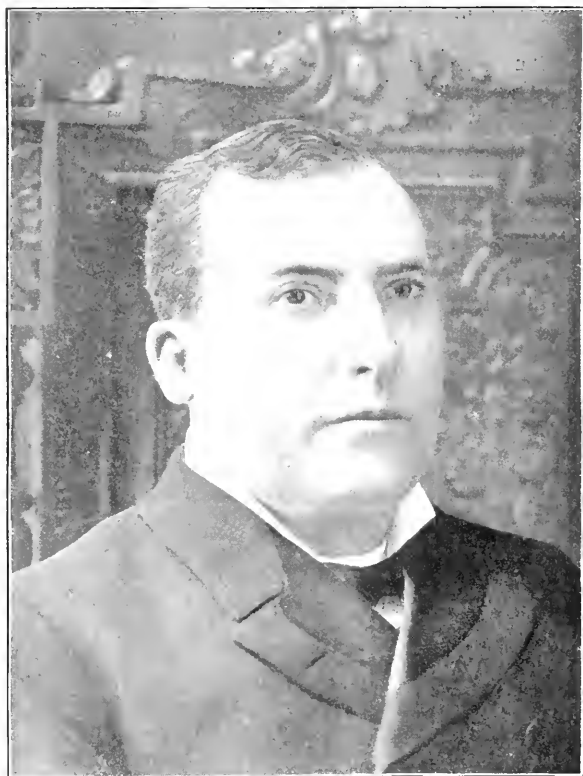
He was born in 1850, so that he is still comparatively a young man, although it is more than twenty-eight years since he first became a member of the Legislature. His tastes were always in the direction of politics, and in 1874, three years after he had been called to the bar of New Brunswick, he became a candidate for legislative honours and was successful, being second on the poll, and only second to the Honourable William M. Kelly, the popular Minister of Public Works of that day.

Mr. Tweedie's entrance into public life was as a Liberal and a supporter of the free, non-sectarian school policy of the Government of New Brunswick. During the four years that he was a member of the Legislature at that time he proved himself a ready speaker. At the election of 1878 he was defeated, and for eight years he was absent

from the House. This gave him leisure to build up a large law practice. At the general election of 1886 he was again returned for the county of Northumberland on the question of lower stumpage for the North-Shore counties. The lumbermen of the North-Shore counties, Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland and Kent, felt that, owing to the Gulf of St. Lawrence being closed for five months of the year, they were unable to pay so high a rate of stumpage as those lumbering on the rivers which flow into the Bay of Fundy, which is navigable all the year round. This stumpage question, therefore, became a very important issue, and in 1890, at the general election, a majority of members was returned, pledged to support this policy. As Mr. Blair could not resist the demand for lower stumpage, he very wisely modified his policy and took into his government representatives from the North Shore. Mr. Tweedie thus became a member of Mr. Blair's government, taking the office of Surveyor-General, head of the Crown Lands Department. He continued to hold the office of Surveyor-General until the retirement of Mr. Blair in 1896.

The Government was then reconstructed under the Premiership of the Hon. James Mitchell. Mr. Tweedie became Provincial Secretary, an office which he has continued to hold ever since. The Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick is its finance minister and receiver-general.

On the death of Mr. Mitchell in December, 1897, the Government was reconstructed, and the Hon. Henry R. Emmerson became Premier. Mr. Emmerson retired from the Premiership to enter Federal politics in August, 1900, and Mr. Tweedie then became Premier after ten years' service as a member of the Government, holding two import-



HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK

ant portfolios. It cannot, therefore, be considered that Mr. Tweedie was unduly favoured by fortune, or that he had not fairly earned the position which he had gained.

Mr. Tweedie, as Surveyor-General, did good service to his native Province in the way of developing its mineral resources and its Crown lands. He

was the originator of the system of long leases for Crown lands which has given the lumbering industry a stability which it did not possess before. The mining legislation which he enacted has been the means of developing the coal areas of the Province and also its deposits of copper and mineral oil. Under his administration tracts of valu-

able timber land which had been hitherto untouched by the axe of the lumberman were brought into use and leased. As Premier, he has inaugurated legislation for the development of the coalfields of Queens and Sunbury counties, which are now reached by a railroad, and which are likely to be highly advantageous to the manufacturing industries of New Brunswick.

A characteristic of Mr. Tweedie is his political courage, which sometimes causes him to deal rather unceremoniously with the pet ideas of others. His policy has always been to benefit New Brunswick and to place the Maritime Provinces in an advantageous position with respect to the rest of Canada.

Personally, Mr. Tweedie is short and stout, and he is said to bear a strong resemblance to the late President Mc-

Kinley. Anyone can see by his portrait that there is something of McKinley and also of Napoleon Bonaparte in his features, and perhaps if the energies of either of these men had been confined to a small Canadian Province they might not have made a larger figure in the world than Mr. Tweedie has. He is an agreeable companion and a good citizen. He is an adherent of the Presbyterian Church, and takes an active part in the work of the church to which he belongs. He married a daughter of the late Alexander Loudoun, of Chatham, twenty-six years ago, and has six children living, four sons and two daughters. He has a beautiful home at Chatham, where he prefers to be rather than at the capital of the province.

E. Q. V.

ST. VALENTINE


ST. VALENTINE was an old locksmith by trade,
 Who lived in a district near Rome,
 He owned a small shop to which year after year,
 The youths of the village would come;
 For here in this shop hung for all who would buy,
 Strings of wonderful, magical keys,
 With power to unlock any fair maiden's heart,
 The youth it would happen to please.

But only once yearly were these keys for sale,
 So he who a maiden would win,
 Must needs on the fourteenth of February go
 To purchase from St. Valentine;
 And thousands of keys on that morning were sold,
 As each ardent youth thither flocked,
 Affections were plighted, and love-pledges made,
 While hearts all responsive unlocked.


But these days are over, the dear Saint is dead,
 Sweet maids are not readily won,
 A race of winged Cupids to Earth has come down,
 And love's work is differently done.
 A bow and a quiver of arrows they bear,
 These swift, sportive boys at their side,
 And fiercely they aim at each tender young heart,
 Their shafts flying off far and wide.

They wound, but they kindle the flame of true love
 No arrow e'er pierces in vain;
 Alas! that no heart can be conquered these days
 Without some infliction of pain.

Martha Martin



STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE



BY ALLAN KING

IV.—HIS USE OF FLOWERS

SHAKESPEARE in his plays uses the flowers which he must have seen growing in the fields and by the wayside and in the gardens and very likely in his own garden at Stratford. They are the flowers which are most familiar to us now, the flowers which, as children, we knew so early in our lives that we cannot remember when we became conscious of them. They are the rose, lily, violet, primrose, daffodil, daisy, carnation, cowslip, pansy and a few others equally familiar.

The rose occurs oftenest, as one would expect from an English dramatist. It occurs in such a variety of scenes and associated with such divergent characters, in war and peace, in the shadows of life as well as in its sunshine, in scenes where love rules and in scenes where hate guides the actions of men and women, that one is reminded of a stanza of an old poem which runs as follows:—

“No chance or change of human fate,
But on the sinless roses wait,
And yet whate’er their lot,
With equal loveliness they spring
Within the garden of a king,
Or by a peasant’s cot.”

Henry V died leaving the English masters of a large portion of France and King Henry VI was, while still a child, crowned at London and Paris. During his minority the nobles contended with each other for the right to govern. Henry, on coming of age, was unable to rule the kingdom. “He

was almost an imbecile, and entirely unfit to cope with the situation which had arisen during his minority.” He was of a gentle and peaceful disposition, and did not seem to understand the turbulent spirits who were contending for power on the very steps of his throne. Out of the chaos of faction and rebellion emerged the houses of York and Lancaster, who divided the kingdom in their quarrel, and carried on a war which waged intermittently for thirty years, opening with the battle of St. Albans in 1455 and closing on Bosworth Field in 1485.

In the 4th scene of the 2nd Act of the 1st part of *King Henry VI* Somerset and Plantagenet, the representatives of the houses of Lancaster and York, choose the red and the white rose, as the respective badges of their houses, in the quiet garden of the old Temple of London.

The closing scene of the Wars of the Roses is described in the closing scene of the play of *Richard III*. Richard is slain, and Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, proclaims that—

“We will unite the white rose and the red:

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God’s fair ordinance conjoin together.”

Sir Hugh Evans, the merry parson in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, sings his song and discloses his Welsh origin by substituting p for b—

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Titania, the Fairy Queen, still under the influence of the herb juice which Oberon dropped on her eyelids, says to Bottom:—

"Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in the sleek smooth
head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

And Oberon in the same play tells Puck that he knows

"A bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxslips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometimes of the night
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

Hermia in the same play, in describing to Helena her own and Lysander's trysting place in their flight from Athens, tells her that it is to be—

"In the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie."

Primrose is used by Ophelia in the sense of flowery, gay; when being advised by her brother as to her conduct during his absence in France she cautions him not to tread the primrose path of dalliance. The porter in *Macbeth* uses it in the same sense. He grew weary of opening the gate during the long night, and finally says:—

"I'll devil-porter it no further; I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

Ophelia's distribution of flowers will be remembered by all who have seen the play, as perhaps the most pathetic sight to be witnessed on the stage.

To Laertes she says:—

"There's the rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray, love, remember;
And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
LAER.—A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH.—There's fennel for you, and columbines;

There's rue for you; and here's some for me;
We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays; O,
You must wear your rue with a difference.
There's a daisy; I would give you some
violets,

But they withered all when my father died;
They say he made a good end."

Weiss, in his "Wit, Humour, and Shakespeare," discusses Ophelia's distribution of flowers as follows:—"The flowers themselves are culled in fancy. She holds no actual nosegay in her hand. It is plain that the rosemary for remembrance is ideally bestowed upon Laertes, with pansies too. Rosemary was supposed to have the quality of strengthening the memory. The volatile Laertes will have need of it and as many thoughts as he can muster. The fennel ought to be handed to Horatio, and the columbines should be intended for the King. . . . There's rue for the Queen; for she has great need of repentance. There's rue for herself too. Both need it; but the Queen with a difference, as her moral condition differed from Ophelia's. We may call it an herb that leads to grace. There's a daisy. She recognizes it, but ought not to keep it for herself, and there is no other maiden present. It represents frivolous and light-thoughted girls. She would give Laertes some violets, if they had not all withered when his father died."

In the *Winter's Tale*, Perdita distributed flowers in the 4th scene of the 4th Act, but it is at a merry-making, and she is surrounded by a bright and happy company. She still thinks that she is the shepherd's daughter, and when the shepherd tells her that when his old wife lived, she was pantler, butler, cook, dame and servant; welcomed all; served all; would sing her song and dance her turn, Perdita blushing takes upon herself the duties of hostess, and says to Polixenes, who is present in disguise:—

"Sir, welcome;

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day—[TO CAM.]—

You're welcome, sir.

GIVE me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

POL.—Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

PER.—Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season
Are our carnations and streaked gillyvors,

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.
CAM.—I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

PER.—Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing; O Prosperina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon; daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxslips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er!

FLO.—What, like a corse?

PER.—No, like a bank for love to lie and
play on:

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take
your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals; sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition."

But the Prince is pleased with her,
and tells her so in a speech which
would please a maid of any age or
country.

"FLO.—What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever. When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too; when you do dance, I
wish you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function; each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present
deed,
That all your acts are queens."

The Duchess of York in *King Richard II*, Act V, sc. 2, on hearing of the entry into London of King Richard II in the train of the victorious Bolingbroke, and of the rudeness shown him by the mob who cried out to Bolingbroke, "God save thee," while they threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head, adds another saying, to the many which have been coined to express the fact that the populace have a short memory. Her son, Aumerle, arrives upon the scene, from whom she evidently expects further news, for she says to him:—

"Welcome, my son; who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come
spring?"

In the 2nd scene of the 4th Act of play of *King John*, we have one of the many-quoted speeches of this author. King John is uneasy about his title to the crown, and his courtiers, as in duty bound, were assuring him that his title was perfect. Salisbury, one of his followers, addresses him as follows:—

"Therefore to be possessed with double
pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. 1, there is a very pretty song in which the cowslip figures.

Puck meets a fairy in the wood, and in answer to his question—

"How now, spirit! Whither wander you?"

The fairy answers—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

And in *The Tempest*, when Prospero's charms have all succeeded, and he thinks the time opportune for disclosing his identity to his visitors, he asks Ariel to help him dress, and in doing so he sings:—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

In the play of *King Henry VIII*, there are two references to the lily.

The first occurs in the famous scene Act III, sc. 1, between Katharine and the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius.

They are sent by the King to interview Katharine with reference to the divorce from her, which the King desires. She feels that she is not able to cope with these able and experienced men, but in forcible and dignified language she refers to the years which she spent as the wife of the King, and to the true and loving obedience which she rendered to him during those years.

But, as if suddenly realizing that she is, after all, helpless, and that the only friends upon whom she can rely are the women of her own household, she drops into a strain of self-compassion:—

"Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living."

To her women—

"Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me; like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head and perish."

The other reference is made by Cranmer, in the last scene of the play,

at the christening ceremony of the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen Elizabeth. It is an interesting and historic scene, for it portrays Henry in the exercise of absolute power as the head of the Church, and Cranmer is selected as godfather to the Princess, and speaks in part as follows:—

"Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness.

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her."

A very interesting reference to the pansy is to be found in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, sc. 1.

It was Queen Elizabeth's pride to think that while the young noblemen of her Court were fighting with each other for her favour, she could look on wholly indifferent to their several suits. Shakespeare, while he was the greatest of dramatists, was not on occasion above employing the arts of a courtier. It is almost beyond question that the reference to the "fair vestal throned by the west," who passed on "in maiden meditation fancy free," was to the Queen, and the little western flower is said to have been intended as a reference to the unfortunate Amy Robsart, wife of the Earl of Leicester. This quotation is referred to in a very interesting chapter of Scott's "Kenilworth."

A petition was handed to the Queen on a day on which she was having an excursion upon the Thames, accompanied by the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, then a very young man, and others, in a pleasure barge; which said petition prayed that a play-

house, kept by one Will Shakespeare, should be ordered to be closed. It was claimed by the petitioner that the manly amusement of bear-baiting was falling into neglect, and that men would rather throng to see the roguish players kill each other in jest, than to see the royal dogs and bears worry each other in bloody earnest. The petition was supported by Lord Sussex, who was of the party. The Earl of Leicester, however, spoke to some purpose for Will Shakespeare, and at the command of the Queen, Raleigh recited the celebrated vision of Oberon referred to above:—

“That very time I saw—but thou couldst not—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: A certain aim he took

At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free.”

Raleigh's recitation ended here, and to quote from Kenilworth: “The voice of Raleigh as he repeated the last lines became a little tremulous, as if diffi-

dent how the Sovereign to whom the homage was addressed, might receive it, exquisite as it was. If this diffidence was affected, it was good policy, but if real there was little occasion for it. . . . Alike delighted with the matter, the manner and the graceful form and animated countenance of the gallant young reciter, Elizabeth kept time to every cadence with look and with finger. When the speaker had ceased, she murmured over the last lines as if scarce conscious that she was overheard, and as she uttered the words:—

‘In maiden meditation fancy free,’

she dropped into the Thames the supplication of the keeper of the royal bears, to find more favourable acceptance at Sheerness, or wherever the tide might waft it.”

The lines which referred to the pansy and, as some writers contend, to Amy Robsart, and to which Sir Walter Raleigh, diplomat that he was, did not recite to the Queen, were:—

“Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk white; now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.”

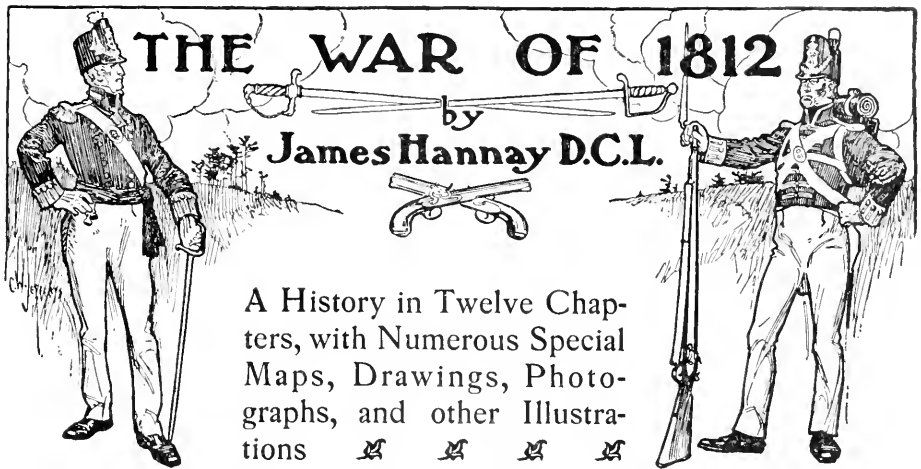
A QUESTION

SUPPOSE I touched your hand, my love,
Like a gentle caress of the wind,
Would the daisies by the way-side see,
Or are the daisies blind?

Suppose I touched your hair, my love,
Like a breath of a falling leaf,
Would the little brook my secret learn
And steal it away like a thief?

Suppose I touched your lips, my love,
In one soft, gentle kiss,
Would you turn away offended, dear,
Or yield one moment's bliss?

Sydney C. Dalton



A History in Twelve Chapters, with Numerous Special Maps, Drawings, Photographs, and other Illustrations

CHAPTER II.—THE OPERATIONS ON THE DETROIT FRONTIER

IT was on the 12th of June that Hull's army was united by the junction of the regulars under Colonel Miller, and on the following day it commenced its march through the wilderness, towards the Detroit frontier. As Hull advanced he built block-houses along his line of march to serve as depots and rallying points for his force in the event of a retreat. At Blanchard's Fork, on the Miami River, a stockaded fort, which was named Fort Findlay, was erected, and here Hull received a despatch on the 24th of June from the War Department, directing him to hasten to Detroit and await further orders. This despatch was dated the 19th of June, the same day that war was declared, but it made no mention of that fact.

Hull hastened forward and halted at the Rapids of the Miami, reaching there the highest settlement on that river and navigable water. For the purpose of relieving his baggage animals of a part of their burden, he placed his own baggage and that of most of his officers, the hospital stores, intrenching tools, the general orders of the army and the complete muster rolls of his force, on the schooner *Cuyahoga* to be carried to Detroit. The wives of several of his officers, and thirty soldiers, were also embarked on the schooner. This action, as it turned

out, had a very important effect on the issue of the campaign. The *Cuyahoga* reached Miami Bay, where Toledo now stands, on the evening of the 1st of July, and on the same day Hull's army moved towards Detroit through a fine open country by way of Frenchtown on the River Raisin. Here, on the 2nd of July, Hull was overtaken by a courier with a despatch from the War Department, informing him that war had been declared against Great Britain and that he should proceed to Detroit with all possible expedition.

It has been already seen that war had been declared on the 19th of June, and that the intention of the American War Secretary was to have Canada invaded and the territory opposite Detroit occupied before the news of the declaration of war reached Sir George Prevost or Major-General Brock. But this intention was defeated by the difficulty of the march through the wilderness, and by the vigilance of the friends of the British Government in New York city. Sir George Prevost received information of the declaration of war on the 24th of June, by an express from New York to the North-West Fur Company, which left that city on the 20th, the day when intelligence of the declaration of war reached it. On the 25th Sir George Prevost sent a courier

with a letter to Brock, who was then at York, but it did not reach him until the third day of July when he was at Fort George on the Niagara frontier. Brock had been already informed of the war by an express from New York as early as the 27th June. It appears that the intelligence of the declaration of war which reached Brock was brought by a messenger sent by John Jacob Astor to Thos. Clark of Niagara Falls. Thus the private interest of an American citizen who had a large trade in Canada served the purpose of putting the President of Upper Canada on his guard against the expected invasion. It is a curious circumstance that this messenger, who was a native of Albany, told his countrymen on the way that he was carrying the news of the war to Fort Niagara, and he obtained in consequence every facility from them that money and horses could afford.

It is equally remarkable that the official intimation of the war, from the British Minister at Washington, was so much delayed that it did not reach Quebec until some weeks had elapsed. It was fortunate for Canada that in this crisis she had not to rely on official notices, for at that time every day was precious, and the fate of the Provinces hung in the balance. Colonel St. George, who commanded the British forces at Malden on the Detroit River, received notice of the declaration of war on the 30th June, two days before it reached General Hull, and Captain Roberts, who was in command of the British post on the island of St. Joseph at the head of Lake Huron, was notified by letter on the 8th July. It is stated in American histories that the letters to Colonel St. George and Captain Roberts were in envelopes franked by the American Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Gallatin, but how this happened remains to this day a mystery. It was certainly remarkable that the postal facilities of the enemy should thus have been utilized for the purpose of assisting Canada to defend itself against an American invasion.

The promptitude with which the news of the war reached the Canadian frontier led to two events which exercised the greatest possible influence on the results of the campaign. On the morning of the 2nd July, while the *Cuyahoga*, with all Hull's baggage, was sailing past Malden, unconscious of danger, she was brought to by a gun from the British fort. The British armed vessel *Hunter* went alongside of her, and the schooner and her cargo became a prize. Thus the most complete information in regard to Hull's army, its numbers and character, fell into the hands of the British, besides a great variety of stores which were necessary for his operations in the campaign against Canada.

Still more important effects were produced by the early conveyance of the news of the war to Captain Roberts who commanded the fort at St. Joseph. This fort, which was on the island of St. Joseph, in the straits between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, had been established by Lord Dorchester in 1795. It was intended to serve as a check on the American Fort Mackinack, which was forty-seven miles distant on an island of the same name lying in the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan.

On the 15th July Roberts received letters by express from General Brock with orders to adopt the most prudent measures either for offence or defence which circumstances might point out. Roberts had received intelligence that he was likely to be attacked at St. Joseph, and he knew that his post there was quite indefensible, so he determined to lose no time in becoming the aggressor by taking the American Fort at Mackinack. On the 16th he embarked with 45 officers and men of the 16th Royal Veteran Battalion, 180 Canadians, 393 Indians, and two iron six-pounders, on his hazardous expedition. This force reached Mackinack on the following morning. A summons was immediately sent in, and Fort Mackinack, with seven pieces of cannon and 61 officers and men of the United States army surrendered without the

shedding of a single drop of blood. Captain Roberts was so prompt in his movements, and so judicious in the measures he adopted, that it was impossible for the Americans to make any successful resistance, for his men were on the heights which commanded the fort with a gun in position, almost before the enemy had notice of their presence. This capture of the very important post of Mackinack was of far more consequence to the British cause than would be apparent to the casual reader, for it fixed the loyalty of the Indians, and showed them which side they should take in the coming struggle, and it left Detroit wholly open to the attacks of the savages from the northern lakes. If Mackinack had been held by the American forces in 1812 the result of the campaign on the Detroit frontier might have been very different.

The very small force of regulars in Canada for its defence would have been still smaller at the commencement of the war, had it not been for the steps taken by Sir George Prevost on the advice of Major-General Brock, early in the year, to increase the number of Canadian regiments. In February, 1812, the establishment of the existing provincial regiment, the Canadian Fencibles, was increased to 800 men, and a project, which had been proposed several years before, for raising a regiment of infantry from the Glengarry settlers, was carried into effect. Brock took an active part in promoting this work, but due credit should also be given to Sir George Prevost for his share in it. His correspondence with the British Government shows that while this project of enlisting a regiment of 400 men was at first approved, it was afterwards discountenanced, and on the 30th March, 1812, Lord Liverpool wrote Sir George Prevost ordering him to abandon the work of raising the Glengarry regiment, the British Government evidently then believing and continuing to believe during most of the summer of 1812, that there would be no war. Fortunately for Canada the

work of enlisting this regiment had advanced so far before Sir George Prevost received Lord Liverpool's letter that his orders could not be carried out, and on the 26th May Sir George was able to report to Lord Liverpool that the Glengarry regiment, completed to the number of 400 men, was stationed at Three Rivers. The strength of this regiment was afterwards increased to 600 and finally to 800 men, and it performed very efficient service during the war. It appears from a despatch written by Sir George Prevost to Lord Liverpool dated the 15th July, 1812, that Glengarry did not supply all the men necessary to complete the regiment which bore that name, but that all the Provinces had to be resorted to for recruits for it. In the same despatch he states that he had limited the numbers of the Canadian Voltigeurs to 300, owing to the low state of the military chest.

Major-General Brock was at York, the capital of the Province, when news was received of the declaration of war. At that time he had just been offered a company of farmers' sons with their trained horses for the equipment of a car brigade to be commanded by Captain Holcroft of the Royal Artillery. This offer was immediately accepted, and the flank companies of the militia of the Upper Province were called out, which made an addition of 800 men to his available force. Brock then hastened to Fort George on the Niagara frontier, and there established his military headquarters. He summoned the Indians of the Grand River to come to his assistance, and about 100 of them responded. These prompt measures showed that the cause of Great Britain and of Canada was not likely to suffer from any lack of zeal or energy on the part of the President of Upper Canada. The car brigade was complete by the 3rd July. The Americans had gathered a considerable force on the east side of the Niagara River, but the Niagara frontier was lined with British troops and militia, and other preparations made to give the enemy a warm reception.

In the meantime Hull was advancing towards the Detroit frontier. Detroit at that time was a town of some 160 houses, with a population of about 800, the inhabitants being chiefly of French descent. On the hill in the rear of the village, about 250 yards from the river, stood Fort Detroit. It was quadrangular in form with bastions on each corner and covered about two acres of ground. Its embankments were nearly twenty feet in height, with a deep dry ditch, and it was surrounded by a double row of pickets. This fort before Hull's arrival was garrisoned by 94 officers and men of the United States army. Its position was one of considerable strength, but it was so placed that it did not command the river, and could not damage the armed vessels which the British had at that time in those waters. The town itself was surrounded by strong pickets 14 feet high with loop-holes to shoot through.

The St. Clair River flows through Lake St. Clair, a few miles to the eastward of Detroit, to Lake Erie, its course being almost north and south. Near the junction of the river with Lake Erie on the United States side is Brownstown; immediately opposite Brownstown was Amherstburg and Fort Malden; while on the Canadian side of the river nearly opposite Detroit was the village of Sandwich.

Hull's army reached Brownstown on the 4th July, and spent that day in constructing a bridge across the Huron River. They marched early the next morning and that evening encamped at Spring Wells, at the lower end of the Detroit settlement, opposite Sandwich, where a small British force was stationed, and where fortifications were being erected. Fort Detroit and its vicinity were immediately occupied by Hull's army. These enthusiastic warriors amused themselves by cannonading the village of Sandwich, frightening the inhabitants out of their houses, and doing some slight damage. Hull had fully 2,500 men with him when he reached Detroit.

The British forces on the Canadian

side of the river consisted of 100 men of the Forty-first Regiment, a few artillery, 300 Canadian Militia and about 150 Indians, the whole under the command of Colonel St. George. The only fortification at that time was Fort Malden, which was a small work of four bastions flanking a dry ditch, with an interior defence of pickets with loop-holes for musketry. All the buildings in this fort were of wood roofed with shingles, and could easily have been destroyed by a few shells. As a defensive work against a civilized enemy with artillery, Fort Malden could be of no use whatever. A few of the British were stationed at Sandwich, and there Colonel St. George had commenced the erection of a two-gun battery, but it had not been completed when the Americans arrived at Detroit. Hull's army was so determined on the immediate invasion of Canada that his delay in taking this step almost made his soldiers mutinous. During his march through the wilderness he discovered that amateur soldiers, hastily levied and commanded by officers whom they had themselves elected, were not to be controlled with as much ease as if they had been disciplined veterans, because they had not been taught the first duty of a soldier, obedience. Hull delayed his invasion until he had received orders from Washington to advance, but these orders having arrived on the evening of the 7th July, he determined to invade Canada at once. The number of British troops at Sandwich was so small that there was no difficulty in crossing over, but Hull thought it necessary to resort to strategy, and sent his boats down the river on the evening of the 11th to Spring Wells for the purpose of inducing the British to believe that an attack on Malden was contemplated. During the night the boats returned up the river, and the crossing was effected at a point about a mile and a half to the eastward of Detroit, and some three miles from Sandwich. The few British that were at Sandwich retired down the river to the main body, so that no resistance whatever was offered.

Hull now issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada which was intended to intimidate them and prevent them from defending their country against their enemies. This proclamation is said to have been written by Colonel Louis Cass, one of his officers, who afterwards became a public man of some note. Apart from its boastful and confident spirit, its principal feature was the threat that if Indians were employed in the war no mercy would be shown to the people of Canada. "The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife," says the proclamation, "will be the signal of one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." The proclamation closed with offering the people of Canada their choice between peace, liberty and security, and war, slavery and destruction. A few residents of Canada, living on the Detroit frontier, were frightened by these loud threats, or seduced by Hull's fine promises, and had much reason afterwards to regret their foolish choice. The majority of the inhabitants remained faithful to the flag under which they had received protection and had enjoyed a large measure of prosperity.

Major-General Brock was at Fort George on the Niagara frontier, when on the 20th July he received intelligence of Hull's invasion and a copy of his proclamation. He instantly issued a counter proclamation which is a marvel of manly eloquence and which produced a powerful effect on the minds of all who read it.

He assured the people of Canada of the powerful protection of Great Britain, and pointed out to them their duty in the protection of their country. He asked upon what new principle the Indians were to be prevented from defending their property in common with the rest of His Majesty's subjects, and assured those to whom the proclamation was addressed that if the threats of General Hull were carried out retaliation would follow, not

only on the Canadian border, but wherever the war against the United States was being waged.

General Brock sent Colonel Proctor of the 41st Regt., with such reinforcements as he could spare, to assume command at Amherstburg and then proceeded to York to meet the Legislature of Upper Canada, which assembled in special session on the 27th July. His opening speech to that body was well calculated to awaken in the hearts of its members those patriotic feelings which are seldom absent from the breasts of Canadians. He said:—

"When invaded by an enemy whose avowed object is the entire conquest of the Province, the voice of loyalty as well as of interest, calls aloud to every person in the sphere in which he is placed to defend his country. Our militia have heard the voice and have obeyed it. They have evinced by the promptitude and loyalty of their conduct that they are worthy of the king whom they serve, and of the Constitution which they enjoy; and it affords me particular satisfaction that, while I address you as legislators, I speak to men who, in the day of danger, will be ready to assist not only with their counsel, but with their arms.

"We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and despatch in our Councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by free men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, cannot be conquered."

The House of Assembly thus addressed contained some members who were not in harmony with the general feeling of loyalty which prevailed throughout the Province, and who endeavoured to obstruct the progress of urgent business by dilatory methods. After a session which lasted only nine days, and during which two acts were passed providing for the defence of the Province, the Legislature was prorogued and Brock left free to look after the military operations which demanded his personal attention. The closing act of the Legislature was to issue a loyal address to the inhabitants of Upper Canada, the tone of which leaves nothing to be desired. The concluding paragraph of this spirited document is as follows:—

"Remember that when you go forth to the combat, you fight not for yourselves alone,

but for the whole world. You are defeating the most formidable conspiracy against the civilization of man that was ever contrived, a conspiracy threatening greater barbarism and misery than followed the downfall of the Roman Empire; that now you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the parent state, which contends for the relief of oppressed nations, the last pillar of true liberty and the last refuge of oppressed humanity."

General Hull having established himself on the soil of Canada at Sandwich, his army expected that he would make an immediate advance on Malden and clear the frontier of British troops. Fort Malden was indeed very weak and quite untenable if attacked with vigour by any considerable force, but, as the British had command of the river opposite it could only be attacked by land by way of Sandwich. At River Aux Canards, four miles above Malden, Colonel St. George established an outpost, and parties of Indians were thrown out in advance of it and scouted the banks of the Detroit river as far as Turkey Creek. On the 15th July Colonel Cass made his appearance in the vicinity of River aux Canards with 280 men of his regiment. The bridge over this stream was defended by a company of the 41st Regiment, sixty militia and a party of Indians. The Indians were sent forward about a mile to entice the Americans to the bridge, but Cass and the bulk of his men had gone farther up the stream in order to find a place to cross and outflank the British, leaving a portion of the detachment in ambush in the woods. This concealed body of riflemen fired on the Indians, killing one and wounding two others. The dead Indian was scalped by these soldiers of a general who had objected to the use of the scalping-knife in a proclamation only three days' old. The individual who thus imitated the Indian whose warfare, to use the words of President Madison's message to Congress, is "distinguished by features peculiarly shocking to humanity," was a certain Captain William McCullough, who is described by an American historian as "one of the bravest and most devoted of his country's defenders." Captain

McCullough, just three weeks later, was unfortunate enough to lose his own scalp, in an encounter with the Indians at Brownstown. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his wife in which his achievement was related, and in which he boasted that he tore the scalp from the head of the savage with his teeth. This trivial matter would be unworthy of mention but for the proof which it affords that savage deeds were by no means confined to the Indians. With what show of reason could a nation object to Indian methods of warfare when its soldiers not only adopted those methods themselves, but boasted of the fact, and carried home with them in triumph the bloody trophies torn from the heads of savages whose worst deeds they surpassed?

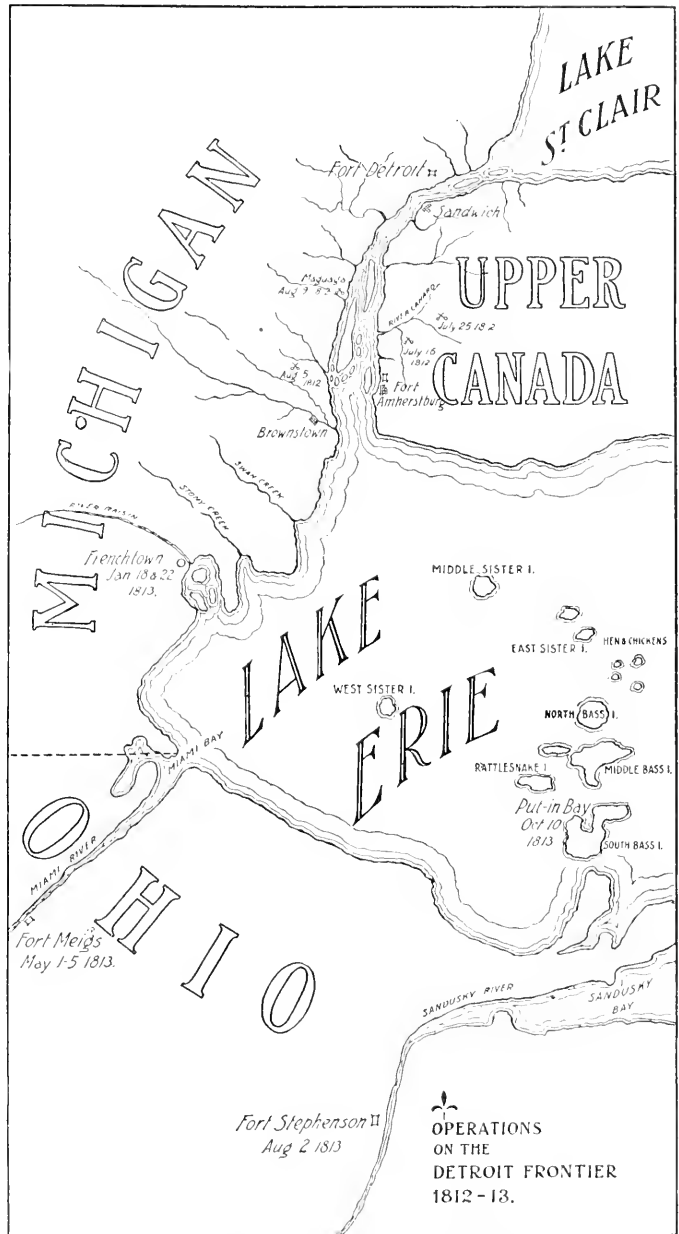
Colonel Duncan McArthur, of the 1st Ohio Reg't, had been despatched up the Thames by General Hull to collect supplies, the day after Canada was invaded. He advanced as far as Moraviantown and commenced that career of plunder and rapine which gave him so evil a reputation during the war. The stores and dwellings of the inhabitants were robbed by these marauders, and about two hundred barrels of flour brought away in boats, in addition to a vast quantity of other spoil. McArthur returned from his foray on the seventeenth, and on the two following days was engaged in skirmishing with the Indians near the Aux Canards. He had then three or four hundred men with him and a couple of six-pounders, but his advance against the bridge was checked by two pieces of artillery which the British had upon it, and he was forced to retreat. The invaders marched back to camp in very bad humour with themselves and their general. Two privates of the 41st Regt., who formed a small lookout party, were wounded and taken prisoners, but whether the Americans suffered any loss has not been ascertained.

McArthur, during the temporary absence of General Hull at Detroit, was left in command of the invading army

and he made up his mind to take Malden on his own account and thereby win immortal renown. To effect this, however, it was necessary to get past the obstinate defenders of the Aux Canards bridge, and, as a direct attack seemed certain to fail, he resolved to get round them. A party of scouts under Capt. McCullough was sent to look for a practicable passage for artillery above the bridge, but returned unsuccessful, and brought a report of a band of Indians having been seen between the Aux Canards and Turkey Creek. Major Denny, with one hundred and twenty militia of the 1st Ohio Regt., was sent out to drive them away on the morning of the 25th, but failed most lamentably in his enterprise. His detachment fell into an ambuscade formed by twenty-two Indians and fled in great confusion with a loss of six killed and two wounded. The militia threw away their arms, accoutrements and haversacks, and were pursued for about three miles until they met with reinforcements. They then returned to camp thinking that war was not quite so much of a holi-

day amusement as they had imagined. The army had been a fortnight in Canada and all there was to be shown for it was one Indian scalp.

Immediately after the tidings of the invasion of Canada reached General



OPERATIONS ON THE DETROIT FRONTIER

Brock, that vigilant and active leader sent Captain Chambers, of the 41st Regt., with a small detachment to the Thames for the purpose of gathering the Militia and Indians in that district and advancing down the river towards Detroit. This officer experienced difficulties which delayed his advance and rendered it necessary for the General to send Colonel Proctor to take command on the Detroit frontier. He arrived at Malden a few days after Major Denny's repulse, and during the first week in August was reinforced by sixty men of the 41st Regt. The new commander soon made his presence known to the Americans in a very unpleasant manner. As the British had the command of Lake Erie and the river opposite Amherstburg, the only line of communication the Americans had with Ohio was by a road which passed along the west bank of the Detroit River through Brownstown to the River Raisin. This communication Proctor immediately cut with his Indians, leaving the American army at Sandwich in a state of complete isolation, with the certainty of being compelled to surrender if its communications could not be restored. At this time General Hull received information that Captain Henry Brush, with two hundred and thirty Ohio Volunteers, one hundred beef cattle and other supplies for the army and a mail, was at the River Raisin waiting for an escort to enable him to reach Detroit. A detachment of two hundred men was accordingly sent under Major Vanhorne to escort Brush to the camp. They had a mail with them also which was destined for Ohio, and took their departure from Detroit in high spirits on the 4th August. On the following day this body of troops, while approaching Brownstown, fell into an ambush of seventy Indians under Tecumseh and was compelled to retreat in great disorder, being pursued for several miles by the latter. The mail was lost and seventeen of the Americans, among whom were seven officers, were killed and eight wounded, all of whom were left behind. It was on this

occasion that the redoubtable Captain McCullough lost his scalp. The whole glory of this affair belongs to the Indians, who alone were engaged and who lost only one man killed. A perusal of the contents of the mail revealed the demoralized and mutinous condition of the American army and hastened the catastrophe which was approaching.

The defeat at Brownstown brought to a sudden end those dreams of a speedy triumph in which the American general had been indulging. The question was not whether his army could occupy Malden but whether it could maintain itself at Sandwich. General Hull concluded that it could not, and on the evening of the 7th August the order was given for the army to re-cross the river at Detroit, and this order was executed in the course of the night and following morning. The only American troops left on the soil of Canada were 200 men under Major Denny, who occupied a house belonging to one Gowris, which had been stockaded, and some adjoining buildings. This post was called Fort Gowris, but its occupation was simply a sham for the purpose of deceiving the soldiers and inducing them to believe that they still had a foothold in Canada, for Hull well knew that it could not be held. Thus had this formidable American army of invasion been driven from the soil of Canada without a single British soldier or Canadian militiaman being slain, or the exercise of any greater amount of pressure on the enemy than was involved in the placing of a few Indians across the line of General Hull's communications with Ohio. The forced evacuation of Canada was a terrible humiliation, not only to the army, but to the whole American people. The general that had "come prepared for every contingency," and the force which was to "look down all opposition," had been compelled to retire after a very disgraceful fashion. The few French Canadians who, awed by the dreadful threats or seduced by the mighty promises of Hull, had placed

themselves under his protection, now found themselves abandoned and left to the vengeance of the authorities whom they had deserted. The loyal men who had taken the field at their country's call saw in Hull's retreat the best proof that their patriotic conduct had been wise as well as honourable. The conduct of Hull's army, while encamped in Canada, had been such that no credence could afterwards be given to the promises of any other general of the same nation. The Canadians who trusted Hull, instead of being protected in their "persons, property and rights," as he, in the name of his country and by the authority of his Government, had solemnly promised they would be, had been systematically plundered and insulted by the mutinous host which he commanded. This poor old man, who, after all, was very much to be pitied, could, in fact, hardly protect himself from the Ohio rabble which called itself an army, but which had neither courage nor discipline nor any other single quality that an army should possess.

As the necessity for re-opening his communications with Ohio and escorting Brush to Detroit had become urgent, Colonel James Miller, of the 4th U.S. infantry, was sent out on the 8th of August with a strong detachment to effect that object. This force, which numbered six hundred men, embraced Miller's own regiment of regulars, part of the 1st U.S. Regiment, a few volunteers and a body of cavalry and artillery with two guns. Before Miller set out he harangued his troops and informed them that they were going to meet the enemy and to beat them. For the purpose of stimulating their courage he added: "You shall not disgrace yourselves nor me. Every man who shall leave the ranks or fall back without orders will be instantly put to death. I charge the officers to execute this order." On the afternoon of the following day Miller's force was approaching Maguaga, fourteen miles below Detroit, when the British were encountered. The detachment which thus undertook to bar the way of the Ameri-

cans, was under Captain Muir of the 41st Regt., and consisted of 75 men of that regiment, 60 militia, 125 Indians under Tecumseh and 70 Lake Indians under Caldwell. The Lake Indians, who were to the right of the British, fled after a few volleys had been exchanged, so that the latter to avoid being outflanked by an overwhelming force, were obliged to retire about half-a-mile and take a fresh position. The Indians under Tecumseh maintained an obstinate conflict with Miller's troops and suffered considerable loss. The Americans, however, did not attempt to approach the British in their new position, and Miller, thinking himself too weak to break through their line, sent back to Detroit for reinforcements. He was joined next day by Col. McArthur with 100 men who had come down in boats, in which the wounded, who were numerous, were to be taken back. These boats on their return were captured by the boats of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter*, under Lieutenant Rolette, the same energetic officer who took the schooner with Hull's baggage. No forward movement was made by the Americans that day and in the afternoon they started to march back to Detroit, a weary and dispirited body of men, thoroughly disgusted with themselves, their general, and with the campaign. Even Miller's threats of the bayonet had failed to drive the heroes of Tippecanoe against their enemies.

The American loss in the so-called battle of Maguaga was eighteen killed and fifty-seven wounded, if their own official accounts are to be relied on. The British loss three killed and twelve wounded, one of them, Lieut. Sutherland, of the 41st, mortally. Capt. Muir was also wounded. The affair was a most humiliating repulse for the Americans, for nearly all the regulars they had on the frontier were engaged in it, and if they, with their cavalry and artillery, could not drive away a few British, Canadians and Indians what could be expected of the militia alone? After this severe shock to na-

tional pride, the pretence of occupying any part of Canadian territory seemed to be quite unnecessary, therefore Fort Gowris, at Sandwich, was evacuated by Major Denny on the 11th of August, and he and his men crossed over to Detroit. It was quite in keeping with the vandal-like character of the invasion that, before leaving the soil of Canada, Denny should have ordered the destruction of the house of Gowris, which had given him shelter, and thereby proved that it was not necessary to go to an Indian camp to find men who disregarded the rules of civilized warfare.

While these events were occurring on the Detroit frontier, General Brock, now relieved of his Legislative duties, was hastening forward reinforcements. The spirit in which he had been met by the people of Canada filled him with pride and hope, and his own exertions were commensurate with the difficulties he had to face. The militia of the Province, imitating the example of those of the county of York, had volunteered to a man to serve in any part of Western Canada. John Macdonell, the attorney-general, with a zeal worthy of all honour, took service on the general's staff as provincial aide-de-camp, and his conduct was but a type of that of the influential men of the Province generally. To equip the militia for the field without money, supplies of food, clothing, shoes, or even arms, would have been absolutely impossible but for the spirit displayed by these gentlemen who stood by him in that trying hour. One company of private individuals, "The Niagara and Queenston Association," supplied him with several thousands of pounds sterling in bank notes, and with this he was placed in a position to equip his militia forces. Boats were gathered at Long Point on Lake Erie, sufficient for the conveyance of three hundred men, and there with 40 men of the 41st Regt., and 260 militia of the county of Norfolk, he embarked on the 8th August. On the 13th he reached Amherstburg, after a rough passage, without any accident. Al-

though it was nearly midnight when he arrived, he had an interview the same evening with Tecumseh, who was brought over from his encampment on Bois Blanc Island to meet him, and arrangements were made then for a council to be held the following day. This was attended by nearly 1,000 Indians and was so satisfactory in every way that General Brock resolved upon such operations as would compel the enemy to fight in the open field or surrender.

The same day that Major Denny evacuated Sandwich the ground he left was occupied by a British detachment, and the erection of batteries was commenced under the direction of Capt. Dixon of the Royal Engineers. The work was prosecuted with such diligence that on the 15th, five guns were in position, all of which commanded the fort at Detroit. At noon that day Lieut.-Col. Macdonell and Captain Glegg were sent by General Brock to Hull, under a flag of truce, to demand the immediate surrender of Detroit. Hull returned a bold answer stating that he was ready to meet any force the British might send against him, and refusing to comply with the demand. The same afternoon the British guns, which comprised one 18-pounder, two 12-pounders, and two 5½ inch mortars, opened on Detroit with shot and shell, and were replied to by seven 24-pounders from the other side of the river which, however, failed to do the British batteries the slightest injury, although the cannonade continued for several hours. During the night Tecumseh with Colonel Elliot, Capt. McKee and 600 Indians landed on the American shore two miles below Spring Wells, and five from Detroit. There they remained in concealment until the following morning, when General Brock and his white troops crossed over at Spring Wells.

The landing of the British was effected a little after daylight, the Americans offering no opposition whatever. As soon as they began to cross, the Indians moved forward and took up a position in the woods, about a

mile and a half distant, on the British left. Brock's force consisted of 30 men of the Royal Artillery, 250 of the 41st Regt., 50 of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, and 400 Canadian Militia, making with the Indians a grand total of 1,330. He had with him three six-pounders, and two three-pounders, under the command of Lieutenant Troughton. General Brock's idea in crossing at that time was to advance towards the fort, take up a strong position, and, by his menacing attitude, compel the Americans to meet his force in the field. But on landing he was informed that Colonel McArthur had left the garrison two days before, and that his cavalry had been seen that morning three miles distant in the rear of the British. This decided Brock to make an immediate attack on the fort. The cause of McArthur's absence was the old trouble with regard to Brush, who still halted at the River Raisin. On the evening of the 14th Col. McArthur and Cass had set out with 350 men for the Raisin, taking a circuitous route towards the head waters of the Huron in order to avoid the Indians. The next afternoon, while entangled in a swamp and unable to proceed farther, they were summoned back to Detroit by a courier from General Hull, and were wearily making their way through the woods towards it, when seen by Brock's scouts.

Brock now advanced with his gallant little army towards the fort, his left flank being guarded by the Indians, as already stated, and his right resting on the river which was commanded by



DRAWN BY C. W. JEFFERYS

OFFICER OF LIGHT INFANTRY COMPANY, 41ST REGIMENT—
WITH BROCK AT CAPTURE OF DETROIT

the guns of the *Queen Charlotte*. The cannon of the British batteries at Sandwich began firing vigorously and with fatal results to the American garrison. One shot which fell amongst a group standing at the door of one of the officers' quarters, killed three officers, one of them Lieut. Hanks,

the late commandant at Mackinac, and wounded others. Two or three succeeding shots proved almost equally destructive, and it was evident that the Sandwich batteries had got the range only too well. An extreme state of demoralization prevailed within the fort in which there were many women, and other non-combatants in a terrified condition. The place was crowded

truce. He bore proposals for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an immediate capitulation, and General Brock sent Lieut.-Col. Macdonell and Capt. Glegg to the American general to arrange the terms, which were speedily agreed upon and signed. At noon the same day, a beautiful Sabbath morning, while the people of the United States were praying in their

churches for the success of their unholy invasion of Canada, the American standard was lowered and the British flag raised over Fort Detroit. All the troops under the command of General Hull, numbering 2,500 men, became prisoners of war, and all the armament and stores of the army passed into the hands of the British. The troops surrendered comprised the 4th Regt. of U.S. Infantry and detachments of the 1st and 3rd Regts., two troops of cavalry, one company of Artillery Engineers; three regiments of Ohio militia volunteers, and one regiment of Michigan militia. All the detached forces, including those of McArthur and Brush, were embraced in the capitulation. The militia were permitted to return to their homes on condition of not serving again during the war, unless exchanged. Thirty-nine pieces of cannon were surrendered, eleven of which were of brass,

2,500 stand-at-arms, 40 barrels of gunpowder, 400 rounds of 24-pound shot, 1,000 cartridges and a vast quantity and variety of military stores. The armed brig *Adams* also became a prize; she was re-named the *Detroit*.

Thus ended in disaster and disgrace the first attempt to invade Canada. Undertaken in the wantonness of imagined power, for the subjection of a friendly people and the destruction of



GENERAL WILLIAM HULL

FROM "RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812," BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

with troops, and yet they were utterly helpless against the cannon balls which were dealing death and destruction around them.

At this time when General Brock, now within a few hundreds yards of the fort, was preparing to deliver an assault, a white flag was displayed from its walls, and General Hull's aide-de-camp was seen emerging from the American stronghold with a flag of



AMHERSTBURG ON THE DETROIT RIVER—FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY MAJOR WOOLFORD, A BRITISH OFFICER, WHO VISITED IT ABOUT 1822—
BY PERMISSION OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY



MACKINAC TO-DAY—FROM THE FORT

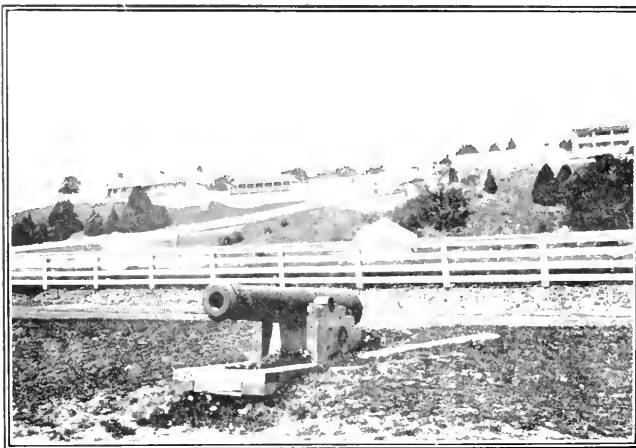
institutions which they cherished, it was doomed to failure from the outset, because it was entered upon without knowledge, discipline or skill, or even that ordinary courage which every soldier is supposed to possess.

The detachment of Brush with its convoy of cattle and provisions for the army had been included in the capitulation at the express request of Hull, as otherwise it would have been liable to be cut off and destroyed by the Indians, now relieved of any apprehensions in regard to Detroit. Captain Elliott and two companions were sent,

on the day after the surrender, to the River Raisin with a flag of truce and a copy of the articles of capitulation, to receive the surrender of Brush and his command. Brush had already received a note from McArthur enclosing a letter from Hull notifying him of the capitulation, yet he pretended to doubt the genuineness of Elliott's communication and put him in confinement. Then, hastily packing up

the public property at the Raisin and driving the cattle before him, he started with his whole command for Ohio, leaving orders for Elliott to be released next day. This sample of Yankee "smartness" showed that the instincts of this Ohio officer, instead of being such as one would expect to find in the breast of an officer and a gentleman, were those of a thief, for the public property and arms thus carried off had been surrendered and belonged to the British Government. In view of this piece of Ohio rascality it would have been quite proper for

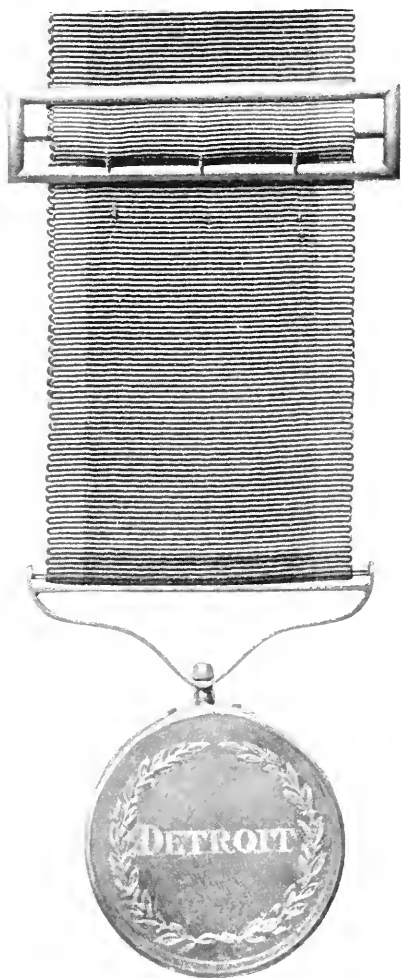
General Brock to have refused to permit the Ohio volunteers, who had become prisoners of war, to return home on parole, as was provided in the capitulation, but he took no such step in reprisal. No doubt he thought it well to leave a monopoly of convention breaking to the people whose Congress broke the convention of Saratoga, in 1777, and who, instead of sending Burgoyne's army home to England, as



MACKINAC TO-DAY—THE FORT



FORT COLLIER, BUILT ON DRUMMOND ISLAND AFTER MACKINAC WAS RESTORED TO THE UNITED STATES IN 1815—BY THE CARELESSNESS OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY THIS ISLAND WAS GIVEN TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONVENTION OF OTTAWA IN 1822, AND EVACUATED BY THE BRITISH ON NOV. 4TH, 1828. LORD DALHOUSIE, WHO VISITED IT IN 1821, SAID ITS HARBOR WAS IMPORTANT. SEE CAN. ARCH. 9157. 2. P. 407



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED TO LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACDONELL TO COMMEMORATE THE CAPTURE OF DETROIT—NOW IN POSSESSION OF J. A. MACDONELL, K.C., ALEXANDRIA—FROM "RICHARDSON'S WAR OF 1812." BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

had been solemnly promised, kept them prisoners for several years at Charlottesville, Virginia, in order that Thomas Jefferson and other patriots might be enriched by the sale of produce from their plantations for their sustenance. The militia and volunteers were, therefore, permitted to return home, as had been stipulated, but the regulars were sent to Montreal and afterwards to Quebec.

The entrance of General Hull and his

command into the former city was made the occasion of a notable demonstration, every one being anxious to see this ruthless relic of the revolution, who had so suddenly descended from the position of an exterminating invader to that of an humble captive. It was remarked, at the time, and should be remembered now, that the Indians, whom Hull had execrated, had been more merciful to his men than he would have been to the peaceful people of Canada, for, in the procession of prisoners, there were captives who had been taken by the Indians and treated well, and there were wounded men at Detroit to whom the Indians had given quarter at Brownstown. The most diligent American historian has failed to unearth a single case of "Indian atrocity" connected with Brock's campaign and the surrender of Hull in the Northwest.

The surrender of Hull was a dreadful blow to the pride of the American people, and most damaging to the prestige of their Government. It became necessary for them to find a victim to appease the popular wrath and



TECUMSEH, WHO COMMANDED THE INDIANS WITH BROCK ON THE OCCASION OF THE CAPTURE OF DETROIT IN 1812

a convenient one was found in the general himself, who assumed all the responsibility of the affair. Lewis Cass prepared the public mind to look calmly on while Hull was being sacrificed, by publishing a communication addressed to the Government in which the patriotism and bravery of the army and the incompetency of the general were drawn with a strong hand. Hull was afterwards tried by a court-martial, presided over by General

Dearborn, his enemy, found guilty of cowardice and unofficer-like conduct and sentenced to be shot. President Madison approved the sentence, but remitted the punishment. This was in April, 1814, and four months later President Madison was showing the whole world the quality of his own metal by running away from Bladensburg, almost before a shot had been fired on that memorable field. Hull was no doubt a weak and incompetent man, but had he been otherwise he would have been out of harmony with the army he commanded, the volunteer portion of which was nothing but



BLOCK HOUSE, BUILT IN 1812, OPPOSITE AMHERSTBURG, ON
BOIS BLANC ISLAND

a mutinous mob, without discipline or regard for their leaders, as their daily conduct showed, and without courage, as was proved by their running away from every field on which they were engaged. It did not lie in the power of generalship to make these men fit to encounter the disciplined British or the patriotic Canadians in the field, and, therefore, Hull was unjustly condemned. The persons on whom the vengeance of the American people should have fallen were Mr. Madison and the members of his Cabinet, who ordered the invasion of Canada by such a force.

TO BE CONTINUED

DR. BELL'S FLYING MACHINE

By Thomas Johnson

IS aerial navigation possible? Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, whose word should have some weight, says it is. Whether he will be able to confirm his assertion by public demonstration is a matter for

future years to decide, but that he is making a strenuous effort to solve the difficult problem is evident to any one who has had the good fortune to gain access to his laboratory. The summer residence of the noted inventor is situ-

ated on a neck of land running into the beautiful Bras d'Or Lake, about seven miles from the pretty village of Baddeck, in Nova Scotia.

If the Doctor seeks seclusion he has certainly found it here among the hills of Cape Breton Island and out of the beaten track of the ordinary tourist or traveller. Here he can experiment to his heart's content without fear of disturbance from the inquisitive public, and here for a number of years he has been quietly experimenting, and the goal to which he is looking forward is the construction of a navigable flying machine.

On his grounds, distant about a mile away from the house, two large laboratories have been constructed, and the impression one has, on first entering them, is one of confusion. Kites and combinations of kites in all shapes and sizes are superabundant. These delicately constructed flying instruments are in evidence everywhere, on the walls, on the ceiling, under the working tables and on the floor. That the workmen have room to move about in such an enclosed space, without bringing down upon themselves the whole kite structure, is a matter of wonder. In a corner of one of the laboratories lies a small and peculiarly shaped gasoline engine, which, judging from its damaged condition, has evidently come to grief in one of the Doctor's frequent kite-flying experiments. Working models of flying machines, in different stages of construction, occupy the tables and shelves, and air-current diagrams hang on those portions of the walls not covered with kite models. It is these air-current maps and flying-machine models that force the observer to the conclusion that he has not entered a toy kite manufactory, but that through all this mass of complicated matter a

scientific mind is slowly and laboriously forcing its way to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

Doctor Bell's theory of a flying-machine differs from other aeronauts, inasmuch as he claims that the kite-principle is the only one by which the air can be successfully navigated, and it is along this line that he has been conducting his experiments. Almost any fine afternoon during the summer the inventor can be seen testing his kites near the laboratory grounds. It was, doubtless, the appearance of one of these kite combinations, constructed in cylindrical shape (about 10 feet in length and 5 feet in diameter at the centre) flying in the air and apparently rising and falling at the will of the operator, that gave rise to the rumour that Dr. Bell had at last completed his flying-machine. This, however, is not the case. The Doctor's plans are very little advanced beyond the initiatory stages. The great problem of devising an engine light enough to be sustained in the air by these kites and strong enough to propel them through the atmosphere in all conditions of weather, is yet to be solved, and it is understood that three, and, perhaps, four years more will elapse before the result of these experiments is given to the public.

If Dr. Graham Bell successfully demonstrates the practicability of aerial navigation the announcement will be somewhat dramatic, inasmuch as it will be comparatively unexpected. The Doctor has never talked for publication, as he prefers to work quietly and without being observed. If, on the other hand, nothing should come of his work the public will never know, officially, at least, that a great scientist had undertaken a task which proved too difficult for his powers of invention.





A VISIT TO THE TORONTO ZOO

By W. T. Allison

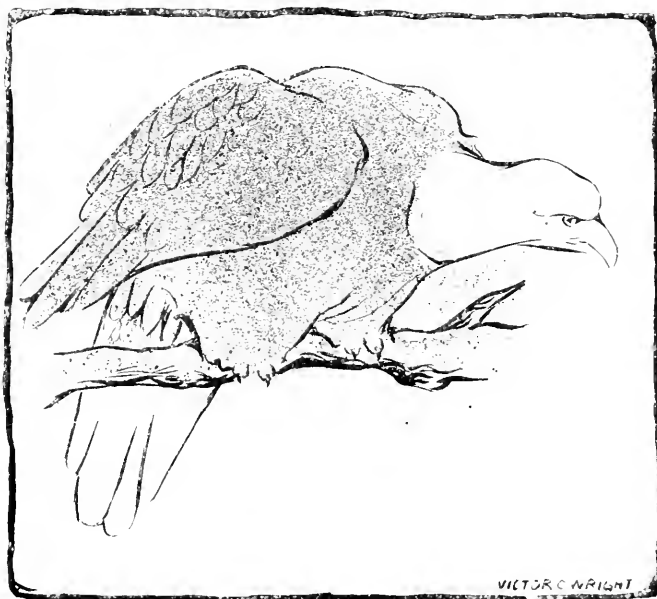
ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR WRIGHT

First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

EVERYONE who has read Thackeray's impressions of his visit to the Zoo will remember the order in which he describes the animals. No two zoos arrange their animals in the same way. In the very large zoos the animals are all housed in streets of cages. In the London Zoo, for instance, the visitor passes down Bear street, crosses over into Wolf avenue, and then saunters down Ostrich row. They have not attained to this aristocratic plenitude in the Toronto Zoo, and consequently the spectator sees a new variety at every step. There are over 250 living things in the Riverdale Park, since the idea of a city zoo won favour with the Council, and these birds and beasts are arranged in a happy-go-lucky fashion which wards off monotony. But the Riverdale fav-

ourites are lodged in most comfortable quarters. Passing through the charming park with its pleasant shade trees and great beds of flowering shrubs, the visitor walks beneath a large palm tree, into the close proximity of creatures which are assembled from the burning tropics, the Siberian snows, Arabian deserts, and the gorgeous East.

First, we come to the lion house, a magnificent brick building, with a

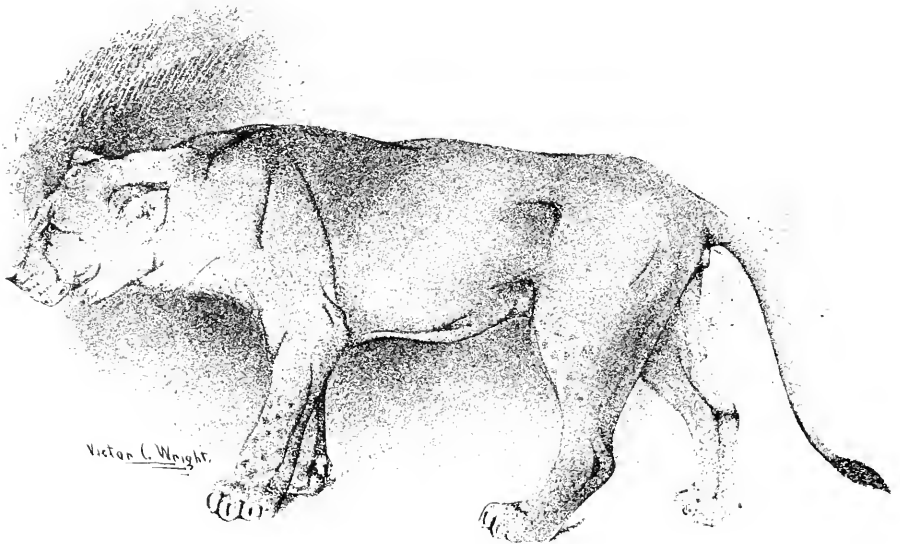


THE KING OF BIRDS

caged verandah, on which a lion and his gentle partner, Nero and Venus, parade all day long, stopping long enough to feed or enjoy a brief siesta. The upstairs of their house is nicely furnished, and has windows. The lions are in splendid condition, and are apparently happy in their new Toronto home. Quite properly the disposer of the animals placed the king of birds next to the king of beasts, and three or four gray and golden eagles occupy a lot roofed over by strong wire. Then come the foxes and prairie

while the camels browse around in the front yard.

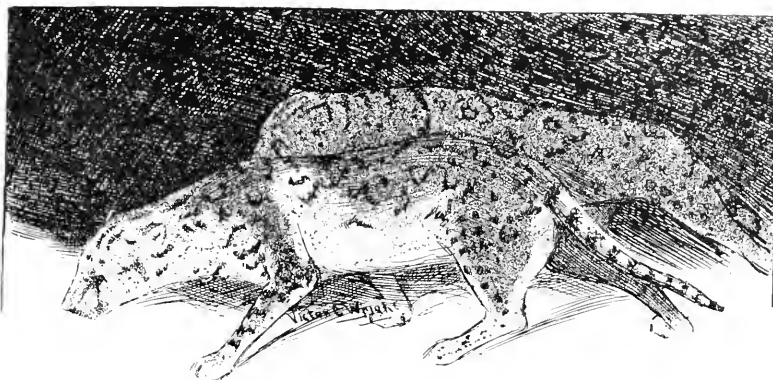
The Siberian camel and the African dromedary are new arrivals at the zoo. If the expression is permissible, the camels are being lionized by the public just now. Every visitor stands at eager gaze as the camels walk back and forth carefully lifting their padded, two-toed feet over the pigeons which impudently strut beneath them, and craning their limber necks to catch a far-off view of the pleasant river Don, along whose banks they are wont to



VENUS—A BEAUTIFUL LIONESS

dogs and the grey ocelot. A family of raccoons live next door, and any afternoon they may be seen sleeping in their tree, some caught in a cleft and using it as a cradle; others sound asleep with a leg over a branch, like a man who throws one leg over his arm-chair while taking an after-dinner nap. A pair of grey wolves occupy the next cage to their friends and cousins the raccoons. But the gray wolves, the raccoons, and the ocelot who sleeps in the corner of his cage with his nose in the sawdust, receive but few glances from the children or their parents,

stray on particular days. One camel is beautiful as camels go, the other is decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. The cheery, complacent ship of the desert is the Siberian camel. His colour is a creamy gray, diversified here and there by bunches of curly black hair. His curved neck is a thing of beauty, its soft hue suggesting moonlight on the arid sands. This camel often smiles as he rubs his left hind leg against the wire fence and ruminates on the good times his fathers had as they travelled the caravan route between China and Russia, laden with



GREY OCELOTS

silks, spices and teas for Muscovy. The corded bales weighed twelve hundred pounds, but the Siberian camel cared nothing for this burden, and walked his forty miles a day to the encouraging incitements of his Chinese driver. The refined, pale gray countenance of the tall, stately Siberian camel forms a striking contrast to the wizened, ascetic face of the dromedary. The dromedary hails from Arabia, and is of a cinnamon-brown colour, and looks as if he wore a buffalo robe. He is an ugly brute, and seems to be a pessimist, but he ought to be proud of himself, for he can travel one hundred miles a day across the burning sands of Araby, carrying his master on his hardy hump. The dromedary is one of the most famous of all the friends of man. From the time of the Hebrew patriarchs he has been the pride of the

black tents of the East. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob petted him, and the Arabian sheikh of to-day values him far beyond rubies and fine gold. On first viewing the camels many people are inclined to think they are starved. A camel, however, never grows fat. If he has any nutriment to spare he packs it away in his hump. The camel



CAMELS AND KEEPER



is a firm believer in concentrated food, in condensed fodder. A full hump will supply meals for a fasting camel for a whole week. The keeper of animals at the zoo lets the eastern potentates roam as much as possible, for it is their nature so to do. Camels are strange beasts, and have a queer taste in the matter of food, preferring thistles and the prickly cactus to smooth and luscious grasses.

But the visitor cannot always stand and look at the camels. He hurries on and pays his respects to the black bears, mother and father and twins, all of them meandering around their cage restless, longing for the wild woods. Brilliant peacocks and peafowl are next in order, and then more bears, the sun bears of Borneo, who are very fond of chewing up wooden objects. Then come the prairie wolves and the Canada lynx, who loves to go to sleep lying out along a limb straddle fashion.

The lynx does not sleep overmuch, however. He is always on the lookout for an adventure. One day he discovered a weak place in his cage, and after impatiently awaiting the coming of night he made good his escape and

entered upon a festal escapade, the memory of which still cheers him on gloomy winter days, when visitors are few and dullness palls upon his eager spirit. During the night of his joyous escape from prison-bars the lynx captured seven of the costly wild fowl in the neighbourhood of his quarters and managed to masticate the most toothsome portions of the birds. In the morning the keepers made diligent search for the missing one, and found him at last beneath the bears' cage. On being invited he refused to issue forth, and the irate keepers were forced to nail up all the openings save one, and against this exit they placed a "shifting box." The lynx was persuaded to enter the improvised moving van by the full

stream of a hose, which a keeper remorselessly played upon him until he re-entered captivity.

The Toronto Zoo is set upon the slope of a hill overlooking the Don,



PETER THE GREAT—A SIBERIAN BEAR

and on the side of this hill, facing the south-east, lives the white polar bear and the brown bear, both animals dwelling in massive cages built into the hill.

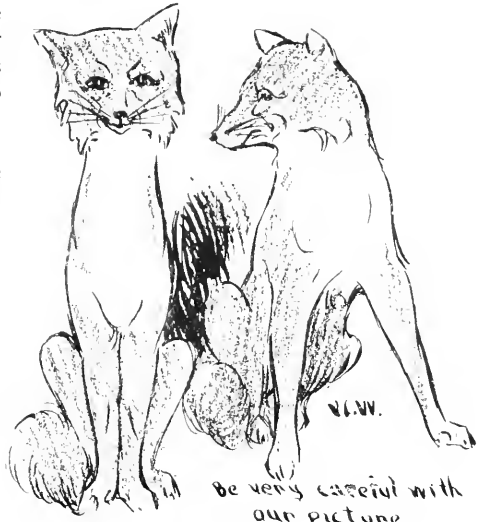
The polar bear is in good condition, having increased greatly in size since he arrived in Toronto. He enjoys a plunge every morning in his concrete bath-tub, between the hours of ten and eleven. A crowd is always present to see him



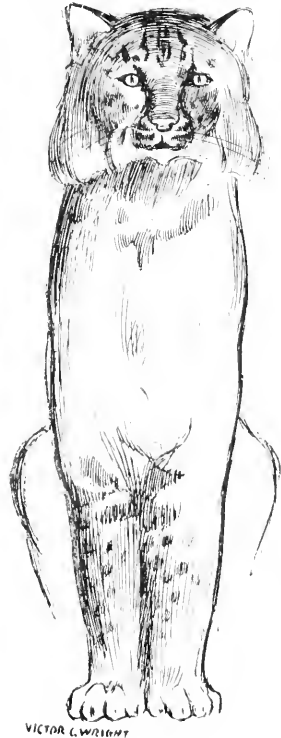
SUNBEARS FROM BORNEO

take his plunge in the pellucid water of Lake Ontario. After his bath the northern iceberg lover paces his cage, swinging his head from side to side like a pendulum. "Nansen," the name to which the big white bear answers, originally haunted the ice-floes near Spitzbergen. He was the last of four cubs captured by the crew of a whaling vessel two years ago.

Although the polar bear wears a serene air he is not nearly so



good-natured as his stalwart neighbour, the Siberian bear, Peter the Great. Peter attracts the public by his exhibitions, "dancing it feathery here



A HUGE LYNX



NANSEN—A POLAR BEAR

and there" and performing a two-step in a very creditable style. This affable brown monster took lessons from a Russian dancing-master in 1897, and travelled extensively on the continent and in England as a public enter-

tainment. Peter the Great is probably the best specimen of his race now in captivity. He weighs 700 pounds, and as he has not yet reached maturity, he is expected to double his weight if his present state of good health continues. Immediately above the cages of the bears and midway on the slope is the monkey house, the great attraction at the zoo for the juveniles of Toronto. The house in which the funny little cousins of man are at home is a circular structure containing some ten or eleven cages, with a brick retiring room in the centre. The monkeys come out in the open from a little window, and they are always going in and coming out, for they lead a strenuous life. To stand in front of the Bengal monkey cage is as good as witnessing a trapeze performance. A piece of rubber hose tied to the ceiling of the

cage serves as a handle on which the actors perform. They spring from their tree to this hose-rope with the most astonishing agility. They pull one another down and play tricks all day long, wrestling and boxing and making grimaces. There is



PHEASANTS

something irresistibly fascinating about all the monkey tribe. A boy looking at the antics of the Bengal monkeys the other day, suddenly saw the comical face of one of the elders poked through the little brick window, and the young spectator nudged another boy excitedly, and cried, "Look, there's another man coming out!" And that is the idea

that strikes every spectator, the great similarity of the monkeys to human beings, and this lends an interest and a drollness to every grimace and every caper in the monkey-house at the zoo.

The pheasant house is the last stopping place on the tour of the zoo. It is a splendid building, and the birds within are the admiration of every visitor to the zoo, the hues and markings of the rare and gorgeous birds forming a chromatic study for all lovers of the beautiful.

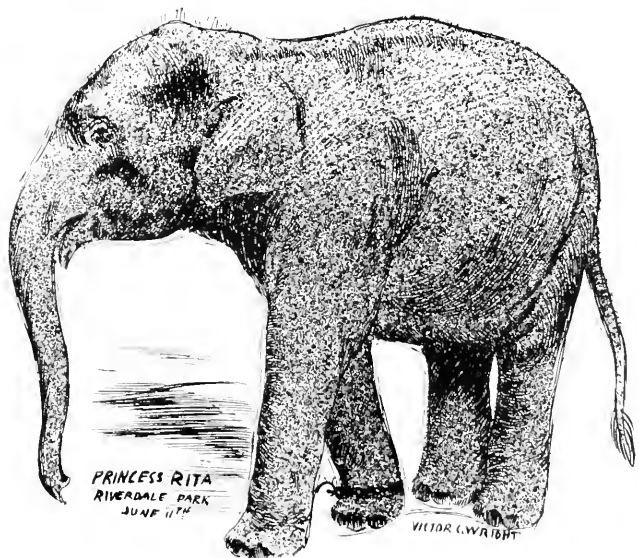
There are several deer belonging to the zoo, also a pair of moose, but the latter are to be seen only on Saturdays. It is very difficult to keep moose in good condition while they are in captivity, as they are accustomed when at home in the west to feed on waterous plants in the summer months, and in winter they browse on ground spruce. In order to give them as succulent a diet as possible in the summer time, the keeper of the zoo takes the moose up to the ravine near the Swiss Cottage Hospital, where they thrive on the tender herbage. On Saturdays they are brought down to the zoo to exhibit themselves to the crowds



who visit Riverdale Park on that day.

It is interesting to consider the modest beginnings from which this efficient and well-stocked zoo has sprung.

In 1889 two Canadian deer were procured. Then it was considered advisable to obtain a few more Canadian animals to keep the deer from getting lonely. It was the original idea to have none but our own home-grown animals in Riverdale Park. Ald. Lamb, who has taken a very active interest in the zoo from the outset, wrote to all the Indian agents in the west, and also to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, asking them to buy wild animals from the Indians, and offered a fair price for all captives



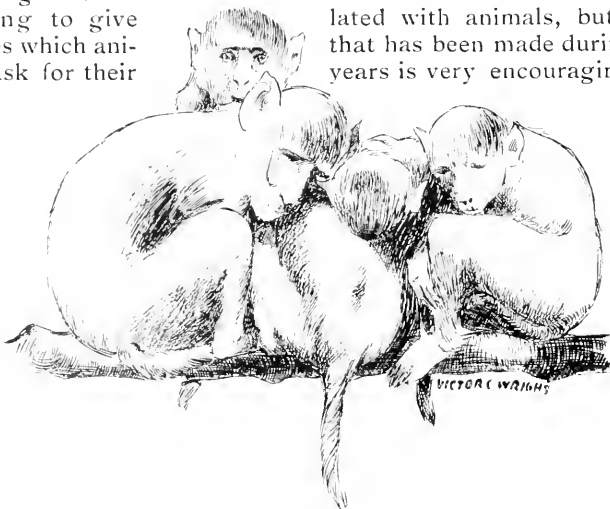


forwarded to Toronto. He received encouraging letters in reply, and began to imagine he would be swamped with the supply of animals that would be sent to him. But strange to relate, not an Indian forwarded an animal. Our Canadian Indians have always been accustomed to killing animals for food, but have not been taught how to catch them alive. A few white settlers sent on some elk and wolves, however, and these formed the nucleus of the present zoo.

Then various animal dealers began to send in price lists and offered to stock the zoo within thirty days. And just here it might not be uninteresting to give average prices which animal dealers ask for their stock, in order to show what an expensive luxury a good zoo becomes. A five-year-old Barbary

lion costs \$1,500, a pair of Nubian lions \$750, a female Bengal tiger \$750. For the hay-eating class of animals some large prices are asked. For a hippopotamus \$3,000, for a female Indian elephant \$1,500, for a pair of zebras \$1,750, for a Siberian camel \$300, for a blue gnou \$900, for a pair of kangaroos \$65. Monkeys come cheaper. Baboons can be had for \$20 each, and small cage monkeys sell at about the same price. An African ostrich is worth \$20; white pea-fowl sell at \$100 a pair, and a python snake is ticketed at \$400.

It will probably be some years before Riverdale Park is densely populated with animals, but the progress that has been made during the last two years is very encouraging, and in the next decade our zoological collection ought to be one of the finest in North America.



RAILWAY TAXATION

By H. J. Pettypiece, M.P.P.

THE question of Railway Taxation has, until very recently, received but little attention in Canada, although for some years it has been a live question in most of the American states, where the world's greatest progress in railway building has been made, and in Great Britain the taxation of railway earnings has been for nearly a quarter of a century one of the means of raising the national revenue.

That railways and other transportation facilities should be taxed at all has been questioned by some people; the argument generally used against their taxation being that the burden will, in the end, be shifted on to the shoulders of those who contribute to the earnings of the transportation companies. This argument, if carried to its logical conclusion, means that manufacturing establishments, wholesale houses, printing houses, or any other industry producing commodities to be consumed by others, should not be made to pay taxes, because the taxation charges might be added to the price of the goods. But it is only where the manufacturer or carrier has unrestricted right and power to fix the price of the article he sells or carries that he can add taxes or other costs to such price. It is a universal law of trade that every person obtains as high a price as he legitimately and profitably can for what he has to sell, and takes advantage of any favourable circumstance, such as removal of competition, to increase the price when he finds it profitable to do so, whether the cost of production or transportation has been increased or not. Accepting this as the rule, there is no reason in the argument that railways should not be taxed because they might shift the burden to their patrons.

Transportation rates are not fixed in accordance with the cost of moving commodities from one place to another, the custom being rather to make

each charge as high as possible. Only three restraints are observed, viz., statutory limits, force of competition, and amount of charge that will make it unprofitable to the owner of the commodity to move it. A glance at any of the through and local rates of any of the great transportation companies will verify this statement. Any objection to taxing the railways at the rate that other property is taxed on the ground that the charge would be passed over to the customers can be dismissed, although in some few cases a portion of such increased taxes might be so shifted. Even should the railways show a disposition to thus shift the burden, the people have a remedy in their power to pass laws regulating rates, as is done in other countries.

H. T. Newcomb, in his excellent book "Railway Economics," devotes a chapter to the taxation phase, in which he says: "It may be remarked that such a tax, by increasing the cost of transportation, must limit the area within which commodities can profitably be marketed." Although this appears to be a fair proposition, it is not borne out by the practice of many of the great transportation corporations, which often carry a given amount of freight across the continent for a smaller charge than is made for carrying the same amount a few hundred miles. No other objections to the taxation of railways than those already cited can be consistently urged. With these objections disposed of, there can be no reason why property in the shape of railway tracks, locomotives and cars, should not be levied on, equally with other property, for the funds necessary to enable the Government to carry on the affairs of the country; but there are reasons, which will be pointed out later, why, if any discrimination is to be made, the railway corporations of Canada, at least, should

bear the heavier portion of the burden.

POWER OF TAXATION.

How they should be assessed and taxed, by the Dominion, Provincial or municipal authorities, is another important phase of the question. The British North America Act provides that the Dominion Parliament may make laws for "the raising of money by any mode or system of taxation." The same Act provides that each Province may exclusively make laws in relation to "direct taxation with the Province in order to the raising of a revenue for Provincial purposes," and also in relation to "municipal institutions in the Province." Under the powers thus conferred the Province of Ontario has delegated to the municipalities the right to assess the railway lands situate in each municipality according to the average value of land in the locality, and has also imposed a Provincial tax of \$5 per mile on railways for Provincial purposes. While the power to tax railways may apparently be exercised by either Federal or Provincial enactments, it has been taken advantage of by the Provinces only, and by them to but a very slight extent. The Province of Ontario collects \$5 per mile, a total of \$33,000, and Manitoba collects a total of \$25,000. The Manitoba law taxes the railways as follows:—In and for the years 1900, 1901 and 1902, two per cent. of the gross earnings; after 1902, such sums as may be determined by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, not exceeding, however, three per cent. of the gross earnings. The financial statements of the other Provinces do not show that any railway taxes are collected by them for Provincial purposes.

In 1901 the Quebec Legislature passed an Act for the "Repayment of Railway Subsidies," which provides that each subsidized railway in the Province shall pay an annual tax of five per cent. of its gross earnings into the Provincial Treasury.

MUNICIPAL RATES.

Municipal taxation is, therefore, almost the sole means of taxing the rail-

ways in this country. As an example of how badly this is done, the case of the Grand Trunk in Ontario will suffice. That company has 2,653 miles of road in Ontario, which pays \$121,359 in municipal taxes and \$13,265 in Provincial taxes; a total of \$134,624, of which \$68,086, or more than one half, is paid in five cities, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Stratford and Windsor. The total rate, therefore, paid by the Grand Trunk in Ontario is \$50.70 per mile.

The above figures in reference to the municipal taxation were submitted by Mr. John Bell, Grand Trunk solicitor, to the Ontario Assessment Commission, when that body was in session in December, 1900. Mr. Bell used these and other figures to show that, in his opinion, the Grand Trunk was bearing a fair share of taxation, and concluded his argument in these words: "For these and many other equally good reasons I confidently ask the members of this Board that in their report to the Government they recommend that there be no change made in the present law regarding the assessment for municipal purposes of the property in this Province of the company I represent, at least in the direction of increasing the amount of taxation to be paid by them."

The statement that the Grand Trunk property in Ontario is "bearing a fair share of taxation" is worth investigating. The Grand Trunk operates 3,473 miles of road in Canada and the States capitalized, according to the last annual report of the company, at the sum of \$315,873,899, or \$91,000 per mile. The 2,653 miles in Ontario, therefore, represent a capital of over \$241,000,000, which bears an assessment of \$6,525,504, or 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of the capital. The taxes paid, both Provincial and municipal, amount to \$134,624, or 56 cents on every \$1,000 of capital. The farm wealth of Ontario is represented by a capital of nearly \$1,000,000,000, which bears an assessment of \$450,000,000, or 45 per cent., and pays in taxes \$4,621,803, or \$4.62 on every \$1,000 of capital. Therefore \$1,000 worth of Grand Trunk property in Ontario is assessed at \$27.50, and

pays 56 cents in taxes, municipal and Provincial, while \$1,000 worth of farm property is assessed at \$450, and pays \$4.62 in taxes. There are 3,952 miles of railway in Ontario owned by companies other than the Grand Trunk, but many of these companies pay even less taxes than that corporation; therefore if all the railway property in the Province could be included in this calculation, the disparity between the rate of taxes on railway and farm property would be even greater than the above figures indicate. The taxes paid by the Canadian Pacific amount to less than \$20 per mile, and by the thirteen smaller lines in Ontario probably even less, although the exact figures are not readily available. In many townships in Ontario the municipal taxes paid by the railways amount to less than \$2 per mile.

When the Ontario Assessment Commission was obtaining information in 1901 on the general question of taxation, one of the leading authorities in giving evidence made the following statement in regard to the railways:—"At present they practically go untaxed except so far as the buildings which they own in the municipality in which they are situated for the purpose of their business; but so far as all other lands are concerned, which are very valuable pieces of real property, and all assessable as such, I think they are practically untaxed to-day; and it is a subject of complaint by all ratepayers that most of these companies which are earning large dividends and exercising valuable franchises within the municipality practically escape taxation."

Some of the representatives of the steam railway companies, who appeared before the Commission, set up the contention that the railways could not afford to pay any higher taxes than they are now paying. Every individual ratepayer would probably urge the same objection to an increase of his burden of taxation, had he an opportunity to do so, and in most cases could do so with more consistency than could the railway representatives.

Those whose duty it is to enforce the laws for the collection of taxes are not expected to take into consideration the financial ability of the tax-payer. The tax-gatherer is empowered to collect a certain sum, and he collects it without any regard to the hardship that may thereby be imposed upon the tax-payer. Many an individual, crushed under afflictions and financial embarrassments, has been stripped of his remaining worldly possessions in order that the demand of the all-powerful tax-gatherer might be met. When the ability of the tax-payer (according to his own estimate) has to be taken into consideration, the tax-collector will have an interesting problem on his hands.

IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In view of the extremely low rate of taxation imposed on the railways in this country, it will be of interest to note what is being done elsewhere in controlling and taxing this class of property.

In Russia the State railways are operated for the public benefit, and all rates paid by the people for the carriage of passengers and freight are regarded as so much taxes. This is considered there to be a good mode of taxation, inasmuch as the burden falls on those classes of the population best able to bear it.

In Great Britain there has been imposed, for twenty-five years, a heavy tax on the railways. The amounts collected appear under two headings, viz.: first, Rates and Taxes; second, Government Passenger Duty. For the year 1901 the Rates and Taxes amounted to £3,980,160, and the Passenger Duty to £351,184, a total of £4,331,344. The statistics given below, for all the railways in the United Kingdom, for the years 1891 and 1901, will show that the rate of taxation has increased much more rapidly than either the mileage, capital or earnings:

RAILWAY MILEAGE.

1891.....	20,191
1901.....	22,078

CAPITAL INVESTED.

1891	£ 919,000,000
1901	1,195,000,000

GROSS RECEIPTS.

1891	£ 81,860,607
1901	106,558,815

NET RECEIPTS.

1891	£36,731,624
1901	39,069,076

TRAFFIC PER MILE.

1891	£3,881
1901	4,511

TAXES COLLECTED.

1891	£2,567,690
1901	4,331,344

During the ten years included in the above figures the mileage has increased 10 per cent., capital 30 per cent., gross receipts 30 per cent., net receipts 6 per cent., traffic per mile 16 per cent., and taxes 69 per cent. Reduced to dollars the total taxes of 1901 amount to, in round numbers, \$21,000,000, on a mileage not much greater than that of Canada. It represents a tax of over \$950 per mile, a rate of nearly three and a half mills on the capital, a rate of nearly 4 per cent. on the gross receipts, and a rate of over 11 per cent. on the net earnings.

In France a large revenue is raised by a tax on both passenger and freight earnings, and all railways revert to the Government, without any compensation, on the expiration of their charter.

IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the United States railway taxation has for many years been a subject of much controversy in the various State Legislatures and in the press with the result that the amount of taxes collected from the railways has been steadily increasing, and that to-day every State and Territory has enactments in force under which large revenues are obtained from this source, the amounts varying, as each State and Territory has separate jurisdiction in the matter.

In 1888, the first year covered by the Interstate Commerce Commission reports, the aggregate net earnings of all the U.S. railways amounted to \$315,626,564, and the total of taxes

collected was \$25,435,229, or 8.06 per cent. In the year 1897 the net earnings had increased to \$369,565,009, and the taxes had increased to \$43,137,844, or 11.67 per cent. This seems to have been the high-water mark, as in 1900 the figures were:—Net earnings, \$525,616,303; taxes, \$48,332,273, or 9.19 per cent.

Notwithstanding the wide range of experience thus obtained, the question is by no means considered as settled. The annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30th, 1900, says:—

"The aggregate amount paid in taxes by the railways of the United States during the year covered by this report was \$48,332,273. The significance of this amount as a payment from the railways and as a receipt to Federal, State and local governments, as also the interest which centres in the general question of railway taxation, warrants a special study of this general question. As introductory to this study, which will continue from year to year, there is given below a statement showing taxes of railways, classified by States and Territories. Further analysis of this item of expenditure may be expected in subsequent reports."

The statement above referred to is given herewith.

The first column gives the amount of taxes (not assessment) paid per mile of railway, and the second column gives the total amount of taxes paid by the railways in the respective States and Territories:—

State.	Taxes per Mile.	Total Amount.
Alabama.....	\$ 184 28	\$ 721,339
Arkansas.....	120 71	356,250
California.....	247 99	1,317,021
Colorado.....	245 25	1,107,474
Connecticut.....	995 93	1,019,457
Delaware.....	228 71	78,202
Florida.....	113 67	342,553
Georgia.....	99 26	514,514
Idaho.....	216 82	269,344
Illinois.....	373 77	4,105,062
Indiana.....	402 69	2,540,382
Iowa.....	159 69	1,440,478
Kansas.....	255 03	2,221,441
Kentucky.....	240 27	711,157
Louisiana.....	285 64	646,549

Maine	\$ 126 76	\$ 235,868
Maryland	230 36	298,999
Massachusetts	1,411 93	2,951,665
Michigan	153 88	1,186,601
Minnesota	226 28	1,522,637
Mississippi	126 04	351,540
Missouri	174 90	1,169,778
Montana	111 93	335,353
Nebraska	198 86	1,125,121
Nevada	165 11	148,164
New Hampshire	314 98	375,570
New Jersey	722 87	1,578,157
New York	561 56	4,529,584
North Carolina	87 15	303,726
North Dakota	187 11	505,940
Ohio	393 79	2,633,477
Oregon	130 81	207,640
Pennsylvania	380 87	3,766,311
Rhode Island	843 47	175,770
South Carolina	141 25	386,059
South Dakota	72 17	202,579
Tennessee	288 01	834,760
Texas	103 58	1,004,257
Utah	174 65	247,802
Vermont	142 21	140,984
Virginia	176 95	648,872
Washington	173 97	473,156
West Virginia	230 51	440,012
Wisconsin	238 07	1,500,065
Wyoming	138 45	167,789
Arizona	137 08	187,902
District of Columbia	717 50	22,781
Indian Territory	10 86	14,308
New Mexico	124 63	217,736
Oklahoma	158 53	131,247

\$ 255 00 \$47,415,433

This summary does not include taxes paid to the United States Government, under the recent Internal Revenue Act, nor small amounts not apportioned by States. These two items amount to \$916,840, making the grand total \$48,332,273 as stated above.

These figures, ranging from \$10.68 in Indian Territory, to \$1,411.93 in Massachusetts, show a wide diversity in the rates of taxation. The laws which provide for the levy and collection of these taxes are also widely diversified in character.

In Connecticut, where the tax is \$995.93 per mile, the levy is 1 per cent. of the total capital stock, including funded and floating debt, and this taxation provides 40 per cent. of the entire State revenue.

In Wisconsin, where the tax is \$238.07 per mile, the levy is from 2½ to 4 per cent. of the gross earnings of the railways.

In Indiana, where the tax is \$402.69

per mile, all railway property is assessed at full value by a State Board of Tax Commissioners, and the average municipal rate of taxation is levied.

In New York, where the rate is \$561.56 per mile, the tax on each dollar of capital is at the rate of one quarter of a mill on each one per centum of dividends, where the dividend amounts to six per cent. or more, and one and one-half mills on each dollar of appraised capital where the dividend is less than six per cent., or where no dividend is declared, and an additional tax of one-half of one per cent. of the gross earnings on business originating and terminating in the State.

Here we have four entirely different modes of assessment and taxation, and if the various laws in force in the other States were examined, the diversity of methods would be shown to be still wider.

THE MOST EQUITABLE.

The Indiana plan of assessment on value would appear to be the most equitable, and is in force in several other States. The State of Michigan, which heretofore collected taxes on earnings, is making a change in its law so as to adopt this principle. The report of the Commissioner of Railroads in that State, in his report for 1901, says:—

“At the last session of the Legislature the question of railroad taxation was taken up, and a bill passed providing for the taxation of this property upon its value as determined by the Board of State Tax Commissioners, instead of upon the basis of income, as at present.”

Notwithstanding these many diversities, the people of the United States have made some progress in this matter, and receive an average of \$255 per mile in taxes from their railways, and the total amount of taxes represents three and one-half mills on the total railway capital of the country, or over three per cent. of the gross earnings and income of all the railways in the country.

TAXES IN CANADA.

As the two great Canadian railways, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific, own and operate lines in the United States as well as in Canada, a few examples as to how they are dealt with in the two countries as regards taxation will be interesting.

The Grand Trunk, with a system of 4,179 miles, operated in the States of Illinois, Indiana and Michigan to the west of Ontario, and in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine and New York in the east. It has already been shown that in Ontario, where the greater, and probably the most profitable part of the Grand Trunk system is situated, the rate of taxation is only \$50 per mile.

In Illinois, where the average railway tax is \$373 per mile, the Grand Trunk has twenty-five miles of line assessed at \$30,179 per mile, and bearing the same rate of taxation as other property in the State. The Grand Trunk assessment in Ontario is \$2,830 per mile.

In Indiana, where the the average tax is \$402 per mile, the Grand Trunk has eighty miles of road assessed at \$38,090 per mile, and paying the same rate of taxation as other property in the State. The eighty miles in Indiana is assessed at \$3,047,200, or almost half as much as the 2,653 miles in Ontario.

In Michigan, where the average rate is \$153 per mile, the Grand Trunk paid in taxes in 1901, on the 224 miles known as the Grand Trunk Western, the sum of \$113,691, or over \$507 per mile. Branch lines operated paid smaller amounts. The amount paid in Ontario on 2,653 miles was \$133,552, only \$19,861 more than was paid in Michigan on 224 miles, or just ten times as much in Michigan as in Ontario.

In the three States above mentioned, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan, the Grand Trunk paid in 1901 on 335 miles of road, the sum of \$551 per mile in taxes, a total of \$185,036, which is over \$50,000 more than the taxes on 2,653 miles in Ontario.

In Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, the Grand Trunk operates 172

miles of road, which pays \$49,100 in taxes, or \$285 per mile. An equal mileage in Ontario pays only \$8,600.

In New York the Grand Trunk operates a branch line of 22 miles, which pays \$2,985 in taxes, or \$131 per mile. Some of its branch lines in Ontario pay less than \$8 per mile.

That the assessment of the Grand Trunk in Indiana at \$38,090 per mile, is not objectionable to the owners, the following extract from the report of the Indiana State Board of Tax Commissioners for 1901 will show:—

“In the matter of the petition of the Grand Trunk Railway for a modification of its assessment as heretofore fixed by the Board, it is ordered, that the prayer of the petitioner be granted, and the assessment of the main track of said railway is fixed at \$34,000 per mile, the assessment otherwise to be and remain as heretofore fixed by the Board.”

The “assessment otherwise” was \$4,090 per mile on side-tracks and improvements, making the total assessment of the railway \$38,090 per mile.

According to the report of the U.S. Interstate Commerce Commission, for the year ending June 30th, 1900, the Canadian Pacific Railway owns the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie line in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, 1,300 miles, which pays \$241,809 in taxes, or \$186 per mile; and the same company owns 7,300 miles in Canada, which pays only \$142,222 in taxes, or \$19.45 per mile.

But there are other examples just as striking.

The St. Clair tunnel, under the St. Clair river, is the connecting link in the Grand Trunk system between Ontario and Michigan, with equal mileage on either side of the boundary line. The Ontario end of the tunnel pays \$753 in taxes, and the Michigan end pays \$6,362.

At Cornwall, a bridge across the St. Lawrence, connecting the Ontario and New York sections of the N.Y. and O. railway, furnishes another example. The New York end of the bridge is assessed at \$40,000, and pays taxes on

that amount; the Ontario end is neither assessed nor taxed. On the New York portion of the road the fare is two cents per mile; on the Ontario portion three cents. The New York end of the bridge received no Government aid; the Ontario end received \$125,000 from the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments.

The Grand Trunk line from Chicago to Portland, 1,138 miles in length, has 628 miles in Canadian territory, and 510 miles in the United States. The line is principally used for hauling to the seaboard food products for the European market, where they compete with the same products from Canada. The 510 miles in the States pay annually \$200,000 in taxes, or nearly \$400 per mile, while the 628 miles in Canada pay only \$31,400, or \$50 per mile. At the same time the rates charged for hauling the Canadian products are much higher than the rates charged on the U.S. products.

ABILITY TO PAY.

According to the Interstate Commerce Commission report, the net income of the U.S. railways per mile in 1900 was \$1,180, and according to the Statistical Year Book of Canada, the net income per mile of the Canadian railways of the same year was \$1,212. Therefore the ability of the Canadian railways to pay taxes is apparent.

The fact that railway property has, in common with other classes of property, the full benefit of all legislation for the purpose of protecting and safeguarding the rights of the owners, should be in itself sufficient reason why it should contribute its fair share to the cost of such benefits; but in Canada, if not elsewhere, there are numerous other reasons why railway property should pay equally with other property, and if any class of property is to bear more of the burden than others, it should be the railway property.

Legislation favourable to the railways, and inimical to other interests has been enacted, such as the right to expropriate land, immunity from the requirements of drainage laws, etc.

AID TO RAILWAYS.

A still greater reason exists in the fact that the people of Canada have given the 18,500 miles of railway in this country the enormous sum, in round numbers, of \$225,000,000 in cash subsidies, and 52 million acres of land. Estimating the land at \$2 per acre, the total amount is \$329,000,000, or almost \$18,000 per mile. Leaving out the 1,500 miles of Government railways, the subsidies amount to nearly \$19,000 per mile, which in many instances would have built the roads. Loans amounting to \$24,000,000, and subscriptions to shares of \$3,000,000, are not included in the above-mentioned subsidies. The cash subsidies of \$225,000,000 came from three sources, viz., from the Dominion Government \$174,000,000, from the Provincial Governments \$35,000,000, and from municipalities \$16,000,000. The cash subsidies, loans and subscriptions, which amount to \$252,000,000, almost equal the net national debt of Canada, on which the annual interest charge is over \$9,000,000. Including the land grants the total amount of railway aid is swelled to \$356,000,000, which is more than the gross national debt of Canada, and represents more than 35 per cent. of the whole railway capital of the country. In addition, some hundreds of miles of railway built by the Dominion Government were handed over to railway corporations free of charge.*The total amount of aid in vari-

* The grand total of the amount of aid given by the people of Canada to the 17,000 miles of railway owned by private corporations is as follows:—

Cash subsidies and bonuses.....	\$225,000,000
Loans and subscriptions.....	27,000,000
Land (at \$2 per acre).....	104,000,000
Lines already built.....	35,000,000

Total.....\$391,000,000

This means that the people of Canada have contributed the handsome sum of \$23,000 per mile to every railway now in operation in the Dominion. Large additional grants of both cash and land, recently voted by the Federal and Provincial Parliaments, have yet to be paid to lines now being constructed; and, according to present indications, millions more will soon be asked for.

ous ways which the people of Canada have given to railways would probably have built every mile of railway in the country.

On top of these immense subsidies, the railways of Canada are paid \$1,350,000 annually for carrying the mails. In this country the railways are receiving from the people \$10,000,000 per annum, and yet not sharing, with other classes of property, in the burdens of government, which are imposed for the benefit of all alike.

WHAT SHOULD BE PAID.

The total railway wealth of Canada represents a capital of \$1,043,000,000, and pays less than \$500,000 in taxes, or less than one-half of one mill on the dollar. If the railways merely paid a fair share of taxation on the capital donated to them by the people, the revenue from that source would amount to over \$6,000,000 annually.

If the Indiana law were in force in Canada the railways would pay in taxes at least \$7,600,000 annually.

If the Connecticut law were placed in operation in Canada the annual tax on the railways would be over \$10,000,000.

If the Wisconsin act were applied here the amount would be \$2,920,000.

If the railways here paid the average U.S. rate of \$255 per mile, the total would be \$4,845,000.

If the G.T.R. paid the same rate in taxes in Ontario as it did last year in Michigan, \$507 per mile, the total would be \$1,345,071, instead of the comparatively insignificant sum of \$134,624, which is now paid by that corporation. And besides, both passenger and freight rates are lower in Michigan than in Ontario.

OTHER DISCRIMINATIONS.

But even this does not complete the list of discriminating inequalities which exist between Ontario and Michigan. In Michigan the railways are operated under the control of a State Commissioner, and have to provide suitable cattle-guards at all crossings, maintain watchmen at town and village crossings, keep farm crossings in repair,

construct culverts across their tracks for public and private drains, and in other ways give due consideration to the welfare of the general public. In Ontario the public welfare is the last consideration—or rather, it is not taken into consideration at all. Level and dangerous crossings are left without cattle-guards or watchmen; drainage laws are a dead letter, and a railway can, and often does, block the drainage system of a whole township, while farmers have no rights in the matter; there are no regulations regarding speed and time of trains; cars are sometimes supplied when they are needed, and sometimes they are not; and the excessive rates are a burden on many lines of business.

The respective conditions which obtain in Ontario and Michigan will be found to exist generally in Canada and the United States, and the question may well be asked in respect to Canada:—"Does the country own the railways, or do the railways own the country?"

A PROBABLE IMPROVEMENT.

A bill to appoint a Provincial Board of Assessors to assess and tax railway and other similar property was introduced in the Ontario Legislature in 1902 by the writer. On the second reading of the Bill a request was made by the Premier that it be withdrawn, as the report of the Assessment Commission was expected to be laid before the House in a short time. The Bill was therefore withdrawn, and the report of the Assessment Commission, which was subsequently made, recommended as follows under the heading "Assessment of Railways:—"

"The land of steam railroads is at present assessed at the same value as other land in the neighbourhood. The report recommends that these assessments be made by the Provincial Board and raised gradually for ten years, when the actual value of land and improvements is to be the assessed value. This will be about six times the present assessed value throughout the Province."

The recommendation of the Commission, if carried out, would considerably improve matters, but why ten years should be required to bring the assessment of any class of property up to an equitable basis is difficult to understand. When the people once realize the real condition of affairs the

equalization will be brought about in a much shorter period.

The railway companies are not to blame for present conditions. The trouble is weak legislation, and the people have the remedy in their own hands.

THE INCORPORATION OF TRADES UNIONS

By Adam Shortt, Professor of Politics and Economics, Queen's University

ONE of the most important social consequences of our modern complex economic life, is the great and still growing dependence of increasing numbers of the community upon the organization of industry. But it is this organization, with the instruments and inventions which have made it possible, which more than anything else has enabled civilized countries to greatly raise the standard of living for the vast majority of their citizens, while actually reducing the hours of labour and the amount of physical work to be done. Evidently, then, what the whole of society comes to depend upon cannot be permitted to be put in jeopardy, much less indefinitely suspended, through the caprice of private or sectional interests, hitherto eluding responsibility.

In primitive society, when individuals developed disputes which could not be settled by word of mouth, they resorted, with little disturbance to social order, to that elemental strife which ultimately balances all forces in the physical world. Yet even at a very elementary stage in social evolution, this primitive warfare was regulated by certain rules of combat, or of blood-feud; thus plainly indicating that the safety of what little social machinery society then relied upon, was not to be endangered by domestic strife. As civilization advanced organized society restricted in greater and greater degree the right of conflict between its

members. At the same time it provided a continually improving substitute in the shape of a system of laws prescribing and defining rights, and courts with legal machinery for the safeguarding of these rights and the settling of disputes regarding them. The natural and necessary accompaniment of this progress has been the growth of responsibility on the part of both individuals and corporations. No society, therefore, which values its stability can afford to allow organizations to flourish within it whose actions are assumed to be beyond the law. Yet, in the course of their development, the modern trades unions have, in many respects, reached a condition under which, without admitting responsibility to the law, they undertake to make laws of their own which, both in themselves and in their method of enforcement, endanger the peace and welfare of society.

Few will refuse to acknowledge the many important economic and social reforms which, in part at least, have been brought about during the past century through the efforts of trades unions. Their methods, it is true, have never been altogether above reproach; but neither have those of their opponents. Yet of late years their increased power, their more questionable tactics, and the more complex interdependence of society, have combined to alter very materially the social significance of their actions, and to ob-

scure, if not sometimes quite to destroy, the benefits which they might very properly bestow.

Like the older craft guilds in their later stages, the trades unions have passed away from the condition of merely self-defensive associations for the protection of legitimate rights, and become powerful aggressive organizations bent upon conquest. Like ruthless invaders, regardless of anything but their ultimate object, they take forcible possession of whole provinces, wasting their substance and paralyzing their industry simply with a view to forcing concessions from a few of their more or less wealthy inhabitants. Unless, therefore, organized society is to tamely submit to such visitations at diminishing intervals, it must rise in defence of its own existence and say with firmness to the labour organizations: "Without pretending to pass premature judgment upon the merits of your claims, we must give you to understand that, whatever the merits of your case, you cannot be permitted to vindicate them by the methods of barbarism, which have been denied to all other bodies in the State. The State has appointed a complete system of civil government for the passing of laws, the defining and interpreting of rights and the settling of disputes, and by this system of rights and liberties you must abide; having always the freedom, shared by all citizens, to agitate, in a peaceable and constitutional manner, for the amendment of the laws where they are found to be capable of improvement."

The first step towards substituting a civilized for a barbarous method of settling labour disputes, is to insure that each party to the dispute shall be legally responsible for its actions, and therefore capable alike of claiming rights and of having rights claimed against it. Now all forms of capital are already subject to such laws as we have, while trades unions are not. But freedom from legal responsibility is too heavy a burden and too dangerous a liberty to be entrusted to any element in society. It is doubtful if

even the millionaires could sustain the position, at any rate the community seems wisely disinclined to subject them to such a fearful strain. Certainly the trades unions have not been able to stand the test. Having been able, hitherto, to elude legal obligations, the unions have undertaken to make rules and laws of their own, not only regardless of the laws of the State, but in many cases in defiance of them. They have deliberately undertaken, as part of their means of warfare against capital, to force society in general, by press-gang methods of suffering and loss, to take sides with them against the employers. Thus, quite beyond the limits of the interests immediately affected in any given dispute, the machinery of the boycott and the sympathetic strike are employed to force the community to side with the strikers as a simple matter of self-preservation, and utterly regardless of the merits of the dispute.

The officials of the unions, even when they have done their utmost to paralyze certain more or less indispensable lines of industry, loudly proclaim that they do not incite to law-breaking and violence. Though this is not always true, yet there is certainly not the least necessity for the strike leaders to actively and explicitly promote violence and crime. There is, on the contrary, owing to the methods adopted and the purposes in view, every necessity for the strongest exertion on their part to mitigate and repress the spontaneous tendency to violence and intimidation on the part of their followers and sympathizers. To do them justice, the great trades union leaders of recent years, and among them the greatest of all, Mr. Mitchell, have done much to minimize the violence and disorder inseparable from the forces which they have called into play. But even in the face of their acknowledged power and influence, the actual course of events during a strike proclaims the whole system and its methods to be utterly inconsistent with the very essentials of civilized society. As it operates at present, the system of

strikes as a method of vindicating right and attaining to justice is a cruel absurdity.

If labour honestly desires justice it cannot afford to follow a course essentially destructive of justice and allied with the enemies of law and order. If the trades unions themselves refuse to be made responsible to the courts for the due observance of their promises, and for the natural consequences of their actions and counsel, with what grace or consistency can they apply to the same courts to hold capital to its promises and obligations? Undoubtedly the first and longest step towards the vindication of the rights of society on the one hand, and the securing of a just and stable recognition of the rights of labour on the other, lies in the legal incorporation of trades unions. In assuming responsibility for their actions the unions will also attain to moderation and consistency, and thus gain public confidence and respect as the legitimate guardians of the rights and liberties of labour.

The widespread inconvenience and suffering throughout the most populous sections of the United States and Ca-

nada, owing to the late coal strike in Pennsylvania, and the decision lately rendered in the case of the Taff Vale Railway Co. against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants in Britain, have given special importance to this subject at the present time, and have drawn attention to the anomalous position which trades unions have occupied with reference to legal rights and obligations. Though the Taff Vale case is an important legal precedent, not only for Britain but for the United States and Canada, where, though different laws prevail, yet practically the same legal principles are accepted; still it would be much more satisfactory to have all doubts removed by the enactment of special measures requiring the legal incorporation of trades unions. At present the State of Massachusetts is leading the way in an effort to secure legislation to this end. Whatever may be said for or against compulsory arbitration in the case of labour disputes in special occupations, yet the putting of labour unions in general upon a legal basis would seem to be a first requisite, and should occupy the serious attention of our Canadian Government.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

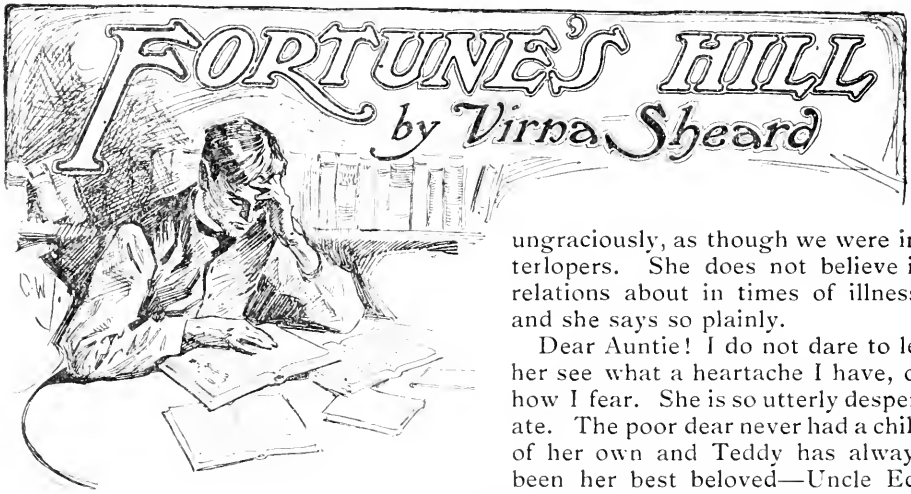
ADOWN the glass how swift the sand did speed,
 How very swift the sand that marked the hour,
 When Barbara stirred the sparkling mead
 That urged me to my solitary bower.

I held her hand, her one free hand, in mine,
 And all was sweet within that roseate hour,
 When Barbara poured the ruddy wine,
 And bade me seek my solitary bower.

But soon we learned to turn the wasted glass,
 For, man and wife, we spurned the fleeting hour,
 And drank of happiness, alas!
 It lived too short within our sacred bower.

Adown the glass how slow the sand doth speed,
 How very slow the sand that marks the hour,
 When I, no Barbara to prepare the mead,
 Go heart-sick to my solitary bower.

Newton MacTavish



CHAPTER XII--MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent.

IT is thirty-six hours since I came down to the drawing-room and found Mr. Trent waiting. At awful times, when people are battling with death, they count time by hours, not days nor nights.

We are here now, Aunt Marshall and I, in this house where Teddy boards. As Mr. Trent has kindly given up his room to us we shall stay till Ted is better, for we will not let ourselves think of any alternative.

There happened to be pen and paper on the table beside me and so I am writing. It is easier to write than to sit here and listen to the clock tick and to do nothing. Ted shall read this when he is convalescent—it may entertain him. It is Aunt Marshall's turn to sit with him now, for the nurse only lets us in one at a time, and then

ungraciously, as though we were interlopers. She does not believe in relations about in times of illness, and she says so plainly.

Dear Auntie! I do not dare to let her see what a heartache I have, or how I fear. She is so utterly desperate. The poor dear never had a child of her own and Teddy has always been her best beloved—Uncle Edward having lent him to her at times. I think if she had a son she could not love him better.

No one to see her now, tear-stained, blanced and trembling, would ever imagine she could be the unruffled, beautiful old lady they have known. She is usually so taken up with the thousand and one trifling little things of life—the airy nothings that make the hour's pleasure, and this has swept them all away.

Of course, Teddy will be all right—and I tell her so repeatedly, for the mere words comfort her, but, I wish—I wish he would come to himself. It is such an eternity since Mr. Trent brought us here. Then it was one o'clock at night, now it is one o'clock noon of the second day.

There has been a change, of a kind. He is still unconscious, but he is no longer quiet—and he talks. I think it is worse than the other.

He fancies he is on the way to the dissecting-room of the college, or else that he is in it looking—looking desperately for some book which he must find. "What a night!" he says; "what a night!—the sleet blinds one and the streets are pitch black. Something must have gone wrong with the lights. I counted on one at the corner."

Then he waits and tosses for a while and goes on in a half-whisper: "There are only three matches left. Hark!

what was that? Nothing—nothing—nothing. Don't be a fool. They make no noise—they make no noise—nor stir—no matter what we do to them. It always seems pitiful. By heaven, I wish I could find that book! On the last table by the new Sub., he said. No, it isn't. Here goes the last. Why can't it light? There are pleasanter places to be—in the dark. I'm at the steps—above the trap-door of the vat, the vat where Jimsy says 'the dead are always in good spirits.'"

Then he laughs, dreadfully, and starts again.

"I can't find it—I can't. Mallon may not have left it. If I thought that—but no—no fellow could be so contemptible—that's more than a joke. This is the last table. To go back without it is to write myself down a coward. They'll all think so—all but Trent. I know the look on their faces. That was his hand I touched—it moved—no, no, they don't move—it swung—it only swung."

We have been listening to it for hours. Uncle Edward and Dolly are travelling and we cannot reach them by telegraph, though Mr. Trent has tried over and over again.

Dr. Bennett and the nurse let him come into the room whenever he likes, as though he belonged there. Now and then I meet his eyes across the bed where Teddy is, and they have that same look in them I saw upon the day of the great storm, when I thought it might be the reflection of the lightning. A strange look it is, and I somewhat fear it.

I do not understand David Trent, yet I know he feels now the way we do. He is not an outsider. Aunt Marshall accepts his presence without question or comment, and turns to him for every service, yet I fancy she does not quite know who he is.

Dr. Bennett told us that Mr. Trent found Teddy in one of the college

buildings, where he had in some way fallen and been hurt—no one as yet knows how—and because he dared not leave him alone and go for help, he carried him back here.

Dr. Bennett says he does not understand how Mr. Trent did it, but to me it is not strange. I think he would do anything he made up his mind to do. Still—through the storm, and it was an awful night, and with the dead weight—what it must have been!

Afterwards he came to tell Aunt Marshall. I hardly think he expected to see me.

I shall never forget how he looked. His face was white and lined as though he were old, and it was wet, and his hair. The snow had melted across his great shoulders and left a black line on his gray coat.

He did not say anything for a moment—perhaps it was hard to find the words. Then he told me why he had come.

It seemed at first almost joyful news, for at least he said Teddy was alive—and Jenkins had come up to us with the message that young Mr. Darryl had been *killed*, which is as near the true rendering of a message as Jenkins ever gets.

On second thoughts, I do not think I will give this to Ted to read when he is on the mend. It is hardly of a nature to entertain a convalescent.

Dr. Bennett has just come in and given me his first word of hope. I told him I thought from the first my cousin would get better. He only smiled in his wise way, and said a woman thinks a thing is true if she wishes it to be so.

Dear Ted! The sunny heart of him—and the flashlight smile—who could think of death as coming to him? It is so dreadful for the young to die, yet Aunt Marshall says we who are young do not know how beautiful a thing youth is. It is only the old who understand that.

CHAPTER XIII.—TERRY DARRYL REFLECTS

A FELLOW learns a lot of things at a Medical College besides medicine; a lot of promiscuous things, in fact, and the knowledge of them is forced upon him gratuitously.

No matter how dense he may be, or how unobservant, it is impossible for him not to pick up a few new points about human nature, for instance, enough to enable him after a time to discriminate with more or less nicety between the men who are "square" and those who are not.

Now that they have me propped up this way, and the beastly throbbing has gone out of my head, I have been thinking a good deal about the fool's errand Mallon sent me on.

There is no slightest use in thinking about it of course—it will mend nothing—but thoughts are not bound by law or reason, and mine will persist in revolving in a circle which brings me back to that point unpleasantly often.

Trent says the text-book was not left in the dissecting room. He went back before sunrise and settled all question of it to his own satisfaction. In other words, it was a put-up game and they intended me to come back without it. There's the rub.

It looks such a trifle. Simply a practical joke no greater than many another chap has had played upon him and had taken with a good grace perforce because he must. Yet with me it went farther. My failure to bring back Mallon's text-book meant that I would be branded before the school as a coward.

Not a single man after hearing the story would believe I ever entered the dissecting room. Thanks to Trent that point is settled, though I am still in a bad enough case.

Personally, I have not been able to decide whether it was fear that made me faint that night, for I certainly fainted and fell in the dark, or whether it was some other and more excusable feeling but one impossible to define a horror of being near those mutilated bodies, an unspeakable shrinking from

sight of them. The evidences, I fancy, are rather strong against me, but, perhaps, a few of the fellows will give me the benefit of the doubt.

Aunt Marshall does not seem to mind the trouble I'm giving, though I've about upset the whole establishment.

Jenkins tells me that for several days they tan-barked the road and muffled all the house bells, things I have hitherto thought were only done out of consideration for suffering royalty.

Through it all, though, Aunt Marshall has been simply an angel. Not that she outwardly resembles one, as she is most substantial; and according to an ingrained belief kept over from the period of infancy, an angel is to me a being of pinkish transparency with a tendency to float. Still, in all heaven-born characteristics I know they are the same.

My beautiful Cousin Margaret helps me through some of the worst hours. Trent comes up every little while; Jimsy drops in pretty well every day, and Aunt Marshall flutters about at all times and seasons like an uneasy butterfly—not that she is really in the least like a butterfly except as regards her unsettled state of mind and general restlessness.

Nowadays she can never gaze at me for long without having her sweet old eyes, that always remind one of violets a bit wilted, slowly fill up with tears, and it makes a fellow feel uncommonly queer. Probably I do resemble a wreck.

In any case they are all awfully good, but the truth is, I am tired to death of being cooped up here. Day after day goes by, and while I do not actually lose ground I do not seem to gain an inch.

Visibly there is nothing the matter, except with one leg, and that obstinately and utterly refuses to do what is expected of it. Bennett doesn't say "paralyzed." He doesn't need to. After all, I learned a little at the lectures and now have a chance to apply it practically.

It feels—the leg I mean—as though it belonged to a mummy who had been embalmed a few thousand years, which is a sort of paradox as it is without feeling. I have always thought that we were made with an unnecessary number of nerves, but one is forced to admit that a few are all right. A total lack of sensation is about as objectionable as too much. It is such a bother to have to look at your foot to make sure that it is still there.

And then the spring Exams. Unless things take a turn, this totally knocks me out as regards them. There won't be a chance to catch up.

Trent and the Governor will be disappointed.

I asked Trent the other day whether he had met Mallon lately, and he said he had. His voice took the non-committal tone which is peculiar to it when there is more behind the words than will be easily discovered, and his face was an absolute mask.

I have wondered a great deal as to just what happened at that meeting.

Jimsey told us to-day that Mallon is expelled for a combination of reasons, but that he left town some time ago, and without giving the Faculty the pleasure of informing him he was off the roll. Jimsey says nobody knows just where he went or why.

Some way I think Trent does, but—with Kipling's permission—that would be another story.

A while ago I discovered that Trent is in love with Margaret. There isn't a doubt about it, though I found out by chance.

I used to have a photograph of Margaret on my table at Mrs. Tupper's. It was one of those pictures that follow you around with their eyes, and it was no end lovely. Well, this picture disappeared, and as I naturally thought some of Mallon's crowd had taken it, I went for them accordingly, while to a man they denied it point-blank. Then, a few days afterwards, I turned into Trent's room and found him standing with the missing picture in his hand. His face had the hard, set look it gets at times—if it expressed any-

thing it was a grim determination that was half defiance. I don't think he meant it for me, of course; it was more a look, to my mind, as though the spirit of him, or some hidden force in him, was for the moment challenging Fate. "I beg your pardon, Darryl," he said; "I fear you blamed one of the other fellows for taking this. I didn't mean to keep it, but, as you see, I have it. It is my first theft."

"Oh! that's all right, Trent," I said, laughing. "Don't apologize. I'll even lend it to you if you admire it. You are different from the rest, don't you know. Anyway, it's only a picture."

"Thanks," he said, holding it towards me. "Yes, I am somewhat different perhaps, and it *is* only a picture—but you'd better take it."

So I did. Still, it was easy to see how the wind blew after that.

Occasionally they meet here. He comes in at odd hours when Margaret is reading or fussing over the flowers or putting in the time the way girls do, and anyone might be able to tell how things are with him, though, perhaps she does not know. It is the outsider after all who sees the best part of the game.

If I say nothing, and Margaret fails to find out for herself, I hardly think she will ever know.

That close shut mouth of his will keep its own secrets, unless he is taken off guard or tempted too far some day.

If I thought Margaret cared for him I would tell her what I know like a shot, and let things take their course, in spite of the Governor. But it might not do. I keep on forgetting Trent's social position, or rather his lack of it, while the Governor, Aunt Marshall and the rest never would.

By Jove! it's too bad. They would simply ticket him "*Impossible*"; and Trent understands.

The lights are flickering out in the windows across the way, so it must be nearly six o'clock. Yes, there go the bells. How many who have been working hard will be glad to hear

them, and be thankful to rest, while I am tired of keeping still.

Lectures are done at the College and the men are tramping home. A jolly devil-may-care lot. I envy them. I find myself envying everything that

can walk, even Sprite, Aunt Marshall's pet pug, who is built like a cube and moves unwillingly and as doth the snail. At least she *can* move if she wants to.



CHAPTER XIV.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

IT is one thing to entertain a man when he is well, and quite another to amuse him when he is not. The woman who can do so successfully is like Kipling's sailor, "a person of infinite-resource-and-sagacity."

Aunt Marshall tells us in her frequent reminiscences of Uncle Marshall—whom we do not recollect—that when he was just a trifle ill, it took all her Christian fortitude to put up with his whims, but at those various times that he went, as she elegantly expresses it, "to the portals of death," he was angelic.

We have heard from other sources, Ted and I, that our Uncle Marshall of happy memory—who, by the way, spent years of his life in India and brought home the usual complexion and ills—was an irascible, violently hot-tempered old gentleman, who led the people around him a life. The kind of old gentleman whose absence makes the heart grow fonder, and to whom distance indeed lends enchantment. The family agree that Aunt Marshall should be canonized for having so cheerfully endured his idiosyncrasies. Therefore, when she referred to him the other morning as having been at times "angelic" Teddy murmured, "when the devil was sick the devil a saint would be," and he winked at me quite one of his old winks, which was delightful to see. Providentially Aunt Marshall did not hear what he said, as on that subject she is unduly sensitive.

Teddy is better at last; even a great deal better. Dr. Bennett thinks he may soon walk without crutches, though he holds out no hope but that he will always be a little lame. One side, he fears, will never entirely recover its

strength. His case has puzzled the doctors, and they regard it as exceptional. But then one is always hearing of "exceptional cases," for so few people will be considerate enough to follow the general rules. The surprises that physicians are constantly experiencing should make the profession intensely interesting.

As regards my cousin, and all this that has happened, the complications are more than unusual—they are in a certain way dreadful—almost unbelievable.

Aunt Marshall told me lately a strange story. She said that a few months before Teddy was born his mother was on a railroad train coming down from London, when there was an accident—one of the horrible kind we just glance at in the papers but never have courage to read. She herself escaped injury, but the shock was so great, the terror and agony of mind caused by all she saw so clung to her, that she never was very strong afterwards.

It may be, therefore, that the shrinking Teddy has from all things connected with surgery is born in him. Aunt Marshall blames herself for not having thought of this before, as she might have used her influence with Uncle Edward and prevented much unhappiness. But I tell her she should not fret over it, for very possibly Uncle Edward would have carried out his plans just the same. He has a tenacity of purpose that is appalling. "An Englishman," he says, "*never*—having once convinced himself he is *right*—*relinquishes his point!*" In Teddy's case I suppose he convinced himself he was right.

And so I have been thinking about all these things. Of course, we cannot remotely understand them, but at the least it brings us to the belief with the Danish Prince, "that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Aunt Marshall very wisely told Ted the pitiful story of that long-past accident which has shadowed his life. Till it was finished he sat still looking out of the window. We all know that he is her sole heir and will eventually inherit Uncle Marshall's money. As Uncle Marshall was a kind of Indian nabob there is a good deal, but Ted never takes the prospect seriously.

"I see nothing for it," he answered, "but to finish the course. I must do *some* work, and it's too late to start at anything else." Then, with a short laugh, "I'll have to make a bluff and beat nature at her own game, don't you know."

"But, dear," Auntie replied, "but can you?"

"I think I can," he said. "So don't trouble over me any more. I think I've given my nerves their last innings. I won't faint again through fear."

"Not fear! dear heart," she cried softly, taking his hand, "do not say *fear*."

"It was a thing without a name, then, a thing none of the other fellows understand, except Trent," he answered, "but it shall not overtake me again, I swear."

His eyes had the same steady look that David Trent's so often wear, Aunt Marshall says, as though he had fought a battle with himself and won.

Uncle Edward and Dolly are in England and we are to join them about the end of May.

Ted will not hear of leaving until after convocation. The examinations are over in Medicine, but the results are not out yet, and he is absurdly anxious to hear whether Mr. Trent has taken either of the gold medals. One is given by the School and one by the University, so a student has a chance for both.

I hardly think Mr. Trent gives the

matter a thought. That he works for something beyond the medals is apparent.

He came in for a few moments yesterday evening before starting for Grandville to see his father, who has been ill. He goes home often, but whenever I ask him anything regarding his father he answers in the most unsatisfactory way. A chilling, discouraging sort of way that makes it difficult for me to return to the subject again. I cannot make him talk of himself or of his own affairs at all, and in this also he is distinctly different from other men I know. As a rule I find that they themselves are their most cherished conversational topic.

Mr. Trent can be very entertaining though when the subject is not a personal one. He has an unusual way of saying a great deal in a few words. Mr. Jimsy and Ted are forever quoting him and giving us what they call "Trent's compressed sentences."

One evening last week Mr. Trent dined with us at Aunt Marshall's particular request.

Aunt Marshall says he is the type of man who is distinctly at his best in evening clothes. She maintains that they always accentuate a man. He either looks well in them or he does *not*.

We feel we can never repay Mr. Trent for all his goodness when Teddy was hurt. He is such a difficult person to repay in any way that I think we will have to remain under obligation to him forever with the best grace possible.

Aunt Marshall has taken an unusual fancy to David Trent, accepting him almost affectionately as a friend of Ted's. But it was only the other evening at dinner she learned exactly who he was and that he came from Grandville.

He happened to say that he was going home during the week, and she looked across at him with an expression of mild curiosity and said smilingly:

"Really, I do not believe I quite know where your home is, Mr. Trent?"

"No?" he answered. "I live at Grandville."

"At Grandville?" she exclaimed. "Why then I must know your people. I know everybody there, yet I do not remember—"

"Very possibly not," he said, "you would hardly remember. There is but my father. He is a blacksmith." His voice was cool and smooth, and a little smile set about his lips, as though he were amused at the effect his words would have.

They certainly took effect, for Jenkins dropped a cover he was moving and Aunt Marshall entirely lost her pink colour for the moment. Then she rallied.

"Indeed, it is quite likely I have met him," she said warmly, "though I cannot place his name just now. But, alas! my memory for names is proverbially unreliable. There is one thing though, your father is a lucky man to have such a son, and so I shall tell him some day."

David Trent bowed gravely in acknowledgment of the pretty, impulsive speech, and in a way I think it touched him.

"You are most kind to say so," he returned.

Then Teddy rattled on with his extravagant nonsense, which is most useful to fill any conversational break, and the subject ended.

Strange to say Aunt Marshall did not take it up later, though we watched for it.

I noticed, however, that Jenkins appeared to be mentally unbalanced for several days afterwards. In fact, his equilibrium was not perfectly restored till a certain pink luncheon following this when Aunt Marshall entertained a few quite important people, amongst them a recently made knight and his lady, all of whom Jenkins served with much outward complacency and inward humility.

For myself, I am beginning to feel

like an outsider, one who has turned against the ancient traditions of her race. While far from possessing the rebellious spirit of the American revolutionist, I yet have sympathy with them in the signing of the Declaration of Independence if it meant in the very heart and soul of it that men might start life equally, unweighed by the conditions of their fathers' social position. For why *should* a man be handicapped by what has gone before, provided he be strong of body and soul and able to fight his own way?

Undoubtedly everyone must believe in *race*, for the outcome of it is seen every day the world over. We all, I suppose, bear a "hall mark" of one kind or another. Still in every class there are families who have lived for years fine and honest lives, guarding what was best, beating down what was worst in them, and some of these people have been toilers on the sea and land, have never lived softly or easily, but have developed all the strength that was in them by battling against difficulties and dangers. It seems to me that it is to just such a people we should look for the "flower of the country"—the men who "do things."

These thoughts persistently come into my mind against my will, and I know it is all because of David Trent. Teddy and I agree that he compels one's admiration, but there are times when I sincerely wish I had never met him, for, after all, what can we possibly have in common?

Teddy is calling me in a most emphatic way. He is coming down the stairs, so it really must be something important this time. Here he is frantically waving a paper:—"Write it down, Margaret!" he is saying; "set it in black and white! it's stunning good news—just listen to this, will you? Old Trent has broken the record, distanced them every man. He's a double gold medallist! By George! a *double* gold medallist!"

THE SWARTZ DIAMOND*

By E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin"

THE Boer puzzled us. It was not because he loomed so big in the haze against the sunset; but he seemed at a mile's distance to detect us. We thought the cover perfect, for the hackthorn tops were higher than our horses' heads. If he from so far could see patches of khaki through bushes, his eyes must be better than our field-glasses. If he did not see us why did he wave his hat as in salutation?

"Maybe he only suspect one patrol at de ford. Vat you t'ink, Sergeant McTavish?" said Lieutenant Deschamps to me.

"Perhaps he thinks some of his own kind may hold the ford," I suggested.

The others said nothing. They were fifteen French Canadians, including Corporal Jongers. We lay still behind our prone horses, and kept our Krag on the Boer.

He seemed to diminish as he advanced slowly from the mirage, but still he looked uncommonly big—and venerable, too. His hair and beard grew long and white, though he sat up as alert as any man. At ten yards a pack-pony followed him. When half-a-mile away the burgher raised both hands above his head.

"He come for surrender, you t'ink, sergeant?" Lieutenant Deschamps is a gentleman. Because I was of another race he always treated me with more than the consideration due to a good non-com. Or possibly it was because he knew I had been advocate in Montreal before joining the mounted Canadian contingent.

"Better keep down and keep him covered," I replied. "That may be a signal." I stared about the horizon. The veldt was bare, except for the straggle of hackthorns fringing the

curve about the ford. There could be no other Boer within three miles of us, unless hidden by the meanderings of the Wolwe, which runs twelve feet below the plain. But we had searched ten miles of its bed during the day. Westward lay the kopjes from among which the old Boer had apparently ridden.

He came calmly down the breach of the opposite bank and as far as the middle of the brawling shallow within fifty yards of us before Deschamps cried "Halt!" At the word we sprang up, accoutrements rattling, horses snorting. The old burgher looked up at us quizzically, passing his hand down his beard and gathering its length above his mouth before he spoke.

"Take care some of those guns don't go off," he said, with no trace of Dutch accent.

"You surrender?" Deschamps stepped forward.

"Sir, I am going to Swartzdorp. Did you not see me hold up my hands?"

"But for sure you could not see us here?"

He smiled and pointed up to the sky. In the blue a vulture swung wide above us. "So I knew," said the burgher, "Khakis were hiding. Boers would have come out. They would have recognized me."

"Your name?"

"Emanuel Swartz."

"*Bon!* The great landowner! I have much pleasure to see you. Come in, monsieur. Eef only you brought in your commando, how glad!"

"They may come yet," he said. "It depends." He shook his rein, and the big bay brought him up the breach into the midst of us. The pack-pony, which had imitated his halt, followed.

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"You will not stop me. I have private business at Swartzdorp," he said.

"Truly I regret," said Deschamps. "But my orders! Here you must stay, monsieur, this night. To-morrow General Pole. He will be most glad to parole you, I have hope."

"Oh, very well, lieutenant," said Swartz, philosophically. "I dare say he won't send me to St. Helena." He dismounted, leaving his Mauser strapped to his saddle. Then he handed me his bandoleer. "I make you welcome to my pack also," he said hospitably. "There's some biltong and meal. Perhaps it will improve your fare."

"It will be poor stuff if it doesn't," I told him.

"You give your parole, sir?" asked Deschamps.

"For the night, yes. I will not try to escape."

His cordial, easy accents came with a certain surprising effect from one who was so unkempt and, in spite of his years, so formidable. I had never before seen one of the great Boer landowners. In his manner one could perceive, if not a certain condescension, at least the elevated kindness of a patriarchal gentleman accustomed to warm by affability the hearts of many descendants and dependents. About Swartzdorp we had heard much of his English mother, his English wife and his lifelong friendship with English officers and gentlemen. It did not seem surprising that he should have come in voluntarily now that Bloemfontein and Pretoria were in Lord Roberts' hands.

It was cold for us in khaki that evening by the Wolwe, though we did not lack overcoats. The spruit tinkled icily along patches of gravel in the blue clay, and late June's high moon seemed pouring down a Canadian wintriness. "No fire," ordered Deschamps, lest far-sighted Boer parties, skilled in surprises, might locate us. But the old burgher showed how to make small glowing heaps of dry offal, which had been plentifully left of old by troops

of deer and antelope coming to drink at the spruit. Over one of these tiny smokeless fires our lieutenant sat with the prisoner. I think I see again the reflections of the little flame flickering on the old giant's enormous beard and shapely outspread hands.

We had supped heavily on his meat and meal, but sleep in that nipping air came by dozes only, and drowsiness departed when digestion had relieved repletion. At midnight, when the vedettes were changed and the moon sagged low, we all were more wakeful than early in the evening. There had been little talk, and that in the low voices of endurance, but now Deschamps and Swartz fell into discourse about the Kimberley mines. This led to discussing the greater diamonds of South Africa, and so on till the burgher began a story stranger than fiction:

"One of the biggest stones ever taken from blue clay is still uncut. It has never been offered for sale. Near this very place it was found by Vassell Swartz, my cousin. The man is not rich even for a Free State burgher. He is fond of money. He believes his diamond to be worth twelve thousand pounds. No man could wish harder to sell anything. And yet he has not offered it. He has not even shown it. His wife has not seen it. He has had it constantly near him for eleven years. He has handled it frequently—in its setting. But he has not ventured to look at it since the morning after he found it. You wonder at that. Is it possible a rough diamond can shine so bright as dangerously to dazzle the eyes? No; Vassell would be glad to stare at it all day. But its setting prevents him. And yet he set it himself."

The old burgher paused and looked about on our puzzled faces with some air of satisfaction at their interest.

"It is quite a riddle," said Deschamps.

"So it is. And I will make it harder. You have been told that we Boers think nothing of killing Kaffirs? But all Swartzdorp could tell you that my cousin Vassell could scarcely bear to

let a Kaffir out of his sight. That is mysterious? Well, I will not go on talking in parables. I will tell you the thing just as I heard it from Vassell or know about it myself.

"Eleven years ago Vassell and his brother, my cousin Claas, went off as usual to Makori's country beyond the Limpopo, elephant-hunting. Ivory was so plenty that they trekked back a month earlier than they had expected. On the return Vassell's riding horse fell lame not long after crossing this very Wolwe spruit by a higher ford. My cousin gave the beast no rest till evening, and no attention until after they had made a laager against lions and had eaten supper. Then he took a brand from the fire and looked into the hoof. In it he found a whitish stone of about the bigness of an elephant-bullet of six to the pound. It was of the colour of alum, and in the torchlight it glistened as the scale of a fish.

"Vassell had never seen a rough diamond. And he had heard of diamonds as brighter than glittering glass. He thought only that the pebble was a pretty stone. The man's heart was soft with nearing his wife and children, so he slipped the pebble into his empty elephant-bullet pouch, thinking to give it for a toy to his little Anna. There it lay forgotten until his fingers went groping for a bullet at the next day-break. Kaffirs were then trying to rush my cousins' laager.

"Wild Kaffirs these were, driven from Kimberley for unruliness in drink. They were going back to their tribe; they had come far without food, and they smelled the meat and meal in the wagons—so Matakkit afterward told. But no hunger could have driven them against a Boer laager. They mistook the wagons for the wagons of Englishmen."

The French Canadians smiled unoffended, but my jaws snapped. Swartz turned to me courteously:

"They mistook the wagons for those of English traders unskilled in arms and trekking provisions to the mines. Though their first rush showed them

their mistake, they went mad over their losses and came on twice more. Then they guessed from the way my cousins reserved their fire, that their ammunition was low. So Matakkit howled them on for a fourth rush.

"My cousins and their six Christian Kaffirs were now in alarm, for their cartridges were nearly all gone. It was then that Vassell's fingers groped in his elephant-bullet pouch, where he felt something rounding out the leather. That was the forgotten pebble. But its bigness was too great for the muzzle-loading elephant rifle. So my cousin rammed it into the wide-mouthed, old-fashioned *roer*, a blunderbuss that our fathers' fathers praised because it frightened Kaffirs more than it hurt them. In justice to the *roer* it should have been loaded with a handful of slugs. But with only powder and the pebble it made such flash and noise that all the living wild blacks, but one, ran away howling. The one that fell before Vassell's pebble was the biggest of all, and their leader. There he lay kicking and bellowing like a buffalo bull, ten yards from the wagons.

"'While he bawled we knelt in the laager,' Vassell told me, 'and we offered up thanks for this our deliverance, even like unto the deliverance of David by the pebble of the brook.'

"Then they ate breakfast while their Kaffirs unspanned, and still the wild one roared.

"'It would be merciful, brother Vassell,' said Claas, as they drank coffee, 'to put the Lord's creature out of his pain.'

"'Nay,' said Vassell; 'my conscience will not consent to what Free State law might call murder. And, moreover, the Kaffir's pain is a plain judgment of the Almighty.' Vassell is a dopper, like Oom Paul, and a dopper is quick to see the Almighty operating through himself. So they left the black thief gnashing, with five more who lay still, meat for vultures' beaks or lions' jaws.

"In four or five hours time my cousins were nigh to Truter's drift on

the Modder. There they saw two Englishmen and one Israelite digging into the blue-clay shoal.

"'Good day,' shouts Claas, 'What are you digging for?'"

"'Diamonds, Dutchman, d—n you,' said the Englishman, laughing."

"They came out of the river-bed and showed my cousins four rough stones which they had found elsewhere."

"Vassell looked closely at the stones. Then he knew that his pebble had been a great gem. He put innocent, simple dopper questions about the value of diamonds. And the Israelite said that a first-rate stone of the bigness of more than an elephant-bullet would be worth from twelve to twenty thousand pounds. Vassell felt that Israelite's eyes piercing him, and so he gave no more sign of excitement than a skull. But he was wondering if the grandfathers' old roer had sent the pebble through the Kaffir, which seemed unlikely."

"My cousins traded the flesh of a springbok for cartridges, and the English went away up the spruit, while Claas got ready to cross at Truter's. But Vassell made delay; he said that hunger was rummaging his inside."

"'And that was the truth Emanuel,' he told me later, 'for we had trekked since dawn. But it is not always needful to tell all the truth. Was I to arouse in Claas a greedy desire to share in the diamond? True,' said Vassell, 'we had agreed to share and share alike in the hunt, but the stone was not ivory skin, nor meat, and I alone found it. We are commanded to agree with our adversary "in the way with him." And by halting in that place for the boiling of coffee there would be time to pray for direction. If the Almighty would have us trek back to the wounded Kaffir, it would be wise to turn before crossing at Truter's.'"

"Of course my cousin Claas, when he heard of Vassell's hunger felt hungry too, and the Kaffirs were told to prepare the meal. Meantime Vassell took his Bible from the waggon-

box and fell on his knees. He expected the Lord would order him back to the Wolwe, and so it happened. But to induce Claas to obey the Lord's direction without understanding the whole thing was the trouble."

"Like an inspiration a familiar text came to Vassell's mind. 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.' He showed this to Claas as his reason for turning about. The text had a new meaning for Vassell. I tell you again he felt that he had been inspired to remember it. You have to bear that in mind, or you will not rightly understand how his brain was afterward affected."

"'But it would be foolishness to apply the text to a wild Kaffir four hours' trek back,' said Claas."

"'Nay, not if the Kaffir be subdued,' said Vassell."

"'He is more than subdued; he is dead,' said Claas."

"'Nay, he may not yet have perished,' said Vassell. But he felt sure the black was dead. And he felt equally sure he had been inspired to understand that he himself should obtain mercy in the shape of the diamond if he returned even as the good Samaritan to the Kaffir fallen by the way. Still Claas was stiff-necked, until Vassell opened the book at Jeremiah iii. 12: 'Return, . . . for I am merciful, saith the Lord.' He handed it to Claas without a word."

"Claas naturally supposed that Vassell had opened the Bible at random, as the doppers often do when they are seeking direction. And hence Claas saw in this text a clear leading back to the Wolwe. Yet he wished to rest and smoke tobacco for a long hour after eating. But Vassell was greatly inspired with texts that day. He pointed to I Samuel xx. 38: 'Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not.' Then he fell into such a groaning and sighing about it that Claas could not smoke in peace."

"Anything is better than your rumblings, said Claas, and so they hastened on the backward course. 'For,' as Vassell told me, 'I was in deep tribu-

lation of fear lest the vultures might gulp down the diamond or some beak strike it afar.'"

Here the huge old burgher sat up straighter and paused so unexpectedly that his sudden silence was startling. I imagined he listened to something far off in the stillness of the waning moon. Lieutenant Deschamps and the French Canadians sat indifferent, but I sprang up and put hands to my ears. Nothing could I hear but the occasional stamping of our horses, the walking hoofs of our vedettes by the river's bend, and the clinking of swift water over gravel.

"Did you hear something strange?" the patriarch asked me.

"Did you?" I asked.

"Is it likely that a great-grandfather's ears can hear better than a young man's?" he asked courteously.

"But you stopped to listen," I replied.

Then he shamed me by saying gently: "An old voice may need a little rest. But now I will go on:

"My cousins trekked back as fast as their oxen could walk. They found the Kaffir still squirming and covering his eyes from the vultures. This went to Vassell's heart. He could not cut the diamond out of the living. And perhaps it was not in the man. Vassell drove away the vultures and examined the wound. Then his heart was lifted up exceedingly, for, as he told me, 'fear had been heavy in me lest the diamond had gone clear through the Kaffir and been lost on the veldt. But now my fingers felt it under the flesh of his back. An inch more had sent it through. And it seemed so sure the pagan must die before morning that my conscience was clear against extracting the stone in haste.'

"This Wolwe Veldt was then Lion Veldt, and Vassell thought it prudent to carry the Kaffir into the night-laager, for lions bolt big chunks, and the diamond might be in one of them. Claas consented, and so the tame Kaffirs lugged the wild one into one of

the ivory-waggon, and left him to die at his leisure.

"Late in the night, Vassell wakened by Claas snoring, felt a strong temptation. He might get up and knife out the stone unseen. 'But I put the temptation away,' he told me, 'for my movement might waken Claas, or the Kaffir might kick or groan under the knife, and my brother might spy on me. So I mercifully awaited the hour when the Lord would let the diamond come into my hands without Claas suspecting anything. Besides, it was against my conscience to cut the Kaffir up warm when it seemed so sure he would be cold before morning.'

"But next morning the Kaffir was neither dead nor alive. And my cousins were keen to see their wives and children. They must trek on. But Vassell could not leave the diamond. 'And to end the Kaffir's life was,' he told me, 'more than ever against my conscience. That first text, 'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy,' kept coming back into my mind. It scared me. It seemed to mean I should have the diamond to myself only if I spared the Kaffir. If I killed him Claas might see me extract the stone and claim half. Moreover, I felt sure the jolting of the waggon would end the pagan soon.'

"So they trekked. When they outspanned at Swartzdorp, two days later, the Kaffir was more alive than on the first day. No reward yet for conscientious Vassell! He stayed only a day with his wife, and then trekked for Bloemfontein with the Kaffir in his horse-waggon. Claas stayed at Swartzdorp. And all at Swartzdorp thought Vassell had gone crazy about the black.

"I was then residing in Bloemfontein, attending a meeting of the Raad. There I saw Vassell gaping at me in the marketplace. Never before had I seen trouble in the man's face. When he told me he had brought a hurt Kaffir all the miles from Swartzdorp I felt sure the man was mad.

"'It may be the Kaffir saved your life from lions?' I asked him.

"'Nay; I saved his life,' he groaned. 'For we are commanded to do good unto our enemies. And, moreover, this is the Kaffir I fired it into.'

"'Fired what?' I asked, not then knowing a word of it all.

"'Emanuel,' he said, 'my soul is deep in trouble, and surely God has sent you to counsel me. He commanded me to bring the Kaffir here. The text he put into my mind will not go out out of my mind. I dream of it each night, and I dream of the Kaffir with it, so it must mean him. And to be merciful that I may obtain the promised mercy I have brought him to the hospital.'

"'What does this rant mean? Put it in plain Taal,' I said.

"'Vassell looked all about the marketplace, tiptoed his lips to my ear, and whispered, 'Come into my horse-waggon.'

"'I climbed up in front under the cover, and then heard breathing behind the seat. There lay the Kaffir. I turned on Vassell with 'You said you brought him to the hospital.'

"'I am afraid to take him there.'

"'Afraid they will require you to pay?'

"'Nay, that is not the trouble. I will reveal all to you.'

"'Then he whispered to me all that I have told you, my friends.

"'It was borne in on me,' Vassell said, 'that the surgeons would cut out the diamond to save the Kaffir's life, and thus I should obtain the mercy. But now I am in fear they will not let me be present at the operation. They will keep the diamond if they get time to examine it.'

"'Drive to the hospital,' I said. 'They will let you be present. I will arrange that. Have you money?'

"'Yes; he had sold his four best tusks for English gold. So he had plenty to pay the doctors if a bribe should prove necessary.

"'But it was not needed. The house-surgeon had the Kaffir carried in, and they examined him in our presence. Then they told Vassell it was a beautiful case involving the

kidneys in some extraordinary way, and they wished to watch what would happen if Matakiti lived—that was the outrageous Kaffir's name. To cut the bullet out, they said—for you may be sure Vassell never mentioned diamond to them—would kill the Kaffir. And if they killed him quickly, medical science might forego valuable knowledge which it might gain if they didn't operate an hour before he was quite out of danger by the wound.

"'Think of my conscientious cousin's sad situation!'" The old giant gazed about on us as if without guile. "Twelve thousand pounds! And the surgeons would not let him take the Kaffir away. Nor would they let Vassell stay in the ward with his diamond! And he dared not tell the doctors why the operation would have comforted him, lest they should secretly explore the Kaffir as diamondiferous clay!"

Here again the tale paused. A sardonic tone had for an instant been steely in the genial voice. But the face of the old man was as in a placid dream. We volunteers, trusting all to our vedettes, grinned, thinking only of Vassell's dilemma. The burgher seemed to ponder on it, or maybe, I thought, he was resting his voice again. So ten seconds passed. Then I heard the rush and grunt of a flac-flarc, the veldt pig. It seemed to have been startled out of the spruit by a vedette, for we faintly heard a horse snort and a man scold. The moon was now very low, but all seemed unchanged except for an increasing restlessness of the picketed horses. They had replied to the snort of the vedette's beast. In an interval of tense silence, the old Africander stared about on our faces with a curious inspection that I now think of as having been one of such pity as the deaf perceive in other men's faces. But at the time I supposed he but wished to assure himself that all were attentively awaiting the rest of his story.

Yet when the old burgher spoke again he seemed to have forgotten the great Swartz diamond.

"Such silence on this veldt!" he murmured. "I remember it alive with

great game. Not twenty miles from here I have lain often awake in the night to a concert of lions and hyenas and jackals, with the stamping of wildebeests, and the barking of quaggas, and the rushing away of springbok and blesbok as the breeze gave them our scent. Now we hear nothing, my friends—nothing whatever moving on the plain?"

"Only the horses and the pickets and the stream," said Deschamps.

"But I," said the old burgher, "hear more. I hear the sounds of ghosts of troops of great game. And I hear with those sounds other sounds as of the ghosts of a needless war." He sighed heavily, and seemed to sink into sad reverie.

Deschamps and his French volunteers would not interrupt him, but I was impatient. "How did your cousin get at the diamond?" I asked.

"He did not get at it." The white-beard roused up amiably and resumed his tale:

"And yet he did not part with it. For six weeks the Kaffir improved in the Bloemfontein hospital. Then the day came when the surgeons told my cousin they could learn nothing more of the lovely case from outside. I do not know whether they really meant to vivisect the Kaffir, but Vassell was sure of it, for he had that diamond on the brain. He longed to have the Kaffir live out his allotted span—at Swartz-dorp.

"Surely I must be with Matakita at his ending," said Vassell to me.

"Now Matakita had been told how Vassell had mercifully saved him, and he wished for nothing better than to be Vassell's man. So, in the night, after my cousin had whispered to the Kaffir that the surgeons meant to cut him open, Matakita jumped out of the hospital window and hurried to Vassell's horse-waggon waiting on the Modder road.

"My friends, to tell you all the sad experience of my cousin with that Kaffir I should need to be with you for a week. Our time for talk together is too short—indeed, I seem to hear it

going in the hackthorn tops. But still I can give you a little more.

"Consider, then, that Vassell's family already thought him demented for bringing the wild black from the Wolwe. Trekking with him to Bloemfontein was worse, and carrying him back appeared complete lunacy. But Vassell was the head of a Boer family and must be obeyed by his household, from Tante Anna, his wife, to the smallest Kaffir baby bred on his farm.

"He told no one but me of the battle in his soul. It was this: the more he longed to knife the diamond out, the more his conscience was warned with that text the Lord had sent him. He had now a fixed idea that he would somehow lose the diamond unless he was merciful to Matakita.

"Out of sight of the Kaffir my cousin could not be easy, he feared so much the black would run away. To prevent that, Vassell at first carried a loaded rifle all day long. At night he locked the Kaffir in the room partitioned from his own. Its windows he barred with iron bars. This was to save Matakita from the Christian Kaffirs of the farm. At first they were likely to kill him in the dark, such was their jealousy of the wild man honoured by a bed in the house of the baas, while their own Christian bones had to rest in the huts and the sheds.

"But their jealousy changed to deadly fear of Matakita. They imagined that he had bewitched the baas. Matakita, being no fool, soon smelled out that fear. As a witch doctor he lorded it over them. He began to roll in fat, for they brought to his teeth the best of their food. As for their women!

"At last Tante Anna looked into this thing. Then the blood of her mother of the Great Trek ran hot in her. I happened to be visiting there at the time. She herself went at the pagan with the sjambok. Vassell turned his back, for he approved the lashing, but the Kaffir so grovelled and howled under the whip that my cousin's conscience rose up untimely. It told him that he would be guilty, for

the diamond's sake, of complicity in the killing if he did not interfere. Whereupon he took the sjambok from Tante Anna's hands, and ordered her to deal kindly with the Kaffir, as before.

"'Kindly! The black beast is destroying Christianity on our farm!' she wailed. 'I will slay him with my own hands. And I hope I have done it already!'

"'Alas! no, Anna,' said Vassell. 'He will live. You have but given him a reason to run away.'

"'Run away? I wish to the Lord he would run away!'

"'No, no, my woman,' Vassell whispered. 'You do not understand. Tell it to nobody—but the Kaffir is worth twelve thousand English pounds to me!'

"'She turned to me laughing. 'Twelve thousand pounds. My poor demented man!'

"'When he dies I will prove it,' said Vassell.

"'What! A dead Kaffir worth a fortune?' She was all contempt for Vassell's folly.

"Of course he wished to explain to her. But he had an opinion that Matakkit's days might be few if Tante Anna came to understand the meaning of the lump on Matakkit's black back. Vassell's uncontrollable conscience required her to be no more unmerciful to Matakkit. If Anna's sjambok cut out the stone, it might be lost in the litter of the yard.

"Well, my friends, the word went up and down the Orange Free State, and far into the Colony, and away across the Vaal, that Burgher Vassell Swartz was crazy with kindness for a wild Kaffir! Of course I denied it, and that carried weight, but the mystery grew, for I could not explain the case, so strong was Vassell in holding me to secrecy. To get my cousin out of his trouble I advised him to lend Matakkit to me, but he would not agree. Possibly he suspected me of wishing to dig for the diamond.

"Ten years this sorrow lasted, and all the time Matakkit grew fatter till he

could scarcely walk. He was the most overbearing black in all South Africa. What he suspected I do not know, but when he became sure Vassell would not let him be hurt much he wantonly abused the patience of even his devoted baas. Poor Vassell! Sometimes, to ease his sorrows, he used the sjambok on Matakkit, but always too gently. Often he raised his gun to end it all; indeed, he got into a way of thinking that the devil was continually instigating him to kill the Kaffir. And every dopper knows that to yield consciously to the devil is the unforgivable sin."

The ancient burgher paused once more. And again we, whose senses were trained but to the narrow spaces between Canadian woodlands, heard nothing but a sudden louder tumult of gathered horses, the hoofs of the vedettes, and the tinkle of the spruit. I could not guess why old Emanuel looked so well pleased. He loomed taller, it seemed, as he squatted. It was as if with new vivacity that he spoke on:

"The strange things my poor cousin did! I will tell you of, at least, one more. Five years of Matakkit went by, and never again had Vassell gone hunting afar, for he could not leave the fat Kaffir behind, and he feared Matakkit would run away if he got near the country of his tribe. But in the sixth year a new inspiration came to Vassell. The Lord might send a lion if he took Matakkit where lions might be convenient for sending. Doppers always regard lions as dispensations of Providence when they kill pagan Kaffirs. So he brought Matakkit afar to the Lion Veldt. There Vassell would not let his men make a laager—he slept in a waggon himself. And the Lord *did* send a lion in the night. The blacks lay by the fire. And when it fell low that lion bore a man away out into the darkness at two leaps.

"'Baas! baas!' Vassell heard his Kaffirs shout. 'Baas! The lion has taken Matakkit!' For they had been dozing, and now missed the fat black.

"The Lord had sent the lion, but

the devil was carrying away the diamond. Vassell must be in at the ending, as he had planned. So out with his rifle he sprang, seized a brand, and ran, whirling it into flame, on the dragged body's spoor.

"Come back! Oh, baas, come back! The veldt is full of lions!' So the Kaffirs shrieked. But twelve thousand pounds is not forsaken by a Boer hunter for fear of lions. On Vassell ran. He would beat off the lion with the torch. Happy would be his rich life without Matakiti! Plainly the Lord would be merciful to him because he had been merciful as commanded by the text.

"But from the waggons came now a bawl: 'Baas! Baas! I am here, I, Matakiti! I was in a wagon.' He had sneaked away from the fire. It is but Impugan that the lion has taken.'

"Back went Vassell in rage. Now he would finish the Kaffir! For what would his other Kaffirs, the Christians he had bred, his best hunters, too—what would they think but that he valued the accursed pagan above brave old Impugan and all the rest of them? Yet he only beat out his torch on Matakiti's head before the diseased conscience stayed his hand once more."

Again the white-beard burgher paused. The picketed horses were now still. The moon was gone, and the spruit chattered in starlit darkness. There was no sound of the vedettes, but that was not strange. Yet uneasiness came over me. My comrades shared it. We all stared at the gigantic prisoner with some suspicion that I could not define. He seemed uncanny. From an old man, and especially an old Boer, sneers seemed unnatural. Some diabolical amusement seemed to animate him. As he jeered his cousin he seemed to jeer us. At first I had liked his genial tone. Now he gave me a sense of repulsion. For this I was trying to account when the old burgher stooped and freshened the fire with mealie cobs. The sparks flew high. In that momentary light he resumed his story:

"My cousin Vassell was of my Swartzdorp commando when this war began, but he is now a prisoner in St. Helena. Before he left home with his boys he instructed his wife about Matakiti.

"Be as good to him as you can,' Vassell ordered. 'But if he should come to his end before I return, then be careful to bury him deeper than jackals or hyenas dig. Bury him carefully by'—no matter where; Vassell showed Anna precisely the place.

"The woman wept and fell on her husband's neck, and cried 'Farewell, and fight well; and God bring you and the boys back to me, Vassell, my old heart. You need have no fear but I will carefully bury the Kaffir!'

"Gentlemen!" We all sprang up at the change in the old voice. "Gentlemen—you are my prisoners." The burgher rose up, very hard of face.

Deschamps drew his pistol, I thrust mine almost into the burgher's face. But he spoke firmly:

"What! Shoot your prisoner with his commando surrounding you? Fifty Mausers are levelled on you. Pooh! No! It would be the end of you all. Lieutenant, your horses are seized. Your vedettes are prisoners. They were knocked off their saddles long ago, when you heard nothing but the horses stamping. There was a Boer among them then. He provoked that stamping. It was the signal to strike down your vedettes. Fifty burghers are listening to my voice now. Here, men!" And at the word the Boer surprise came on. "Oom Emanuel! Oh, Oom Emanuel!" was the cry.

"I truly grieve for you, gentlemen," said the old burgher ten minutes later. "You were such good listeners—you had ears for nothing but my story. And because of that I leave you food for a whole day. It will be sufficient, if you march well on foot, to take you to my old friend General Pole. I beg you to give him my compliments. But he will not be in good humour tomorrow. Every one of his patrols within twenty miles has been captured

to-night, unless something has gone wrong with De Wet, which is unlikely. Do not be cast down, lieutenant. You were not to blame. Your ears were not trained to the veldt. Good-by. I invite you to visit me, lieutenant, after this war ends, at my Swartzdorp farm. Then I will tell you the rest of the diamond story."

"But that is not fair, sir," said Deschamps, whimsically. "I have interest in the story, and I want to know how she end."

"It has no end yet." The old burgher smiled broadly. "I was on my way to end it when you stopped me. I hoped to get through more easily without my burghers' aid, but I

told them to follow if they saw me stopped. You missed us in searching the spruit this morning.

"I have really private business at Swartzdorp. Word was brought to me three days ago that Tante Anna dutifully buried Matakis months since. Vassell was the Kaffir's life; I will be his resurrection. A great diamond of the first water is very saleable, and the treasury of the republic is running low."

"But it may not be a diamond of the first water," said I.

"It must be," said the patriarch. "Anything less would be too shabby a mercy to Vassell."

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE persistency of British popular feeling against Germany is doubtless a revelation to the Emperor. He might well have been deceived into thinking that recent unpleasantnesses were in process of being forgotten. He visited his royal uncle a few weeks ago, and, so far as can be learned from the daily prints, he was received by both king and populace with every mark of cordiality. If the accounts which we read of the nature of his reception were not misleading, it is evident that the British people make a fine, metaphysical distinction between the son of the Princess Royal of England and the Emperor of the Germans. Mr. Kipling's verses, though conceived in the style of the pythoness, nevertheless convey their deliberate meaning of hostility plainly enough:

"There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door;
And ye say we must take the Winter sea,
And sail with them once more!

"Look south, the gale is scarce o'erpast
That stripped and laid us down
When we stood forth, but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
Our wounds are bleeding yet;
And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!"

The strength of these lines lies in the fact that they voice an overwhelming public opinion. They have doubtless served to give definiteness and direction to it, but it was there ready to be ignited by the poet's coal of fire. Mr. Kipling occupies a pulpit from which he speaks to the world, and he speaks as the average Englishman in feeling, with a great deal more than the average Englishman's gift of expression. National antipathies between Britain and France have an antiquity that make them historically venerable, but embittered feelings towards the Germans, our allies at Waterloo, is a somewhat new situation.

When the genesis of it is sought for, it is found, of course, in the rage and antagonism which swept over the German people and which was so unwisely voiced by their newspapers on the breaking out of the South African war. This newspaper outburst followed hard upon the publication of Herr Busch's book on Bismarck, showing how the attitude of the German press towards other nations is inspired and regulated from high quarters.



It only needed this, following on the Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, to convince the English people not only that their German cousins were ill-disposed towards them, but that were it not for the thousands of leagues of ocean between Kiel and Capetown they would find some of the regiments that overthrew Napoleon III at Sedan confronting British troops in South Africa. This accounts easily enough for John Bull's black looks. But what the origin of Germany's hostile interest in a quarrel between Great Britain and the South African Boers, is not so easily explained. Race may have had something to do with it, but the Boers are not more Teutonic than the English people themselves. Any one who peruses a list of Boer names will recognize how large the Huguenot strain is in what we know as the Boer people. It is not easily accounted for on the ground of natural sympathy with a "little people" engaged in a hopeless struggle, for the Germans as a nation have never been distinguished for outbursts of this species of national altruism. It cannot be said, of course, that racial feeling and chivalric sympathy had not some part in the mixture of emotions that blew such a fierce flame of anti-British sentiment all over Germany, and to some extent, indeed, over the continent generally. In Germany, however, whatever it may have been elsewhere, trade rivalry had undoubtedly a great deal to do with the matter. There is a strong desire on the part of unregenerate man to administer a tap on the head to the

competitor who insists on keeping a few feet in front in spite of the second runner's efforts. This has been the trade positions of Britain and Germany for a great many years. Germany has been straining every nerve to catch up to her lumbering opponent, and unquestionably has done marvellously well, but there are indications that, to maintain the parlance of the foot-race, she is pumped out. As she realizes that her antagonist is still growing strong there is an anxious searching of hearts to account for it, and the strange conclusion appears to have been arrived at that it is the possession of colonies that makes the difference. Immediately there is a great accession of interest about loose and unconsidered trifles of territory that may be lying about the world without an owner. There is Africa, of course, but unfortunately the choice pieces have been already pre-empted. The old land of the Pharaohs, which might have been made something of, is virtually in British hands. The southern point of the continent is also in British hands. South America looks tempting, but the Monroe doctrine bars the way. There is China to be exploited, and in order that she may be in at the death, Germany plants one foot at Kiao-chau. There still remains a tempting tit-bit. North of the British possessions in South Africa are the two free States of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. In the first-named is situated the richest gold field in the world and a great modern city has arisen in the neighbourhood. The majority of the people are of Germanic blood. Owing to the altitude of the land the climate is one in which the white man thrives, so long as he gets the black man to do most of the hard work. It would make a very pretty German colony. The people are strongly anti-British, and a number of European adventurers carefully fan this feeling into flame. Does anybody suppose that in certain circles in Germany there was not the most perfect intelligence as to the number of Krupp and Creuzot guns which the

peaceful little pastoral colony on the Vaal river was steadily procuring, and the tens of thousands of Mauser rifles that were hastily being purchased? They knew a great deal more about these things in Germany than they did in Great Britain, although we are asked to believe that British statesmen had in the front of their minds for years how they might steal Johannesburg. If so, they prepared for their enterprise in a curious way by finding their own possessions exposed to the attack of the enemy as soon as war broke out, and having so little knowledge of the numbers, equipment and resources of their enemy that they absurdly underestimated all three. The rage and rancour of the German press at this time may have arisen from something else, but it will be hard to convince Englishmen that it did not arise from the chagrin with which one sees a coveted prize slip from his fingers.

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Whatever the cause, however, the resentment it has caused in Great Britain is widespread. One aggressive English monthly, which appears to have the support of the influential classes, makes hostility to Germany the *piece de resistance* of its monthly bill of fare. The extent of the feeling may be gathered when we find so grave and responsible a weekly as *The Spectator* talking in this wise five months ago:—

“There was a time when this country would have been willing to prevent Germany being destroyed between the hammer and anvil of Russia and France. No such action would now be possible. The German world-policy is fully understood in this country, and it would be absolutely impossible to get the nation to do anything to help Germany. We may tolerate our Government making minor arrangements with Germany, under which she obtains certain concessions, and we get a large dose of public contumely as our share, but no German alliance, however apparently tempting the terms, would now be tolerated. What is more, if we were ever to be involved in war with Germany we should certainly now make France's quarrel our own, and not leave off till Alsace-Lorraine had been restored to France. We shall certainly not attack the Germans wantonly, but if war were to come now we should realize the momentous nature of the conflict.”

This having been the feeling five months ago, the wonder is that Lord Lansdowne should ever have braved it by venturing on the present partnership in the coercion of Venezuela, more especially as it promised to awaken suspicions in the United States. There is a disposition to believe that the Foreign Secretary was influenced by the irresistible pressure of royal liking when the related monarchs recently broke bread together with their men of affairs about them. This is by no means improbable, and if the King had it in his mind to improve the relations between the two peoples he is more to be praised than blamed, for that is one function that a king may exercise in a more successful degree than any unroyal statesman. It is not at all likely, if so, that the move has had the effect intended, and no such effect can be produced while the English people believe that their monarch's nephew merely uses them to draw his chestnuts out of the fire.

There is an explanation of the action of the two Powers which suggests a powerful collateral influence in bringing it about. Finance and trade are the modern monarchs, perhaps more powerful in the antechambers of Ministers than the kings and emperors whom they ostensibly serve. It is not merely the desirability of impressing on Venezuela the sacredness of foreign investments within her borders, but by making a salutary example of one recalcitrant State, the United States the meanwhile standing by, other offenders or would-be offenders receive notification of what is in store for them. The neutrality and composure of the United States under the circumstances may well be accounted for in the same way. American capital has doubtless made itself influential at Washington in support of the aims of British and German capital. Their interests are, one and all, involved in a recognition of the inviolability of investments in all parts of the world, and their influence is as far-reaching as it is silent and invisible to the general ear or eye. When the memoirs of

this age come to be published it will be better known how pervasive and powerful this interest has been.

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What strikes one about Germany's foreign policy is a certain recklessness that it betrays. At the present moment she has no warm friend in Europe. It may be answered that the same might be said about Great Britain. But the two cases are wholly different. German Ministers can scarcely forget that their officials are administering two provinces which Frenchmen still regard as part of France. And this same France has an alliance with Russia. So that on both her borders Germany has powerful neighbours in close alliance, one of them believing that the Teuton is in possession of stolen goods. Her alliance with Austria and Italy is of an extremely tepid character. Now she has incurred a resentment in England so deep that a monthly magazine seems to exist mainly for the purpose of intensifying the hostility. In view of this situation, M. Ernest Le Francais, a French authority on world politics, deals with the outlook in a recent number of the *Grande Revue*. He assumes a rather schoolmasterly tone towards Great Britain, tells her that if she is looking for allies she must give up all idea of remaining supreme on the sea, and must give in her adhesion to the policy of a restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine. The history of the nineteenth century, he says, will bring out in strong relief the dominant part played therein by a single nation, namely, Great Britain. She succeeded in building up a vast empire beyond the sea that grew continually, while

the old colonial empires of Spain and Portugal shrunk bit by bit. There was a moment when it might well be asked if the whole world outside of Europe was not destined to become British. Not a cannon could be fired without her leave. The greatest nations on the continent felt honoured by her mere friendship. All this is changing, he says. Her rivals have been growing faster than she has, and she will be compelled to seek the alliance of some of them, and the Franco-Russian alliance, he says, is the obviously best one.

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There is not the faintest indication in the article that the empire which M. Le Francais acknowledges was built up beyond the seas will play any part in the new conditions. He admits that the United States has risen during the past century to be one of the great Powers of the world, but appears to be oblivious of the fact that Britain's colonial empire will in all certainty be the development wonder of the twentieth century, just as the United States was the wonder of the last. If Mr. Le Francais would pay a visit to even one of these colonies, namely, that in North America, he would realize that there are forces that he has not reckoned with in his article. If he were asked what would be the effect on world-politics of the whole-hearted and enthusiastic alliance with Great Britain of a young nation, say half as powerful as the present United States, he would, of course, answer that it would be decidedly disturbing, and yet that is what in no short time British North America may become, not to mention Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By
M. MacLean Helliwell

WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring,
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said,
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall,
"I give them luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered,
"I give them rest."

—Alice May Douglas

THAT Canada is the home of all outdoor sports and athletic pastimes has long been recognized, but it is only within recent years that the women of the Dominion have turned their attention to those invigorating amusements which have always so fascinated their brothers—golfing, bowling, hockey, and curling.

Of these it is only to be expected, since by heredity and training the average woman is mistress of the broom, that the fair devotees of curling should exceed in number and enthusiasm the female followers of almost every other kindred sport, and that the Province of Quebec, where Winter reigns uninterruptedly, absolute monarch, from early Autumn until late Spring, should be able to boast the most flourishing ladies' curling clubs in the Dominion.

The Montreal Ladies' Curling Club is the first in order of seniority, but the fair curlers of the quaint old walled

city are second to none in energy and enthusiasm.

The Quebec Ladies' Curling Club was established in 1898, and in 1900 joined with Montreal and Lachine in subscribing for a challenge cup. For two years the cup remained in Montreal, but in 1902 the long-coveted trophy was borne in triumph to Quebec, only to be carried back again to Montreal last December, after one of the most keenly-contested curling matches ever held in the Quebec rink. Indeed, the Montrealers owe their victory to one masterly *coup* on the part of their skip, Miss Smith. Quebec had taken the lead and was keeping it bravely until Miss Smith's brilliant shot made a difference of 8 points against Quebec, thus assuring the match to Montreal.

The disappointment of the ladies of Quebec over the loss of the Provincial Championship Cup was fully assuaged on the following day when the same teams played the first match for the Coronation Curling Cup and victory perched on the banners of Quebec, worthily won by a majority of seventeen points.

The ladies taking part in these two matches were:

QUEBEC
Rink No. 1
Miss Breakey
Miss Pope
Mrs. Brown
Miss Brodie
(Skip)

MONTREAL
Rink No. 1
Miss Hamilton
Miss Dunlop
Miss Clay
Miss Bond
(Skip)

QUEBEC
Rink No. 2
Miss Rattray
Miss E. Fry
Mrs. G. Laurie
Mrs. B. Scott
(Skip)

MONTREAL
Rink No. 2
Miss Tyre
Miss Ryde
Miss S. Johnston
Miss M. Smith
(Skip)

The Coronation Curling Cup is a new trophy this season, subscribed for by the Montreal, Lachine, St. Lawrence (of Montreal), Ormstown, and Quebec Ladies' Curling Clubs, and all the clubs interested expect it to be the *raison d'être* of many interesting and exciting matches.

Miss Pope, the Secretary of the Quebec Ladies' Curling Club, informs us that the club plays "Medal shots" or "points" once a week, on club mornings, the two senior and junior mem-

Besides being a healthful and most invigorating pastime, curling cannot fail to aid in developing in its faithful followers many desirable qualities, such as precision, good judgment, steady nerves, a far-seeing eye and a sure hand, to say nothing of such trifles as self-control and good-nature.

The Editor of *Woman's Sphere* is not an ardent advocate of "the strenuous life" for women, and would not write down Hockey, for instance, as a very attractive or desirable feminine pas-



CURLING—MONTREAL LADIES VS. QUEBEC LADIES

bers who respectively make the highest individual scores during the month each securing a prize. Once a month the club gives a tea, on which occasion they usually play an interesting match with curlers of the opposite sex.

In 1901 the club played a very exciting match of 21 ends (the Quebecers being the only ladies' rink we know of playing more than 16 ends to a game) with a picked team from the gentlemen's club. The ladies played a notably strong game, scoring 22 against their opponents' 23.

time; but curling, as a dignified and at the same stimulating recreation for women, young and old, should receive the hearty support and encouragement of both sexes.

The value of a thorough training in Domestic Science is becoming every day more widely realized. True, there are still to be found many dear old ladies who maintain that the place for a girl to receive her domestic education is at her mother's elbow, in her mother's kitchen; but the clear-minded

and unprejudiced modern woman is fully aware that the old conditions which made it possible for every girl to become versed in the secrets of skilful cookery and household management in her own home, have changed materially within the last decade. There are now numberless excellent reasons—many of which will doubtless immediately suggest themselves to the reader—why it is highly advisable for the young women of the present generation to take up a regular course in Domestic Science under a competent and thoroughly qualified instructor.

The conditions of life are becoming daily more complex, and every hint or suggestion offered a woman whereby she can simplify her own life and the lives of those around her should be eagerly seized upon and assimilated.

I shall not dwell upon this point, because I hope to say something about it next month, and because to elaborate it in this connection were "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of words, since the advantage gained by the well-trained, systematic housekeeper over

her incapable, systemless sister is obvious.

Moreover, the rapid onward march of science during the past few years has aroused in men an interest in gastronomics which goes farther than the palate—that old arbiter of good and bad whom modern knowledge has ruthlessly deposed. It is now not enough that a certain article of food *tastes* good; it must *be* good and *do* good. Therefore the priestess of the family table should have some intelligent idea of dietetics and the chemistry of foods, and the mother who is hopelessly at sea with regard to the percentage of this, that and the other element in every-day foodstuffs, and who, in a maze of bewilderment is constantly hearing that many of what she had been taught to consider highly nutritious and fattening articles of diet are often the worst things an individual can put into his mouth, is only too delighted to send her daughter to a school where she may be instructed in all the lore and wisdom that Domestic Science can impart.

Everyone knows that the honour of starting and spreading the work of Domestic Science in Canada belongs to Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless, of Hamilton, who devotes so much time and energy in endeavouring to arouse the interest of the public in this important branch of study.

The Ontario School of Domestic Science in Hamilton owes its existence to her, and is, we believe, the pioneer school of this kind in Canada; but one by one the other cities are following Hamilton's example, and let us hope that it will not be long before every city and town in the Dominion will contain at least one flourishing school of Domestic Science.

The illustration which, through the courtesy of the Secretary, we are able

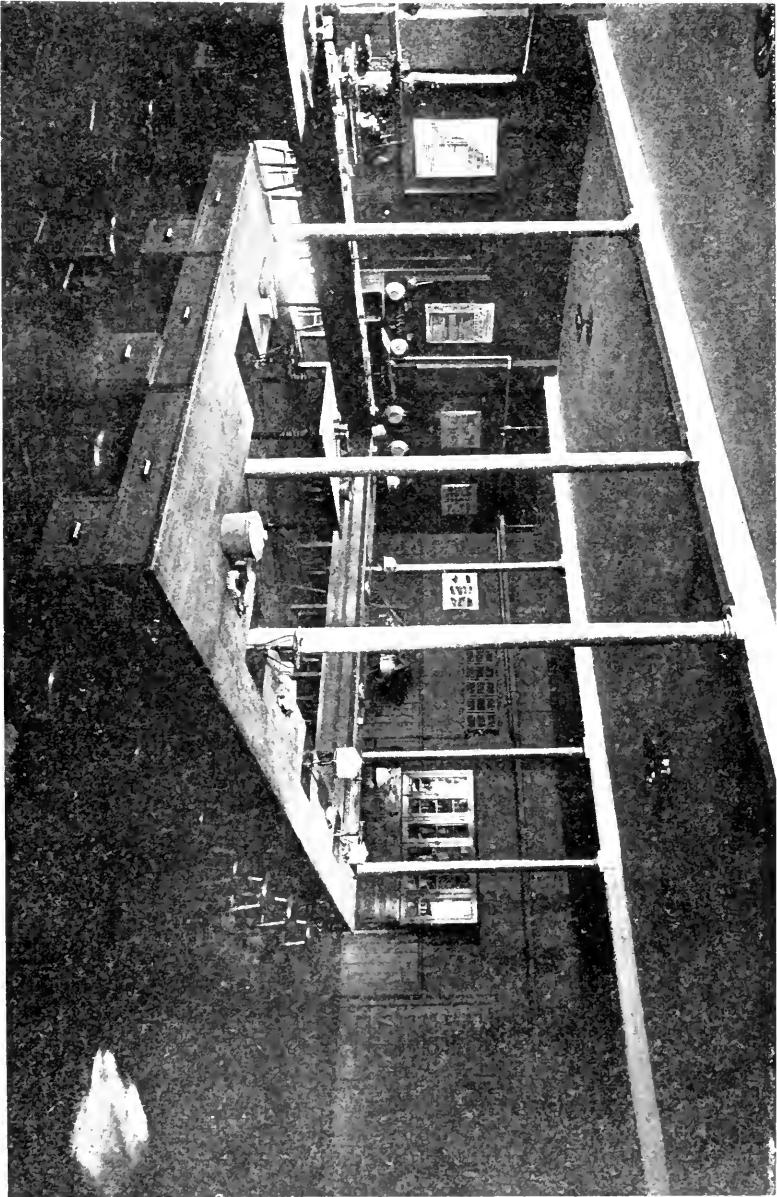


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CURLING MATCH IN QUEBEC
BETWEEN THE LADIES OF MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

to reproduce this month, pictures the interior of the Domestic Science Department of the Brantford Young Women's Christian Association.

of Mr. T. H. Preston, the local member, equipped by the Ontario Government, and given an annual Government grant of five hundred dollars in

INTERIOR OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL, BRANTFORD



This department, which was founded a year ago with much trepidation on the part of the directors of the Association, was, through the personal interest

addition to the Public School Board's subscription of three hundred dollars.

The Secretary reports that from the date of opening, the school has

grown steadily and has already proved its right to, and the need for, its existence.

The course of instruction includes plain cooking, laundry work, the chemistry of food, the sanitary conditions in a home, economical marketing, and directions how to buy with the very best results.

The classes are under the direct supervision of the Public School and the Y.M.C.A. Boards, and the Secretary writes that the students "are from the public schools, collegiate institute, and homes of the city, and are enthusiastic, bright girls, giving every promise that when they have completed the three years' course, they will go out intelligent homemakers, knowing how to prevent waste, and how to promote the health and comfort of the household."

Public Opinion gives the following interesting account of an address recently delivered by that versatile and brilliant young lady, Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, who is so prolific a contributor to the current magazines:

The good ladies of the Pilgrim Mothers' society in New York city were treated to some very frank advice by Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, when that young lady addressed them last week on *The Girls of the Future*. I hope "the young girl of the future," she said, "may find no greater responsibilities, no wider paths, no more difficulties than the girl of the present has. Many women who are most valiantly anxious to gain their rights have always forgotten one thing—that the party of the first part, our brothers, are to-day where they were in the beginning; they have always the same advantages, the same responsibilities, the same difficulties, and, fortunately, they have the training to meet them. The girl has all of these things—and 753 extra tasks. And her back is no stronger and her shoulders are just as small as they ever were. I do not think there is much difference between the girl of to-day and Eve. The girl

of the future will be definitely obliged to choose between her ever-present privileges and her rights. And, if anybody were to ask me, I would advise her to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go."

Miss Daskam finds two qualities absolutely essential in an entirely satisfactory girl, whether she is in Massachusetts or the South Sea Islands. She must be good and she must be charming, for in her opinion goodness without charm, and charm without goodness are equally valueless.

The Chinese have a great number of very short but very expressive and pithy maxims, among which are found the following, which are worth considering, all but the first, which is, of course, absurd!—

"The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty."

"The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty. If you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil."

"Little reading with much thinking is a more probable way to make a man learned than very much reading without due reflection."

"The meanest man may be useful to the greatest, and the most eminent stand in need of the lowest; in a building the highest and lowest stones add to their own mutual stability."

"He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
He ruled a city, but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the State dishonour might have
brought,
And reared him in the Christian's hope and
trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a
light
To many souls, and preached to human
need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied, like stars at night,
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument."

—Selected

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



AS they often are, the people of New Brunswick are now excited over politics. In

POLITICAL STIR
IN NEW
BRUNSWICK.

Feb., 1899, the present Legislature was elected. Its four-year lease of life expires this month and an election is inevitable.

For many years previous to 1896, the Hon. Mr. Blair controlled the New Brunswick Legislature, securing support from men of both political parties. He was succeeded by three men



who followed in his footsteps and maintained a Coalition Government. These three were Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Emmerson and Mr. Tweedie, successively Premiers of the Province. Mr. Emmerson was the leader at the last election, so that the present occupant of the office, Mr. Tweedie, has never led in a general appeal to the Province. He is supported by all but seven of the present forty-six members, and it is hardly likely that he will be defeated, although his majority may be reduced.

The course that Mr. Tweedie will pursue is at present doubtful. The *St. John Telegraph*, Mr. Blair's organ, has indicated its preference for a straight party fight, Mr. Tweedie to declare himself a Liberal and Mr. Hazen, the leader of the Opposition, and his following to be labelled as Conservatives. This policy seems to suit Mr. R. L. Borden, the leader of the Dominion Conservative party. Many people in the Province say that the people should be divided on party lines as they are in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and Nova Scotia, that it would facilitate matters in Dominion elections, and that it would cause less embarrassment in appointments to offices in the gift of the local Legislature. Yet Mr. Tweedie and his followers hesitate. Such strong journals as the *St. John Globe* and the

Moncton Transcript are not convinced that it would be best for the Province.

Mr. Hazen, the leader of the Opposition, does not seem inclined to force a party fight. He apparently favours local issues only, his chief plank being a proposed reduction in the number of members in the Legislature. New Brunswick has only one-sixth the population of Ontario, but has just one-half as many members in its Legislature. Reasoning from the Ontario basis, there should be only about sixteen members in the New Brunswick Legislature instead of forty-six.

Mr. Hazen formerly represented St. John in the Ottawa House, and has shown himself a capable man during his tenancy of his present position. Mr. Tweedie's career is described elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Pugsley, the present Attorney-General, is a lawyer with a reputation and a politic manner. Mr. Labillois, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, represents the French-Canadian element in the Province. Mr. Dunn is Surveyor-General and Mr. Farris Commissioner of Agriculture.

In New Brunswick each voter may print or write his own ballot. There is no official ballot-paper. Each elector is at liberty to prepare his own ballot,



FRANK PEDLEY, DEPUTY MINISTER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS

and to write on that ballot the names of the candidates for whom he votes.

EACH VOTER
MAY WRITE
HIS OWN BALLOT.

All the law stipulates is that it shall be of white paper. The usual practice, however, is for each party to print its own ballots. If there are four candidates on each side in the constituency, and there are in some, each side will prepare printed ballots containing the names of their four candidates. Electors can get these before they enter the booth or afterwards. If a doubtful voter is brought up to the polling booth, he is given a ballot as he enters, and the person interested may watch to see that this particular piece of paper is deposited in the ballot-box. It is only a shade better than open voting. When voters are bought, the purchaser can readily ascertain, beyond peradventure, whether the vote has been delivered or not. If a voter is timid, his timidity cannot be hidden in a screened booth as in other Canadian elections.

In New Brunswick they laugh at such expressions as "the sacredness of the ballot." There is nothing sacred about it. The average voter lets his light shine before men, so that they may see his good work—and, if he has insisted upon it, pay him for the good work. If the reader doubts whether or not the system is alluring, let him ask himself what would be the effect of such a ballot system in his province or town.

Of course the official ballot, as used elsewhere in Canada, is not an ideal one. It is marked in secret. It cannot be identified except by the D. R. O.'s signature and the number, and these are not supposed to be seen by any but impartial officials. Yet there are times when politicians go to the trouble of finding out how certain persons voted. This discovery can be made if the officials permit it.

Then there are all the difficulties which arise over the marks that

are made by a different coloured pencil, in the wrong spot, in two places, or are peculiar in other respects. An over-zealous D. R. O. may, with a piece of lead, spoil a ballot during the counting by putting an additional mark upon it. In New Brunswick the marks do not count for or against. The printed names are the absolute guide.

The voting machine may be the ideal system of the future, but apparently the present must get along as best it can with an imperfect system. No perfect machine has yet been invented, and for that we must wait.



The indifference of the public toward good government is often shown when "bonuses" are voted upon in towns and cities. The ma-

JURY OF CITIZENS WILL
PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE. not take the trouble to make a decision and to cast a ballot. It was the same indifference which made so small a vote

on December 4th in Ontario, when the people were asked, "Are you in favour of bringing into force The Liquor Act, 1902?" At least 500,000 persons should have marked their ballots on that day, but only little more than half that number appeared. The prohibitionists polled 200,000 votes, the anti-prohibitionists 100,000.

The Act does not come into force. Under the terms laid down by the Legislature, a vote of at least 216,000 was required before the Act should become an enforceable part of the law. The old license-system must therefore remain in force. Breweries, distilleries and barrooms are still legal industries.

The most regrettable feature of the whole proceeding is this public indifference. Politicians and boomsters are learning to count upon it, and to take advantage of it. Universal suffrage is a splendid principle *per se*, but what is gained by conferring the privilege upon those who fail to exercise it? Further, this indifference is most marked in the rural constituencies. In Toronto, nearly 28,000 ballots were cast, which is a normal vote. In the country, the vote was very light. Are we to conclude that the prosperous Ontario farmer, even in the slack season of the year, is not sufficiently interested in social and moral questions to go to the polls and mark his ballot on a great occasion as this? Are we to conclude that the comfortable mechanic in the village and the town, in spite of the influence of the daily paper now found regularly in his home, is indifferent to social reform or special legislation?

We require special investigation of this phase of our national life. If the suffrage is becoming too common to be valued, then it should be restricted. If it is useless

as a moral force, let a new instrument for recording public opinion be invented. If the present system of scattered polling booths is unsatisfactory because it demands too much effort on the part of the voter, then let us have deputy-returning officers who will go to the houses of the voters and there collect the ballots that have been marked in advance and placed in sealed envelopes to await his arrival. If a Dominion Senator absents himself from his seat in the Senate for two consecutive sessions, his place is declared vacant; perhaps it would be advisable to disenfranchise every man who absents himself from two consecutive pollings. Surely there is a remedy of some kind. Acquiescence in the present indifference will lead to special legislation in favour of the classes and the corporations and to loose conduct on the part of the professional politicians and the political machines.



H. L. HAZEN, LEADER OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK OPPOSITION

BOOK REVIEWS



THE KRUGER MEMOIRS

MR. PAUL KRUGER'S "Memoirs," which have just appeared, are interesting, though somewhat disappointing records of the life and career of the great Dutch leader of his people in South Africa. They are interesting, as all documents coming from such a source and from so remarkable a personality must be interesting, dealing with a man of such prominence in the Dutch communities in the once Dark Continent. They are disappointing in that, as a "human document," they do not come directly from Mr. Kruger himself, but appear in the form of notes taken down by a private secretary, and by one of the ex-President's former under-secretaries, the whole being edited by a Dutch clergyman in Holland, and amplified by answers to interrogations during a lengthened series of colloquies with Mr. Kruger at Utrecht. This process of memoir-writing, however explained by the circumstances, rather detracts from the value of the volumes, and will doubtless be objected to (as indeed has occurred) where statements are made in the work of a controversial character, by persons who challenge their accuracy and refuse to consider them as directly stated and dispassionately recorded facts of history. Nor does it seem to us, in a cursory first examination of the work, that there is much positively new in the volumes in regard to the history of the country and to Britain's relations with the Transvaal and its sturdy burghers (with the events of the late war, not being him-

self an actual participant in it, Mr. Kruger hardly deals); while what is dealt with comes from a source naturally adverse to Britain, and with strong and decided prejudices against the Government and people of that nation. When this has been said, however, all has been said that can truthfully be advanced by readers of the work, who, whatever side they may have taken in the late struggle, desire to ascertain the truth and get at incontestable facts calmly, dispassionately, and unprejudicially related.

It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the volumes, considering their source, are not colourless in their recorded annals, still less are they neutral in the presentation of the ostensible writer's strong and resolutely held views. The story throughout is the Boer story, with all the emphasis characteristic of Mr. Kruger's pronouncements, and with that impassioned (we had almost said in the Hebraic religious sense) inspired force of anti-British hostility and objugation natural to Mr. Kruger, which was to be looked for in one of his mood, temper, and life-long struggle in the interest of Dutch domination and ascendancy in South Africa. Natural as is this attitude in the dictating of these volumes, and, from the Boer point of view, important in its influence on the minds of those who have been in sympathy with the burghers of the veldt and have taken their side in the late war, it may be questioned whether the Memoirs will help the cause of peace and harmony among the diverse and dis-

cordant races of South Africa, and promote the work of reconstruction and resettlement in the blood-stained and fire-desolated scenes of the recent unhappy contest. This, it may be said, is an ultra-humanitarian view of the matter, and one that may equally be advanced (as we would certainly also advance it) in writing of any essentially controversial work that has emanated from, and partisanly takes the British side of the controversy. But aside from this thought, and the fear that the work will by its acrimonious tone and its author's uncurbed hatred of Britain and British diplomats will foster, rather than allay, Boer disaffection in the Transvaal, the *Memoirs* have many chapters of interest, even though the ground traversed is familiar to those at least who have closely followed the recent trend of South African events. The volumes are replete with pious exhortations, and with threats of the judgments of Heaven upon all but his own shrewd, homely race and seventeenth-century chosen nation. Naturally enough, they also manifest Mr. Kruger's unbounded belief in himself as the leader and prophet of his people, and the denouncer, if not the discomfiter, of his own and their enemies. In this respect the patriarchal ex-President is an interesting human study, and, in a sense, a picturesque survival of some old-time Homeric hero.

Apart from the history in the narratives the *Memoirs* have some entertaining reading in treating of Mr. Kruger as a hunter in his youth and early manhood, for the region into which he and his people trekked was at the time full of fierce and wild game, including not only buffaloes, giraffes, and hippopotami, but also lions and elephants. A pathetic though thrilling interest also centres in the accounts given of the burgher wars with the Matebele Kafirs, Basutos, and other turbulent natives, who long kept the little sturdy Dutch handful on the veldt in constant jeopardy, though amply and oftentimes ruefully avenged. Aside from matters political, these chapters will be

found absorbing reading, not to speak of what is said of the gold discoveries in the country, and of the incoming of the British workers of the mines, circumstances that Mr. Kruger, of course, deplores, and sees in them the real provocation to war. *G. M. A.*



THE PIT*

When Mr. Frank Norris finished revising the proofs of "The Pit" he left for California to start on a journey round the world. He had projected a great trilogy of the Epic of the Wheat. "The Octopus" dealt with the production, "The Pit" with the distribution and "The Wolf" was to deal with the consumption of American wheat. On this tour around the world he was to collect material for the only unfinished part, "The Wolf." Mrs. Norris' health delayed the departure, and they settled upon a California ranch for the winter. Suddenly he was attacked with appendicitis and, on October 25th, he died in San Francisco.

Frank Norris was of the school of Zola—a realist. He had plenty of romanticism in his nature, but systematically and sternly repressed it for the sake of what he considered to be greater in the realm of fiction. His friends relate the story of how, one day, he came to his office trembling with excitement, incapacitated for work, boiling over with nervous enthusiasm. "I have got a big idea, the biggest I ever had," was his cry. That idea was his Trilogy of the Wheat—the Epic of the American peoples. "The Octopus" was somewhat disappointing, but "The Pit" is better. In it wheat is the central figure of growth and wealth but kept in the background of a splendid story. It is the story of a great "corner" which failed, the story of "a human insect, impotently striving to hold back with his puny hands the output of the whole world's granaries."

It is a relief to turn from the crude, inartistic pages of "The Letters of a

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

Business Man to His Son" to this bit of excellent fiction, in which there is human sympathy, masterly delineation and artistic colouring. It is like turning from the writings of an amateur reporter to those of the masterly writings of a great editor; or like passing from the crayon sketch of the first-year art student to the canvas of a man who has studied art in the schools of the masters and studied life on several continents. It is a piece of realism which must rank close beside those great works of his master, "Rome," "Paris," "Fécundité."



DOGS IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE*

"My Dogs in The Northland" is the latest of Rev. Egerton R. Young's interesting volumes concerning his missionary experiences in Northern Canada. The stories of his various dogs are well told and their characters admirably delineated. The instinct, the intelligence, the strength and the wickednesses of the Eskimo or Huskie dogs have never been more charmingly set forth. The perils, escapes and emergencies of a traveller in the Northlands are such as must stir the most sluggish reader, and Mr. Young has had his share of them. Travel by dog-train has long been and must long remain the distinctive method of winter transportation in the Hudson's Bay country and Northwestern Canada. This volume will, therefore, be interesting not only to every animal lover but to everyone who desires to know something of the manner of life which is lived in that great district.



NOTES

The Historical Pub. Co., of Toronto, has issued a neat catalogue of rare Canadian publications.

The Kit-bag is a new monthly published in St. John, N.B., with Theodore Roberts as editor. It is small but bright.

"The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, which ran serially in *THE MAGAZINE*, is having a wonderful vogue in the United States.

"Successful Advertising: How to Accomplish It," is a business-like volume for business-like people. The author is J. Angus MacDonald, and the publishers The Lincoln Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

"A Blaze of Glory," by John Strange Winter, is light, pleasant reading, and shows that the hand and brain of the authoress of "Bootles' Baby" have not in the least deteriorated. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen.)

"Day-Dreams" is the title of a small collection of verses by Frank Morris, a lover of childhood and of nature. Mr. Morris is a teacher in Trinity College School, Port Hope, and his volume has been printed only for private circulation.

The *Studio* for December 15th (English edition) contains an article on Henry Sandham, a Canadian artist. Several of his water-colours, painted in the Azores, are reproduced, and one is done in colours. This publication is kept up to a high level of artistic excellence.

The January *Acadiensis* opens the third volume of this excellent quarterly, "devoted to the interests of the Maritime Provinces of Canada." The editor, David Russell Jack, is keeping alive the interest in the political, social and intellectual history of that part of Canada.

The Macmillan Company, of New York, are authority for the following figures concerning the sales of some recent fiction: "The Crisis," 400,000; "The Choir Invisible," 250,000; "The Virginian," 175,000; "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," 120,000. People are buying much fiction nowadays, and one wonders if they read it understandingly or if they just read it.

"The Little Organist of St. Jerome" is a short story by Annie L. Jack, which gives the title to a small volume of her work issued by William Briggs. There is promise in these stories, be-

* Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co.

cause the author writes well and makes an honest attempt to picture the life of Quebec and eastern Canada as she sees it. There is, perhaps, too much preaching and too little storytelling in some of the tales; but, after all, this is not a grave fault.

The Canadian Almanac for 1903 is even better than ever. It is now in its 56th year, and is undoubtedly the best reference book issued in the country. Each year new features are being added, so that its field broadens steadily. The lists of barristers, clergy, members of Parliament and post offices are supplemented by a wonderful mass of small information presented in accurate and compact form.

It is reported in England that the task of preparing the memoirs of the late Lord Dufferin has been entrusted to Sir Alfred Lyall. The London *Outlook* thinks a wiser choice might easily have been made, and labels Sir Alfred's Life of Tennyson as trite, amorphous, unilluminating, didactic and atepene. This is terrible. Surely, Lady Dufferin changed her mind when she read that issue of the *Outlook*.

It will be learned with regret, though hardly with surprise (says the *Westminster Gazette*), that Dr. George MacDonald, the poet and novelist, is in very feeble health. The veteran writer is now nearing his seventy-eighth birthday. His first volume, "Within and Without," was issued in 1856; his last work, "Rampolli," in 1897—his literary activity thus covering a period of forty years. Dr. MacDonald has been living with his son at Haslemere since May last.

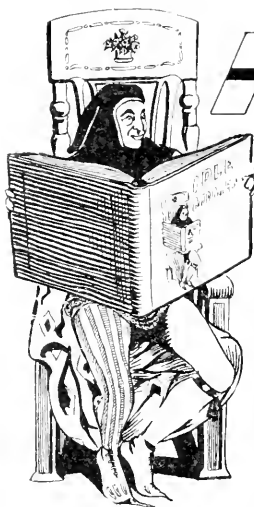
The McGill *University Magazine*, (Montreal: A. T. Chapman) for December, 1902, contains as frontispiece a fine photogravure of Rev. G. J. Mountain, first Principal of McGill University, 1829-1835. Among the notable articles in this issue are, "The Fruits of Diplomacy," by A. H. U. Colquhoun; "The Evolution of the Habitant," by Helen Rorke; "Hasty Notes and Judgments," by John Mc-

Crae; "Jane Austen," by C. W. Colbey," and "The University Arms" of McGill, by Prof. J. G. Adami.

"The Sailing of the Long Ships," a poem which describes the British and Colonial troopships on their way to South Africa, in October, 1899, gives the title to a volume of striking verse by Henry Newbolt, editor of *The Monthly Review*. There is more of the modern spirit in these verses than in the work of any other British poet, with the exception of Rudyard Kipling. They surpass his work when they attempt to show that behind all our activity there still lives humanitarian thoughts and sympathies. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

The Copp, Clark Co. have published a new edition of "The Lane that Had No Turning," in which are gathered some of the celebrated author's charming tales of Pontiac and the Provinces. One of the stories, "The Absurd Romance of P'tite Louison," will be remembered by those Torontonians who had the pleasure of hearing it read by Sir Gilbert Parker himself some two or three years ago. Sir Gilbert is the foremost Canadian novelist, and this edition made uniform with the author's other works should be appreciated. It is further enhanced by a frontispiece picture of Madelinette by Frank E. Shoonover.

Early in his literary career, the late Frank Stockton, in conjunction with his brother, John, wrote many poems with which they afflicted the editors of various periodicals. The effusions came back always. The editor of one magazine was an especial target of the Stocktons, but as none of their poems were ever accepted, the brothers came to the conclusion that this editor had no conception of good poetry. To prove their belief, they hunted up and despatched to him an ode little known from Milton. Within two days they received a cheque and a letter of thanks. "I came to the conclusion that that editor knew poetry when he saw it, after all," Mr. Stockton used to say; "and gave up trying to write it."



IDLE MOMENTS

THE UN- KNOWN GREAT

SEEK you the
greatest man
on earth,
For talent, gen-
ius, bravery,
birth,
Or title other-
wise to fame,

And to a world encircling name?
Then search not in the ranks of those
Whom everyone already knows;
The authors, statesmen, poets, swells,
Of whom the current gossip tells;
These men, perhaps, are—in a way—
To be called great, as people say,
But you would scarcely pick out one
As Greatest Man Beneath the Sun.
Nay, if that paragon you'd find,
You first must educate your mind,
And somewhat change your point of view
To look at things with vision new—
That is, survey the human race
More from a Certain Party's place.
This Certain Party may, perchance,
Reside in Canada or France,
In Africa, or Spain, or Prussia,
Or in the States, or Wales, or Russia—
In city, village, hamlet, town,
Or on a farm, and may be known
To but the folks who live next door,
With, perhaps, another favoured score,
Known, that is, simply as a neighbour,
Who works (or lives without hard labour),
Who runs a mill, or keeps a shop,
Or cobbles boots, or sells his crop.
Or plies some other humble trade
By which a living's to be made;
Here, in this personage obscure,
You have your man—though, to be sure,
To apprehend his Greatness, you
Must take, I say, *his* point of view,
Which is—apart from all the man,
And right before a looking-glass
He is Protean—there's many of him,
And often you can't help but love him,
His self-conceit is so sublime!
If his vast genius runs to rhyme,
You'll have a lot of quiet fun
Hearing him talk of Tennyson,
With lofty, patronizing air,
Most earnest, yet most rich and rare.
And so-forth—whatsoe'er his fad,

His egotism keeps him glad,
And never does it discompose him,
To know that no one really knows him.

Oh, Self-conceit, thou spirit pure,
Solace and joy of the obscure,
We ought to praise thee, not to blame,
For these great ones of unknown name
Thou dost with Fame's full sweetness bless,
Sparing its gall and bitterness!

J. W. B.

MR. EDDY'S JOKE

A good story is told of Mr. E. B. Eddy, the famous match-maker of Hull. Mr. Eddy, though seventy-eight years of age, has the clean-shaven, bright face of a man of forty, with equally quick movements of mind and body. Last August the Canadian manufacturers held their annual meeting at Halifax, and Mr. Eddy was one of those present.

At the close of one of the early gatherings, a respectable-looking gentleman presented himself before the secretary's table, announced that he was a newspaper man and that he desired some information. This particularly young and aggressive secretary made haste to make himself agreeable, and to pour out upon the journalist all the wealth of information in his possession. Afterwards when the secretary met Mr. Eddy, he realized that he had been hoaxed, for Mr. Eddy and the pseudo-journalist were one and the same man. The joke was too good to be kept, and now the Secretary is rather proud of being the victim of it.

A ROBERTS STORY

Earl Roberts has a remarkable memory for faces. The other day he paid a visit to his friend, Sir Henry Thulier, at Richmond, and on his way saw

an old policeman, bearing on his breast the service medal of the famous march from Cabul to Candahar. His lordship immediately stopped his carriage, and, thrusting out both hands, grasped the arm of the old soldier, and anxiously inquired after his health. It had been years since Lord Roberts had seen the man, but he remembered his name and face. "My lord," said the old veteran, "you have made me feel ten years younger." The Field Marshal, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, remained some time talking to the ex-soldier-constable.

all the strong ones take an oar, or we shall be drowned."

There is no worse belief than that in fate and predestination to make you a failure.

It paralyzes your efforts, benumbs your energies, and makes you unfit for the fray.

Don't believe in luck, in fate, in predestination. Rise and believe in yourself. Make up your mind to do a thing; elbow all obstacles out of your way, and allow nothing to divert you from the road that leads to the goal you are aiming at.—*Max O'Rell.*

PREDESTINATION

The Greek philosopher Zeno believed in predestination. One day he caught his servant robbing him and he gave him a good hiding.

"Was I not destined to rob?" pleaded the servant. Why do you beat me?"

"Certainly," replied Zeno, "you were destined to rob, and you were also destined to be caned."

We are all, no doubt, destined to come across misfortunes and dangers, but we are also destined to do our utmost to avoid them, face them and overcome them.

If we are destined to be wrecked and placed in a boat, we are not destined to let ourselves go adrift and be carried away by the currents. We are destined to take the oars and strain every nerve to try and land somewhere.

The Scotch (who are the most practical people on earth) tell a good story on the subject. A boating party were caught in a storm.

"Let us pray," suggested someone. "Ay," said the boatman, "let the little man over there pray, but let

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

Young Wife: There is a gentleman in the library, dear, who wants to see you.



"SHE BELONGS TO THE 400, DOESN'T SHE?"

"WELL, SHE OUGHT TO BY THIS TIME. SHE HAS MARRIED THREE OF THEM."—*Life*



HAIRDRESSER—"Hair begins to get very thin, Sir"

CUSTOMER—"Yes"

HAIRDRESSER—"Have you tried our Tonic Lotion?"

CUSTOMER—"Yes. That didn't do it though"—*Punch*

Young Husband: Do you know who it is?

Young Wife: You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!

Bursts into tears.

Young Husband: There, there, dear! Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you musn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?

Young Wife: N-o, it is not a doctor; it's a—a life insurance agent.—*Selected.*

At an inquest on a case of suicide recently held in England, the foreman returned this remarkable verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."—*Law Notes.*

"I believe," said the young physician, "that bad cooks supply us with half our patients."

"That's right," rejoined the old doctor. "And good cooks supply us with the other half."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"There are many young men," observed the Tobacconist to the Wooden Indian, "who have the makings of good fellows in them, but who, thanks to their parents' strictness, grow up instead to be sober and useful citizens."—*Syracuse Herald.*

A young lady applicant for a school out West, says a St. Louis humorist, was asked the question: "What is your position upon whipping children?" and her reply was: "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward." She got the school.—*New York Tribune.*

Mother: You naughty boy! You've been fighting.

Little Son: No, mother.

"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"

"I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy."

"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"

"Me."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



THE GOLDEN EAGLE

THE Golden Eagle is easily distinguished from the Bald Eagle by the fact that its legs are feathered down to the toes. It is seldom seen in Ontario, but is common in the Northwest. It nests rather commonly on the Lower Mackenzie and Anderson Rivers and is found as far north as the Arctic coast. Its home is usually found in rugged and inaccessible cliffs. Its nest is an accumulation of sticks usually placed on a rocky crag. The eggs usually number two, rarely three. In the illustration which makes the frontispiece of this issue, there are three young birds, making it the more notable.

These fierce and daring birds are dark brown in colour, with golden brown lanceolate feathers on the head and neck. They are about three feet long when full grown, with wings which each measure upwards of two feet. The tail is only about one foot in length. The technical name is *Aquila Chrysaetos*.

This photograph of golden eagles was secured in the golden country near Atlin, British Columbia. On July 15th, 1902, Lewis P. Muirhead, jr., discovered the nest and faced the extreme difficulties of securing a photograph of it. He was lowered by ropes held by his companions until he swung opposite the nest. He was armed with a shot-gun and a camera. The shot-gun was necessary in case he should be attacked by the parent birds.

Luckily for the latter they did not appear.

After the photograph was taken, Mr. Muirhead took possession of the three young birds and succeeded in bringing them away one at a time. Each was placed in a "gunny-sack" containing a good-sized air-hole. They were given a twenty-mile ride on a pack-pony and then placed in a large cage.

Since that time they have been fed on squirrels, rabbits, and marmots, with an occasional grouse or fish as a delicate morsel. They are doing well, and at the last report were becoming strong, well-developed birds.



A FREAK TREE



SIX-FINGERED HAND

THE QUEEN'S FOWL

In recent years, under the incentive of Lady Alington's enthusiasm, Queen Alexandra has devoted her attention to poultry. Her bantams, from the royal aviary at Sandringham, have won many a prize at Watford and elsewhere, and it is a charming custom of hers to foster cottage poultry-rearing by sending her own exhibits to the village shows in Norfolk. Her Majesty does not encourage the destruction of rare visitants, and they seem to understand that they have nothing to fear from the keepers on the Sandringham demesne.

The royal aviary at Frogmore has now come into the possession of the Queen, and its resources are to be developed along the lines of her own preferences. Two hundred feet in length, it comprises eighteen poultry runs, and the upper part of the build-

ing is designed as a pigeon loft. Here, perhaps, His Majesty may keep some of the racing pigeons to which he has been devoting some attention of late, and the pouters, tumblers, and turtles which are at present in residence, to the number of about seventy, may be to some extent gradually displaced. The fowls include a pen of silver-spangled Hamburgs. The egg production of the royal aviary for many years has averaged an annual output of 20,000.

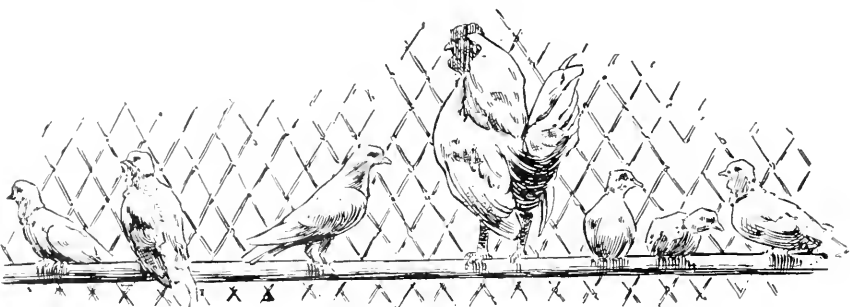
The Queen is also very fond of doves, and loves to pet and tame them.

A TREE FREAK

A peculiar freak of nature is shown in the accompanying cut. It is the union of two birch trees and another tree growing from it. The trees are about ten feet apart. About twelve feet from the ground they meet and form an arch. Another tree grows from the arch and branches out in the same way as its parents, if such they may be called. These trees can be seen about a mile and a half west of Yonge Street, near York Mills, not far from the city of Toronto.

SIX FINGERS ON EACH HAND

People with six fingers or six toes are occasionally met with, says *Tit Bits*, but for a man to have six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot, giving him a total of twenty-four fingers and toes, instead of the ordinary twenty, is a curiosity so rare as to entitle him to distinction. He is a servant of the Marquis of Ballincourt, and his peculiarity has won him the nickname of "Twenty-four" from his fellow-servants. One of his hands is shown here.





CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



WHEN the Hon. Mr. Sifton visited the people of St. Paul, U.S.A., the other day, they talked to him of reciprocity. He shook his head and told them that when the Canadian seekers after reciprocity went away disappointed from Washington five years ago, reciprocity sentiment in Canada received a sad blow. When Senator McMullen addressed a special convention of business men at Detroit the other day, he told them plainly that Canada had passed the "green-goods" stage.

This stiffening of attitude is pleasing. It does not necessarily imply that Canada is opposed to reciprocity, but it does signify that Canada is determined to ask no more favours from Washington.

The developments concerning the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway indicate that there will be no land grant from the Dominion, but that some of the provinces may make such grants. Sir Wm. Mulock has pointed out in a letter to the Single Tax Association of Toronto that the Dominion has lands only in the Territories, and that even there it has little to spare. The Hon. Mr. Sifton, in addressing the Young Liberal Club at Winnipeg, admitted that such a railway would be entitled to moderate assistance, but that it should not receive Crown lands.

Last month in this column was mentioned the endeavour of the Montreal

branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to improve the technical education facilities afforded the industrial army of that city. It is a pleasure to see that their plans show development. In this one respect Canada's largest city has not kept abreast of the times.

The Mechanics' Institute is still doing the work it did sixty-three years ago when it was established, but while it has continued the performance of its functions, the utility of those functions has passed away. In the annual report of the Institute it is noticeable that the membership fees do not cover the payment of the magazine and paper subscriptions. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the life members turned out to the annual meeting in numbers goodly enough to pass resolutions sanctioning the sale of the property and the devotion of the proceeds to modern industrial education. Sixty years ago industrial education signified the supplying of reading material; to-day it has altered to trade instruction.

It is said a citizens' committee is being formed, composed of representatives of the Manufacturers' Association, the Mechanics' Institute, the Montreal Board of Trade, the Bankers' Association, the Insurance Institute, and the two large railway corporations who have armies of workmen in the city, which will take charge of the movement and see that a properly equipped institution is provided forthwith. It is understood that some of Montreal's leading capitalists have taken places

on the committee, and that the Science Faculty of McGill University is lending its assistance. The object will be to augment the fund to \$300,000 at least.



At present Canada is importing a considerable proportion of its skilled labour. When the cotton manufacturers wish a superintendent, an expert, a man to whom they can look for advice, he is invariably imported. When the garment makers want an expert he is imported. When the founders want a moulder he is imported. When our fathers, imbued with business aspirations for their sons, wish to educate them industrially, they send them abroad to foreign training schools, or keep them at home and have them taught by correspondence from other foreign institutions. It is estimated that there are 25,000 Canadians paying high tuition fees to these correspondence institutions. Verily our industrialism is not on a national basis, and any attempt made to improve it cannot but call forth words of approval.



Talking about Canadian export trade, one can scarcely be condemned for remarking that the attempts which some of our manufacturers are making to do an export trade are approaching the ludicrous. The reason may lie in excessive domestic demand, in lack of skilled labour, or in want of capital. But it does seem strange that they should counsel our Government to establish a direct line of steamers with South Africa and then find they cannot supply more than two carloads of manufactures (omitting flour, which is generally considered agricultural) per ship, and there are only twelve boats a year. Remark, counselling the Government to subsidize a line of boats to the extent of \$100,000 for twenty-four carloads of goods! One can only say that Canadian manufacturers lack the courage of their own convictions, for they seem to be afraid to trust their products in competition with those of

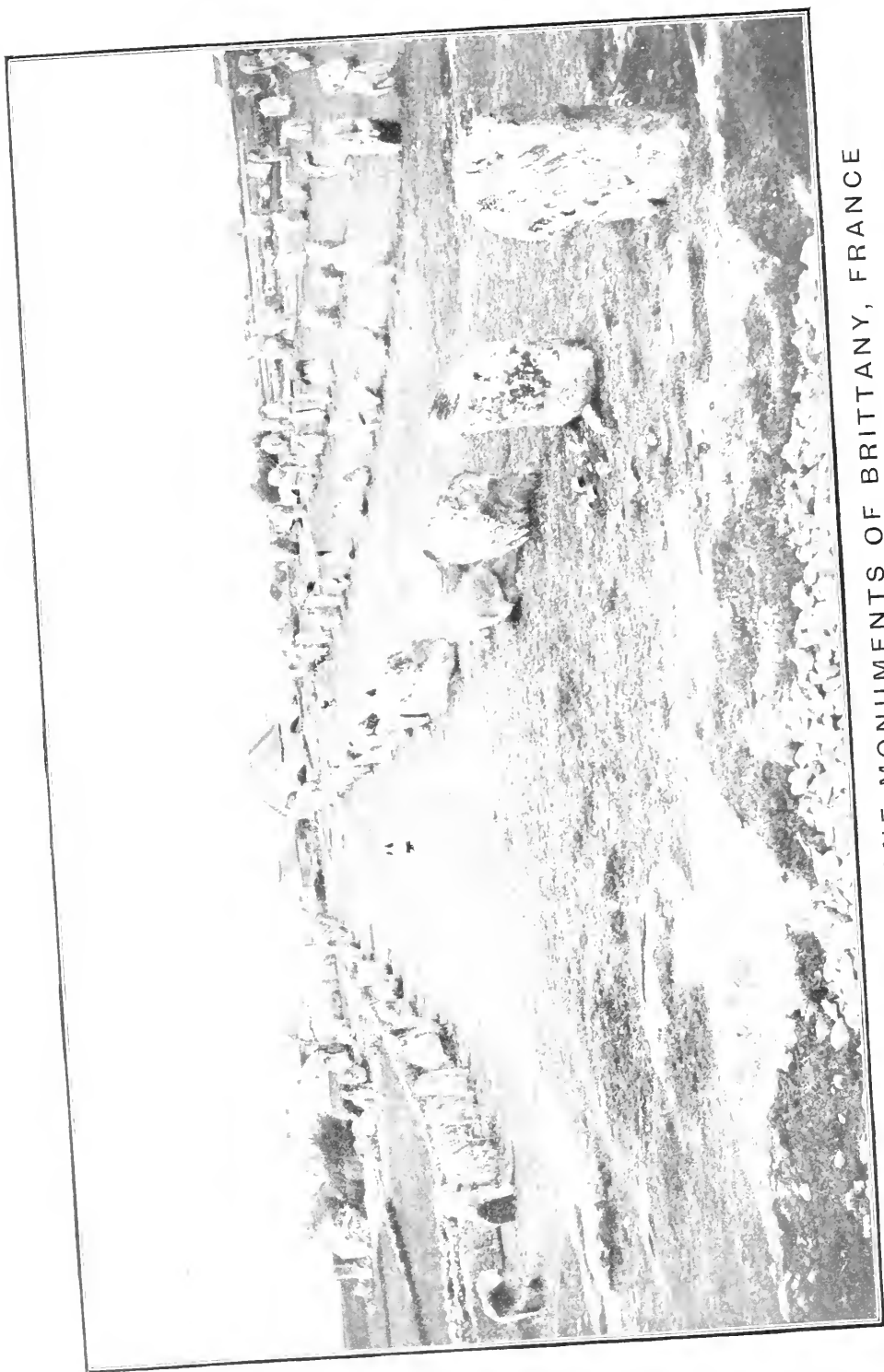
Britain, Germany, and the United States. It may be that this condition of affairs will improve; likely it will, for it is noticeable that agencies and commission houses are being established. But a huge supply of initiative energy is required yet. In addition, some of our capital emigrating to Mexico, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic (not to mention our investments in foreign stocks) might well be employed at home.



The conference of representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, to be held in Montreal in August of this year, will be an important event for Canada, and intent upon the advertising of their country as Canadians are, it is not likely that the opportunity will be lost to impress upon the commercial men of the mother country and sister colonies the agricultural and industrial advancement of British North America. This advertising should prove a profitable investment. We want Canada for the Canadians, but we also want Canada for other people, either by bringing them in here and setting them to work or by sending our goods to them to be consumed—and paid for. Our warmest advocates of inter-Imperial trade are said to be considering the advisability of making an extensive exhibit of Canadian manufactured goods in Montreal; and as for our agricultural resources, the delegates must needs travel to estimate them.



For every pound of Canadian mail matter carried by the United States post-office, one hundred pounds of United States mail matter is carried by the Canadian post-office. The postal convention between Canada and the United States is antiquated and unjust. It should be revised. The flood of United States periodicals and catalogues is injurious to Canadian trade. The Canadian post-office has not yet heard of the policy "Canada for the Canadians."



THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY, FRANCE

THE CELTIC REMAINS OF MENEC AT CARNAC, WITH 874 STONES IN ONE FIELD

PHOTOGRAPH BY Z. LE ROUZIC, CARNAC

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THE STRANGE STONE MONUMENTS OF BRITTANY AND CORNWALL

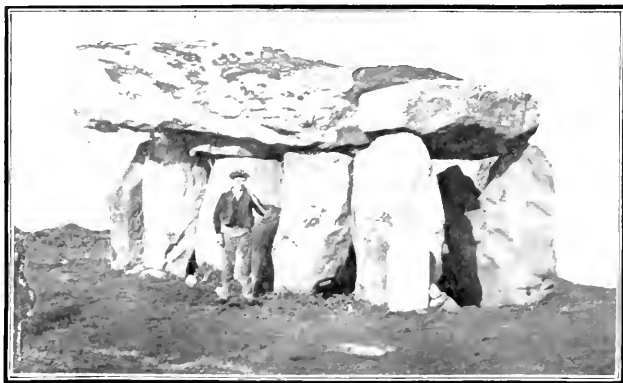
By Frank Yeigh

THE French province of Brittany is dotted with thousands of strange stones, of all sizes and shapes. There is scarcely a parish in the whole country that does not boast of one or more of these reminders of a prehistoric people and their mysterious religion, and the fact that so little is definitely known regarding them only serves to arouse one's curiosity. The great number still standing are, moreover, but a tithe of the total that once covered the land, for where hundreds are intact, thousands have no doubt been destroyed during the centuries. It goes to prove that Brittany was once densely populated by a strange and yet virile race, the only traces of which are these curious obelisks of natural boulders, which are still held in superstitious awe by many of the peasants.

According to some scholars, these early Europeans were known as the Iberian race, which originally came from Asia, crossed the Caucasus to Southern Russia, making their way northward to the Baltic and the Low Countries and thence to the British Isles. Another branch apparently

swept the shores of the English Channel, occupying Brittany, Spain and Portugal, and entering Africa at the Straits of Gibraltar. The Gauls, at some remote period, conquered these Iberian emigrants, and remained their masters until the Roman domination of the Gaul. In the fifth and sixth centuries Brittany was again overrun with swarms of emigrants from Britain. This part of France was then called Armorica, the Armorian tribes being of Celtic origin. Traces of the Iberian, Gaulish, Celtic, Roman and British occupation are still observable in Brittany.

Why did these Iberians, or later, Celts, erect so many granite monuments? In seeking for an answer one finds that even scholars disagree; in-



THE DOLMEN OF CRUCUNO, BRITTANY

deed, according to a recent writer, "historians and archæologists of the present day do not profess to know nearly as much about the Druids or Celts as did those who wrote concerning them in a previous generation." Baring-Gould, one of the latest writers on the subject, is of the opinion that the religion of these remarkable people consisted of the worship of ancestors. The grave was to them the most sacred spot on earth, the centre of the tribe. The spirit of the dead was supposed to animate the stones erected to their memory, and to expect that suitable sacrifices should be offered at their tombs. There were deities as well, such as the Goddess of Death, whose image is carved on certain sepulchres. Baring-Gould holds therefore that all these Brittany monuments had to do with the worship of the dead. Others think that, in addition, the lines or circles of standing stones marked the boundaries of sanctuary or proprietary rights.

The remnants of these ancient landmarks are of several kinds. The chief form is known as the dolmen (from *tual* a table and *men* a stone)—an unhewn table supported by several upright pillars, forming sepulchral chambers, which were family or tribal ossuaries. The dead were laid in them with their weapons of polished stone or bronze and with their personal ornaments, many specimens of which have been discovered. In some cases there are long lines of these rough boulders, constituting covered walks from sixty to eighty feet in length. A fine speci-

men of a single dolmen is the one at Kergavat, in Brittany, illustrating the tremendous weight represented in the upper stone. The dolmens of Marie Remor, of the Madelaine and of Cru-cuno are also striking examples, while the series of three at Keriaval represent a succession of altars or tombs. In certain of these cairns, the walls are marked by hieroglyphics that thus far have baffled the efforts of scholars to decipher. A "kistvaen" is a type of

dolmen enclosed at one or both ends.

The menhir is a single upright monolith, often standing in an isolated corner. They are of varying height, the loftiest in all Brittany being the one at Plouarzel, forty-two feet high. The one at Locmariaquer was the highest, before it fell and broke, as shown in the illustration, having been shattered by a stroke of lightning. It is estimated that this monster weighs 342 tons! How these masses of stone were brought from a distance, or how they were raised to their upright position, is as great a mystery

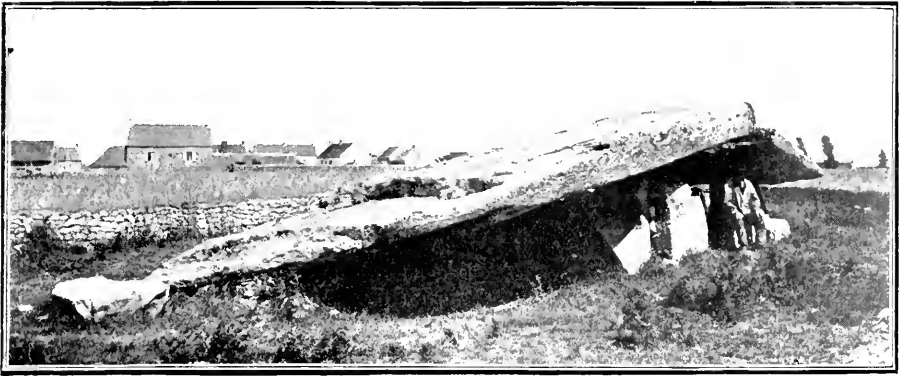


A BRITTANY MENHIR CONVERTED INTO
A CALVARY

as the purpose they were intended to serve.

The alignment is a series of parallel rows of inverted upright stones, probably erected in honour of a dead chief, each household contributing a stone, just as the Bedouin of to-day, when he visits the shrine of a Moslem saint, erects a block of stone as an act of worship.

The alignments of Carnac, in Lower Brittany, are unequalled in size and number in the world. For one such stone to be found in the British Isles



THE GREAT MENHIR AT LOCMARIAQUER IN BRITTANY. BEFORE IT WAS SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING IT WAS 64 FEET HIGH

or elsewhere in Europe, there are hundreds of these megalithic monuments in Brittany. They stand in the centre of a dreary archipelago known as the Morbihan, the wildest and oldest part of France, and at one time the chief centre of the Celtic population. Great and many as they are to-day—over four thousand in the one district—these stones are but the remnants of what originally stood there, hundreds having been mutilated or destroyed during all the disastrous wars that have swept over France since the early centuries.

The journey to Carnac takes one by railway from the old town of Auray to a little hamlet called Plouharnel, where two modes of conveyance await the tourist: a little narrow-gauge tram-line, or an old diligence of the last century, with a horse of the vintage of 1775. The poor beast proved to be as slow as its driver, and the vehicle as disjointed and noisy as its age indicated. On either side of the white roadway every field of grain had its Celtic stone, but we drove past them to the village of Carnac, where the pilgrimage church of St. Cornelius blocks up the main street. A statue of the Saint stands above the main doorway, with carved figures of cattle to his right and left. Here once a year, on the thirteenth of September, a curious *fête Dieu* is held, in which

cattle, garlanded with flowers, are driven to the shrine of the Saint, where they are duly blessed. After-



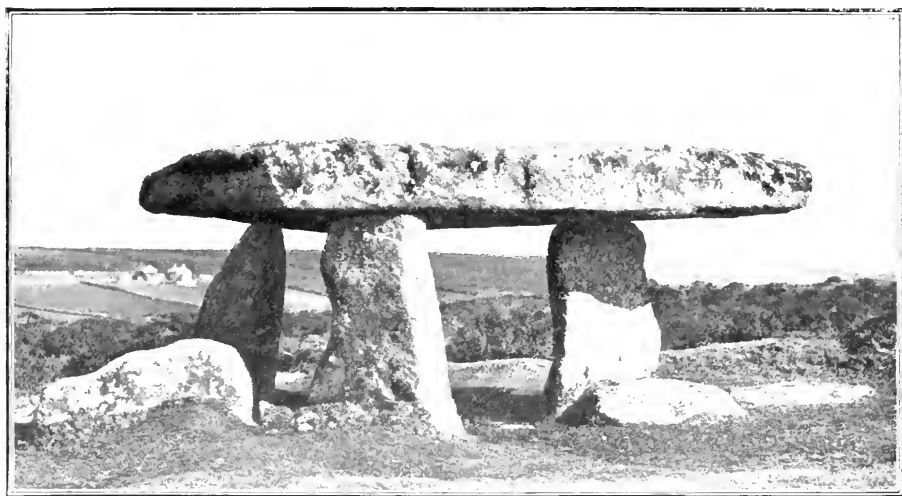
THE GIANT MENHIR OF MENEC AT CARNAC IN LOWER BRITTANY

ward, offerings of live cattle are made to the Saint. In the same vicinity is a typical wayside well and shrine, where the same Saint is worshipped by the peasants.

Continuing our journey, we ascended a hill, known locally as Mont St. Michel, from the summit of which a panoramic view was had of a wide area of country. Almost at one's feet stretched the famous Carnac prehistoric monuments, forming long avenues or rows a mile and a quarter in length, and comprising inverted stones ranging from one monster, eighteen feet in

a dead people and a forgotten civilization with which they were surrounded. As one gazed on the unusual scene, the wish was created that the curtain of Time might roll back long enough to reveal the mysteries of the strange folk that once peopled these plains and lived their brief day of life—a people, one may imagine, not unlike those of the Orient who still erect great dolmens as mausoleums of the dead, and set up menhirs as memorials of their departed great.

The time came when Christianity swept over western Europe, and the



THE LANVON CROMLECH IN CORNWALL

height, called the Giant Menhir of Menec, to boulders scarce three feet high. Over two thousand of the four thousand that exist in the commune are visible from this altitude—the alignments of Menec with 874 upright pieces of granite; Kermario with 855, and Kerlescan with 262. The three groups of stone streets end in stone circles or cromlechs. To the south glimmered the sea, the surf beating on the desolate coast and the cold wind sweeping over the low, barren moor. Here and there a Brittany farmhouse, with its cluster of steep-roofed buildings, made a human centre of interest in contrast to the weird reminders of

crude ancestor worship of these primitive people gave place to the symbol of the Cross. One may see evidences of the transition among the Carnac megaliths. Crosses are cut on menhirs and dolmens have been turned into chapels. At Plouaret the Chapel of the Seven Saints (of Brittany) is an old dolmen changed to its new uses. Images of the Virgin are attached to other menhirs, and not a few of the wayside calvaries are former stone monuments. Specimens of these religious anomalies are frequent.

Returning to the Carnac avenues, a band of ragged children, whose wooden sabots clattered noisily over the cobble-

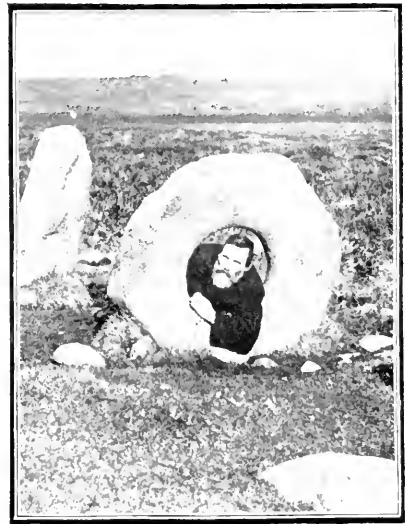


REMAINS OF A DRUIDICAL CIRCLE AT BOSCAWEN IN CORNWALL. THIS IS KNOWN AS THE NINETEEN MAIDENS

stones, acted as guides and greedily fought for the sous that were tossed to them. One large field of monuments was entered through a gate of small boulders, which were carefully lifted down and as laboriously replaced in position as we made our way to the Menec group. Beyond lay the farm of Kermario, the upright stones ending in a large circle similar to the Stonehenge group in England. The Erdevén group, on the other hand, terminated in a circular hillock crowned by two dolmens. If the theories of Baring-Gould are correct that each stone thus erected represented a male member of an ancient tribe, then these hundreds of pillars tell of tribes of numerical strength and wide influence. Yet they have disappeared from the scene as completely as the Neutral Nation of red men from the Niagara peninsula of Canada. Only a stray legend remains. As the Wiltshire peasant holds that the devil brought Stonehenge from Ireland, so the Breton believes that the menhirs of Carnac are pagan soldiers who, while in pursuit of Saint Cornelius, were turned to stone at the instance of the holy man, at the very moment when he could flee no farther because of the sea before him. Thus the patron saint of Carnac was miraculously saved from his heathen enemy.

Druidical remains are also found in the British Isles. Dartmoor can boast

of twenty-five stone rows, all radiating from a tomb. In one instance, where three bodies had been buried in one cairn, three rows of menhirs start from the same mound. In other tombs there are signs that the bodies were burned, pointing to a system of cremation long antedating the modern method. Such a spot as the Dartmoor group, as well as Stonehenge, probably served as



A "HOLED" DRUIDICAL STONE IN CORNWALL. PARENTS USED TO PASS THEIR CHILDREN THROUGH THIS TO CURE THEM OF "CRICK IN THE BACK"



SKELETON FOUND IN PREHISTORIC TOMB AT HARLYN BAY,
CORNWALL

gathering places for the clans in connection with their funeral rites or pagan feasts.

The fact that the ancient Breton language is akin to the Welsh and the now extinct Cornish tongue, accounts for the existence of many Celtic circles and mounds in Cornwall, such as the famous Men-an-tol, with its local belief

that leads parents to pass their children through the round stone as a cure for a crick in the back! There is also the group known as the Nineteen Maidens, the Lanyon cromlech, and other remains. An ancient "kistvaen," or dolmen, was accidentally unearthed not long ago near Harlyn Bay in Cornwall, revealing, as shown in the photograph, a stone grave with the bones of a man lying on his side and with his knees bent.

Strange hut circles are also to be seen on Exmoor and on the downs and wolds near Whitby and Marlborough. At Abury too the avenues of huge stones and great circular earthworks tell of the dark and bloody superstitions of their devotees, who gazed awe-stricken on the sacrificial fires glowing in the darkness from the centre of the temple and on the forms of the white-robed priests. Sepulchral barrows

further abound in England as memorials of loyal reverence for dead chieftains. And so in Ireland and in Scotland, as well as in Scandinavia, we of the twentieth century may gaze upon the cromlechs and tombs, and temples and circles beneath which, as in the Roman Catacombs, "there sleeps a vanished world."





A SACRIFICE IN THE CASA

BY PHILIP MARCAE.

A STORY OF BANKING LIFE

LUDO was sport, gentleman, banker and financier. A sport, inasmuch as he was full back in the Rugby Fifteen, captain of the Hockey Team, and secretary of the Lawn Tennis Club. A gentleman, because he dressed correctly, was well mannered and agreeable, and because he laboured unceasingly to make things pleasant for the younger ladies of the town—particularly for *one* of the younger ladies. A banker, for the reason that he was teller in the local branch of the Majestic Bank of Canada, in whose precincts he stayed every working day from nine till three-fifteen, always excepting ends of the month and such days as he was “out” in his balance—then he stayed later. As it is the purpose of this story to explain his title “financier,” we shall not now take the reader into our confidence further than to say that he supported this pyramid of duties and responsibilities upon the modest wage of sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents per month—paid by the Bank.

We now conduct you, good reader, to the tennis court—beautifully situated, as you see, in a meadow just outside the town limits. The meadow is known as “The Flats.” That wood, about a mile to the southeast, resembles nothing so much as a huge army with serried ranks covering the ground. As if in proclamation of its sovereignty, it has spread beeches and elms, singly and in detachments, over the face of the Flats, reserving, out of

courtesy, sufficiency of a clearing for the tennis court. Immediately to the west of this a double row of soft maples shield the players from the heat arrows flung viciously by the afternoon sun.

He in the far court, towards the river, partnering the tall girl in the bicycle skirt and the pink waist, is Ludo. She is not his choice, however. He was late in getting down—there was a difficulty about balancing—and Crowell, of the opposition Bank, has forestalled him with Margie Effing. Everything Ludo touches to-day goes wrong, and since the morning things have been going from bad to worse.

Just a word of explanation here as to how matters stand between Ludo and Margie. They are not engaged. He would like to be, for he is very much in love—so much that he never dares to mention it to her, other than with his eyes and by his marked attentions. This method of wooing, as you know, is all right with some girls, but is not nearly so effective as when backed by a judicious use of spoken words.

As it is, Ludo has much to be thankful for, because he and Margie are great chums and are together a great deal. People ask them out and treat them almost as if they are engaged. Margie is a clear-eyed, clean-limbed girl of nineteen, the heart and soul of the junior merrymakings, intent with all the ardour of her fresh young spirit upon making the most of the youth-and-pleasure stage of her life. She likes Ludo because he is “nice,” and because he has “go” in

him, but as for love and engagements and matrimony, she has not yet yielded them the measure of attention which such important subjects merit from young ladies. Of late she has noticed that Ludo has grown dull and quiet, and on one or two occasions he has acted strangely. She hopes he is not likely to get silly and become a nuisance. If he is not careful she will require to give him a lesson.

Crowell is a newcomer, his indenture dating from about three months ago. From the outset he had been indisposed to acquiesce in Ludo's monopoly, and had straightway entered the lists against him. It is this vigorous opposition, along with the girl's dilatoriness in checking her new admirer that has brought about the change for the worse noticed by Margie in Ludo's demeanour.

When Ludo, hot and breathless, reached the court, there were the three—Margie, the tall girl, and Crowell waiting for a fourth. Crowell and Margie were idling under the maples. The tall girl was vexing the river with sticks and stones.

The game was started at once. Sour and disagreeable, Ludo was resolved upon administering a crushing and humiliating defeat, and to this end he strained all his energies. But notwithstanding that he was perhaps the strongest player in the club, and that Crowell and Margie seemed to be but indolently pushing the game, it looked as if even this savage consolation would be denied him. His balls went into the net, out of bounds, and everywhere except where he meant them to go. The atmosphere was hot, sticky and irritating, and there were aggravating delays—Crowell must run to Margie, or Margie to Crowell to giggle and laugh over some joke or piece of news they had in common. What wonder that Ludo's temper speedily became rancorous? Under these circumstances it needed but a trifle to precipitate the catastrophe. It was soon forthcoming. Ludo returned a hot one to Crowell; the jade Fortune, happening slumberous, overlooked this

ball and it scored—Ludo saw quite clearly that it scored—well within the outer line. Nevertheless Crowell and Margie were quick to claim that it went outside. Ludo reiterated that it scored. Crowell as confidently denied it, and then as luck would have it, Margie giggled—and the flood was out.

A torrent of vigorous epithets contested precedence with each other as they rushed from Ludo's tongue. He threw down his racket and advanced to the net. The girls screamed and fled. Crowell took up the challenge and replied in kind; and in a moment these two Hotspurs were locked in deadly combat.

Of the noble art of self-defence, as practised by the Corbetts, the Ruhllins and the Fitzsimmonses, Ludo had a little knowledge, Crowell none. But Ludo's superior knowledge availed him nothing, simply because, being so angry, he forgot it all. He remembered nothing, he thought of nothing, he cared for nothing but to get at his rival for the joy of battering him. With his head lowered and his arms swinging, he charged at Crowell as if that worthy had been a sheaf of oats lying on an old-time barn floor waiting to be flailed. Crowell's part resolved itself into a succession of dodges and a continuous effort to ward the series of rushes and the hailstorm of blows delivered with the rapidity and regularity of shots from a pom-pom.



Before the fleeing and panic-stricken young ladies covered very much ground they came upon the accountant of Crowell's Bank pushing his way to the tennis court. "Oh, Mr. Rufus! Oh, Mr. Rufus!" they panted in unison, "Ludo Waltman and Mr. Crowell are fighting down in The Flats. Do hurry and stop them. Hurry! Please run," and they wrung their hands and looked at him appealingly as though he was a knight of old whose business it was to go about succouring distressed damsels.

Mr. Rufus responded at once, and quickened himself into a run, mutter-



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Crowell and Margie were idling under the maples"

ing animadversions. The girls then resumed their headlong flight, and did not entirely rid themselves of their panic until, surrounded by the female members of their respective families, they were recounting to choruses of "Did you ever's?" and "How shocking's?" the exciting events of the afternoon.

Meanwhile Mr. Rufus had reached the battleground unnoticed by the combatants. His measures were prompt and vigorous. Seizing Crowell, he dragged him out of range of Ludo's windmill-waving arms; and these presently ceased their revolutions.

"Stop it, I say, you two petering idiots. You lubbers from the infant class. Nice work this, for two leading bankers—prominent in social circles!" and Mr. Rufus' lip and eye strove to give adequate expression to the contempt and disgust that filled him.

The culprits hung their heads. Their arbitrator continued: "Upon my word, I *am* disgusted with you. This is a

nice feast you've set before the carrions of gossip; a pretty mess you've dragged the Banks into. Go home, both of you, and pray for a little sense. It'll serve you jolly right if you lose your jobs over this."

These barbed truths sank home. Reason again came forth and resumed her sway over the intellects of the two young men; and they now began to think of consequences. They wended a slow, crestfallen retreat to their respective boarding-houses; and thenceforward for a while both spent many thoughtful hours, wondering what would be the outcome of their childish act of folly.



A number of warm summer weeks have passed, and events have happened. The gods were good to Ludo and Crowell; and they held their positions. Socially also they still prospered. For a time after the fight they lived in the pale, cold light of the outer fringe. Matrons responsible for the well-being of young girls would, on meeting our friends, gather up their

skirts, banish the kindness from their eyes, and bow freezingly or not at all. But young men were too scarce and too precious to permit of this severe punishment being prolonged overmuch. They were gradually again admitted into the warm sunshine of favour, and the tennis, the dances, the picnics and the outings, flourished as heretofore.

As for Ludo, his passion for Margie raged undiminished. The prospect of a life without her still looked as bleak as a century of Novembers. But a change has come over the spirit of his game. Probably the galvanic shock, lately experienced, has quickened innate capabilities into life. He is no longer the old Ludo—morose and sullen. The new Ludo, gay and debonaire, scattering on his young lady friends a profusion of flowers, ices and chocolate creams; organizing pleasurings and engineering them to auspicious conclusions; including Margie with the others in his attentions, but in nowise singling her out; evincing no desire to oppose Crowell, but rather smoothing his path—was a very dangerous foe indeed, and would have made uncomfortable running for a rival far more princelike than Crowell.

At first Margie joined the others in remarking how much nicer Ludo Waltman was in his new role. Later she was piqued at his apparent indifference to charms erstwhile so potent; and she noticed, a few evenings since, that he had no less than five dances with Nellie Blair. The sombre hood of thoughtfulness now at times enveloped Margie's fair head and shoulders. As if to make amends she affected at other times a boisterous, unnatural gaiety. Yesterday, some of her girl companions were startled at the unmerciful snubbing she gave poor Crowell for nothing at all. Onlookers saw the signs of victory more plainly than did Ludo, but he was conscious that the sky in that quarter was clearing and brightening.

In another direction, however, dark clouds were massing. This war, prosecuted so successfully, demanded a heavy outlay. The salary of sixty-six

dollars and sixty-six cents, strained to its limits before, had proved hopelessly inadequate, and Ludo had been forced into the emission of "promises to pay." He was just now discovering that the relief afforded by this remedy was but transitory, and that its use often brings with it the necessity for leaning ever more heavily upon it. It was also the indirect cause of leading him, as we shall see, into the valley of the Dread Shadow.



It was not alone on the petty stage of this provincial town that "things were doing." Events were also moving in the broader realms of science, finance, and commerce. Not the least important of these was the following: M. Sevenoff, a spectacled, black-whiskered Polish gentleman, resident in Montreal, by dint of deep research, had unearthed one of the secrets of the Creator. This was no less than the power to turn water into oil. Well water, river water, ocean water, any kind of water would do; add a few chemicals, and, presto! the finest illuminating oil came forth. Needless to say, the invention was forthwith made ironclad with patents. But the scientist was willing that, in his own way, others should share in the material profits arising from so glorious a discovery; and to this end it had been arranged that a joint-stock company be formed. The company was known as "Wateroil, Limited"; and the public was admitted on the following terms. There was a bond issue of five million dollars, based on plants to be erected and potential profits; and a common stock issue of ten million dollars. Every citizen of the Dominion was privileged to subscribe at par to the bonds. The five millions thus paid in was to suffice for the purchase from the inventor of his patents and the right to manufacture; to cover organization expenses, and to build and equip factories and plants; and to provide enough working capital to carry on the business until the profits began to accumulate. Of the ten millions of

common stock, five were allotted as a bonus, by way of sugar-coating, to the bond subscribers, dollar for dollar; and as a warranty of good faith the inventor and his promoters consented to accept the other five.

As to the bonds, bankers and financiers held aloof, but the public scrambled to subscribe, and the issue was covered several times over. It was announced that although the common stock at the beginning had apparently no value, yet it was confidently expected that as soon as business was fairly commenced the profits would be large enough to warrant the distribution of a dividend. Notwithstanding that it would be six months or a year before plants could be erected and in running order, a spirited speculation began at once in the common stock. The company was so well advertised and the stock-market manipulation so clever, that the rapid advance in the quotations made a great deal of talk.

"It's a sure thing, I tell you. Five hundred or a cool thou' in three or four days."

"But I haven't a cent to put in."

"Doesn't matter. I can fix that for you."

"And I'd be sacked if the Bank found it out!"

"Never fear. No danger of that."

"And what if I should lose?"

"Couldn't possibly. Read this."



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"It's a sure thing, I tell you. Five hundred or a cool thou' in three or four days"

And the speaker, a local money-lender, friend to Ludo, handed him a letter. This was in the nature of a tip from a broker in Montreal, and said that the bull pool in "Wateroil" intended to advance the stock still further in a few days, and that "right now" was the time to get in. To-day's quotation

was "forty." "Sixty" was looked upon as certain for next week.

Ludo's needs were pressing, and in spite of an inflexible by-law of the Bank forbidding its officers to speculate, the conference ended by his taking "the fly," the money-lender loaning him the amount necessary for margin.

Embarked in this speculation the stock market reports acquired an added importance, and for the next few days that portion of the daily paper received his very first attention. Exactly six days after his initiation the papers came out headlined "Slump in Waterloo," "The stock drops twenty points on rumours that the invention is only a partial success." Our hero was not, however, dependent upon the newspapers for information about this disastrous decline. His friend the money-lender sent him urgent requests for more margin, and these not being complied with, his stock was sold and his deal closed out; the transaction resulting for Ludo in a loss of two thousand dollars—owing to the money-lender. That individual now became exceedingly disagreeable; and threatened, if he did not get his money, to give the whole thing away to the Bank.

Poor Ludo was in deep distress and cursed the folly that had led him into this more serious trouble. Ruin and disgrace seemed sure. Of course, the Tempter suggested his taking the money from the Bank—from the cash entrusted to his care; but Ludo knew that any respite purchased that way would be short-lived. It is probable that he would have faced the music and taken his punishment but for a gross piece of carelessness on the part of a customer of the Bank. A wealthy farmer, who visited the office but seldom, one day shoved hurriedly in at Ludo's wicket three thousand dollars, and without waiting for voucher or certificate, rushed away. There could be no doubt as to his intention; the money was for deposit. But the fellow should have waited. Ludo was angry with him—but not for long. The Tempter seized the occasion to press his advice. "The man might

not come back for six months or a year; and many things could happen in a year?" Ludo listened, and fell. He credited only one thousand dollars to the farmer's account; with the other two thousand he paid off the money-lender.

His sufferings now began in earnest. In covering his former misdeed by a worse felony he had exchanged the frying-pan for the fire—the purlieus of hell for the dread domain itself. His condition became pitiable in the extreme. Life lost all its charm for him and death its terrors. He panted to quit this stifling atmosphere—to lie down in the cool, quiet ground and be done forever with the multitude of accusing fingers he saw levelled constantly at him. This world was so full of present terrors that the prospective dangers of the next faded into nothingness. But for his poor widowed mother down by the sea he would have shed his life most joyfully, most thankfully; but he shrank from dealing her so terrible a wound. This avenue of escape closed, he was travelling swiftly towards madness, when it pleased the Creator to intervene.



It happened that a leading citizen died, and it was in order to bury him. The funeral had been set for to-day. Now the townspeople patronized funerals with great liberality, and this one was no exception—the men turned out *en masse*. The Bank was represented by the Manager.

The tail of the procession had passed, on the way to the cemetery, half-an-hour ago. The accountant, in whose charge the office had been left, was out at lunch. As its customers were all at the funeral, the Bank was about as quiet as a deserted school-house. Ludo and Little Meigs, the junior, had practically no company except their thoughts.

Two men came in, ordinary-looking men in tweeds. One carried a bulky Gladstone bag, which he quietly set on the floor. He then moved to the teller's counter, fumbling in his pocket

for the paper which constituted his business. He found it and passed it through the narrow wicket. The document had a curious foreign appearance and differed so much from the usual run of documents passed upon that it chained our teller's instant attention. Bending closely over it, the better to examine it, Ludo forgot for the nonce his ever-pressing nightmare of trouble. When at length, nonplussed, he looked up for an explanation of the puzzle presented to him, he was met by the cold, unsympathizing muzzle of a six-shooter levelled directly at his head, and the gruff command:

"Now, then, young fellow, up with your hands!"

Ludo saw that, over to the left, Little Meigs was similarly contained by the second stranger. Apparently the enemy held the day in the hollow of his hand. But this estimate is reached without reckoning that, desperate as were these criminals in front, they are eye to eye with a despair and contempt of death more unyielding than their own. To Ludo, this is the opening of the gates whereby he can make an honourable and expiatory exit. It is, therefore, with a calm satisfied smile that he leans forward squarely facing the burglar, his elbows resting on the desk.

"And if I disobey, Mr. Burglar, what will you do then?"

This was unexpected.

"What'll I do? Is it that you're asking? Why I'll blow your bloomin' brains out if you don't look sharp. Put up your hands."

Still the hands did not go up. Instead Ludo said, "I'm curious to know what it's like to have my brains blown out. Go ahead and blow, Mr. Burglar."

But the burglar didn't blow. He didn't want to make a noise if he could help it. He muttered:

"Well, I'm darned. If this isn't the gamiest bloke I've struck since Auntie died;" then raising his voice, "Bill! go round behind and fix him."

Bill had succeeded in inspiring

Meigs with an ecstasy of fear. On receiving his mandate Meigs had put up his hands with such alacrity that he upset the stool he was half-sitting on, half leaning against, and it fell with a clatter to the floor. "Be quiet, you duffer," the robber angrily said, and twirled his pistol threateningly. Meigs, from excess of terror, now began to dance, his hands still up, and he cried out imploringly, "Oh, Ludo! Put up your hands and give them the money. Please! They'll kill us. Oh-h! They'll kill us both."

Bill was here told to go round behind, and he moved to obey. This was more than Meigs could stand. He rolled over on the floor bereft of speech and sense, curling his head under his arms, between his legs, anywhere out of sight of that terrible revolver. The robber kicked him contemptuously as he passed to "fix" Ludo.

Ludo, threatened on his flank, now moved quietly to the window-sill, whereon his own revolver lay, and taking it up, backed to the far corner of his cage, pistol pointing downwards. The robbers forebore to fire, dreading the noise. In this position the three remained for a minute, the silence unbroken. The spell was shattered by Meigs, who, espying the uncovering of a retreat through a rear passage, made haste to take advantage of it. He gathered himself up noiselessly and bounded wildly for the exit, yelling as he gained it "Help! Help! Burglars in the Bank. Help! They're killing Ludo." He reached the street through the back gate and continued his ear-piercing cries as he ran through the business portion of the town.

At the beginning of Meigs' movement Bill ran to settle him, but was just too late. The chief robber also for a moment turned his head; when he turned it back again it was to meet a streaming tongue of flame which leaped from Ludo's weapon and tore a smoky, grimy hole through his brain. The robber dropped in his tracks.

Bill, seeing his leader slain, and the alarm given, bolted for the door. Ludo fired at him, but his bullet was cheated



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BEATTY

"Ludo moved quietly to the window-sill, whereon his own revolver lay"

by an intervening wire of his cage. Rushing to an open window he saw Bill leap into a rig which a third pal had in waiting, and the pair dashed away. He sent two shots after them. The first missed, but the second hit the horse. The few citizens left in

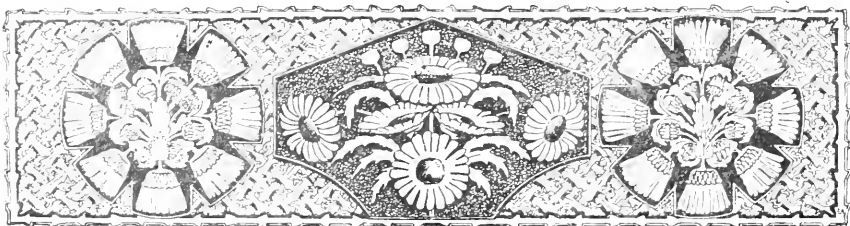
town were gathering, and a chase began, in which the leading files of the returning funeral joined as lustily as did their brothers who had not witnessed the impressive ceremony. Thanks to the lamed horse, the outfit and the pal were captured. Bill escaped into the woods.



The General Manager and Directors of the Bank, out of consideration for the fact that Ludo had probably saved them from a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, made him a present of twenty-five hundred. The newspapers published the affair in flaring headlines; the trumpets blared, and our teller was proclaimed a hero throughout the length and breadth of the land. Heaven and himself knew how little of the heroic there was in his action, but they were content to let it be so.

You may be sure that as soon as he was able he restored the farmer's money; from his position of teller he could do this without fear of discovery, and that incident was closed. He was moved within a month to a higher position in a more important branch, and is now filled with ambition to climb the business ladder.

As to whether or not he eventually marries Margie we are unable to say; but we make no doubt that after he has a firmer grip on the future, if he still cherishes his old ideas as to the superiority of her charms and qualities, he will one day return and lead her, if she be willing, to the altar.



RAILWAY SUBSIDIES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

By James Edward LeRossignol, Professor of Economics, University of Denver

James G. Blaine estimated that the total advances to the United States railway companies, together with all the outright gifts by towns, counties, states and the nation, would total One Billion Dollars. Yet, had these same railways been subsidized at the average given to Canadian railways, the total would have been Three and a Half Billions. The Federal Government of the United States never gave cash bonuses, however, and has made no land grants since 1871.



SINCE the beginning of the French and English settlements in America the problem of transportation has been of paramount importance. By nature the English colonists were confined to a strip of land between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea, while the French had the advantage of a magnificent waterway, extending, with a few *portages*, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Had France been duly sensible of the importance of maintaining, though at great expense, this natural system of internal communication, she would have secured dominion over a vast region, the most fertile part of North America, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Alleghanies.

In later times the history of both countries was profoundly affected by the lack of means of transportation. To this cause, more than to any other, were due the disasters of Saratoga and Yorktown during the American Revolution; and the failure of the invasion of Canada in the war of 1812, has been attributed to the same cause. So, also, the conquest of the South, during the Civil War, was exceedingly difficult and prolonged because of defective communications.

It would seem, then, as though a poor system of transportation were of

great advantage to a country in time of foreign invasion, and an argument against internal improvements might be based upon this fact. But a state of war is abnormal and exceptional, especially in North America, and were it not so, protection against a foreign enemy could best be secured by a full development of all the resources of the country, with a perfect system of transportation as a necessary means to that end.

Realizing the value of improved internal communication, without which rapid settlement was impossible, and knowing that the settlers themselves could not pay for such improvements, the Governments of the United States and Canada early gave aid for the building of roads and canals. Notable among these public works were the Cumberland Road, built by the United States Government, between 1806 and 1838, at a cost of about \$6,800,000; the Erie Canal, built by the State of New York, between 1817 and 1825, at a cost of about \$9,000,000, and the Rideau Canal, constructed by the Imperial Government for military purposes, between the years 1826 and 1834, at a cost of \$3,900,000.

The Cumberland Road was of great benefit to the early settlers in the Ohio Valley, and the Erie Canal was the cause of rapid development and great prosperity in Central New York, but colonization roads and shallow canals

were soon superseded by the rapid extension of railways. With few exceptions, the canals of the United States are now almost obsolete, but the canal system of Canada, because of its connection with the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, is still an important factor in the industrial life of the Dominion.

The building of railways commenced at about the same time in both countries, but for many years development in Canada was very slow. The first railway in the United States was the Baltimore and Ohio, of which the first section, fifteen miles in length, was opened in 1830. The first Canadian railway was opened in 1836, between Laprairie and St. Johns, a distance of fourteen and one-half miles. In the year 1850 there were 8,571 miles of railway in the United States, and only 71 miles in Canada. Both countries have made enormous progress since that time, for on June 30, 1901, there were in the one country 197,237 miles of railway, or one mile to every four hundred inhabitants, and in the other 18,294 miles, or one mile to every three hundred inhabitants.

The earlier railways in America, as the Baltimore and Ohio, the New York Central and the Grand Trunk, were built in the eastern and more settled parts of the country, chiefly by private capital, without the aid of governmental subsidies. It was not until the western territories were to be opened up that extensive grants of land and money were demanded and given.

The policy of granting public lands for railway purposes was proposed in the United States as early as 1832, but was not put into effect until the year 1850, when Congress made a grant to the State of Illinois, for the benefit of the Illinois Central Railway, in the form of alternate sections of public land for six sections in width on both sides of the line, amounting in all to 2,595,053 acres. The theory upon which the grant was defended was that the alternate sections reserved to the Government would be, at least, doubled in value by the construction of

the railway, and the price to settlers was raised from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre.

Between the years 1850 and 1871 Congress made grants of land for railway purposes amounting, in all, to about 197,000,000 acres. Of this amount about 35,000,000 acres have been forfeited by subsequent legislation, leaving unforfeited grants of 162,000,000 acres, or 253,000 square miles, an area greater than that of the Province of Ontario. Up to July 1, 1902, there had been patented 97,967,537.80 acres, leaving an estimated balance of 64,023,462 acres yet unpatented, much of which is mountainous, desert or other comparatively worthless land.

It is impossible to estimate the value of these lands with any degree of accuracy. Before the railways were built they were of little value, and afterwards they were sold from time to time at various prices. Up to 1886 the Union Pacific had received \$39,474,213.71 from the sale of 13,414,447 acres, or about \$3.00 per acre. The average price obtained by the Northern Pacific was probably not greater than this. Taking into consideration the time that elapsed before the companies could sell their lands, it is safe to say that all the grants together, amounting to 162,000,000 acres, were worth not more than \$300,000,000 at the time they were made. If to this we add the sum of \$25,000,000, the estimated cash value of the loan to the Union Pacific, we have the sum of \$325,000,000 as the total value of federal grants to railways in the United States. Since the mileage of the land-grant railways was some 18,000 miles, the average subsidy was about \$18,000 per mile.

The assistance given to these and other railways by states, towns, counties and individuals has been very great. In the United States, as in Canada, it has been common for railway corporations to demand a species of blackmail in the form of gifts of land, money, bonds, or subscriptions to stock, as the price of deviating from

the direct route or building branch lines for the benefit of favoured localities. Before 1891 forty-three counties in Nebraska had voted bonds in aid of railways to the amount of \$4,918,000. Lancaster county has been especially generous in this way, with the result that it has prospered greatly at the expense of its less enterprising rivals, and the city of Lincoln, though not well situated by nature, has become a centre of trade second only to Omaha.

The same practice has been followed in Canada, where municipalities have given to railways the sum of \$12,331,087 in money, besides loans and subscriptions to capital amounting to \$6,253,811. Similar exactions have been made in every part of both countries by skilfully taking advantage of the ambitions and rivalries of towns small and great, playing one against another so as to secure the greatest possible advantage to the railways that hold the scales. It may be *good business* for the city of Montreal to grant exemption from taxation to the Canadian Pacific shops for a long period of years, but it cannot be thought that such a policy on the part of Montreal is of benefit to Toronto, North Bay, Quebec or the Dominion at large.

In the absence of statistics such as are given in the Statistical Year-Book of Canada it is impossible to give an accurate estimate of the amount of railway subsidies in the United States. The statement of the late James G. Blaine is perhaps as good a guess as any:—"If all the advances to railway companies, together with all the outright gifts by towns, counties, states and the nation, be added together, their money value would not fall short of \$1,000,000,000."

This estimate is probably excessive, but it does not seem great when compared with the assistance so lavishly given in Canada, especially since the year 1881. Cash bonuses have been granted amounting to \$201,372,591. Loans have been made on favourable terms to the extent of \$24,027,800, and grants of public lands have been made amounting in all to 52,064,650 acres.

Allowing \$100,000,000 as the value of the land and neglecting the advantage of government credit, we have the sum of \$300,000,000 as the total cash value of subsidies in land and money granted by the federal, provincial and municipal governments of Canada, chiefly within the last twenty years. If the railways of the United States had received as much in proportion to mileage, they would have received the enormous sum of \$3,500,000,000. On the other hand, it should be stated that most of the governmental assistance in the United States has been given to western roads, and that if all the roads in the United States had been aided as was the Union Pacific, they would have received grants worth at least \$5,000,000,000.

The history of the Union Pacific Railway bears a striking similarity to that of the Canadian Pacific. The agitation in favour of a transcontinental railway was begun by Asa Whitney, a merchant in the China trade, in the year 1846, when the people of the United States were ready to go to war with Great Britain to settle the question of the Oregon boundary, and the war cries of the day were: "All Oregon or none," and "Fifty-four-forty or fight." The treaty of 1846 settled the dispute, but the acquisition of California in 1848, and the discovery of gold there in the same year, furnished additional reasons for maintaining political union by means of an improved system of transportation.

The need for the railway soon became apparent, and it would probably have been built in the early "fifties" but for the ill-feeling that existed between North and South, and the jealousies of rival towns, each claiming to be the most suitable eastern terminus of the great road. The interests of Oregon, Nevada and Colorado, and the need for control over Mormons and Indians, were used as arguments in favour of the northern route, while the people of the South had reasons which appeared to them to justify the building of the road through Texas and Arizona. Thus the matter was delayed from year

to year, until the outbreak of the Civil War decided the question in favour of the northern route.

The Pacific railway companies were chartered by the Act of July 1, 1862, according to which they were to receive a loan of \$50,000,000 and a land grant of ten sections, or 6,400 acres, per mile. Under these terms private capital refused to invest in the enterprise, and it was not until, by the Act of July 2, 1864, the land grant was doubled and the terms of the loan improved, that it was possible to obtain the necessary funds and provide for the construction of the road.

The railway was begun in 1865 and completed on May 10, 1869, with 1,775 miles of track. The system was extended, with governmental assistance, until October, 1874, when 2,794 miles were completed, at a cost of \$115,214,589.79. The actual cost to the construction companies probably did not exceed the Government's loan of \$64,623,512, the balance representing the profits of construction. The land grant of twenty sections per mile amounted to 26,029,534 acres, of which 13,789,507.03 acres were patented before July 1, 1902. This land was perhaps equivalent to a cash bonus of \$45,000,000, and the favourable terms of the loan were probably equal to a gift of \$25,000,000. Taking into consideration other favours, it cannot be far from the truth to say that the six companies forming the Union Pacific system received from the federal government the equivalent of a cash bonus of \$70,000,000, or an average subsidy of \$28,000 per mile.

The Union Pacific was never able to do much more than pay interest to the holders of its regular bonds, leaving most of the interest due the Government to accumulate, until principal and interest amounted to \$138,096,569. During the financial crisis of 1893 the road went into the hands of a receiver. Since then a settlement has been effected, providing for the payment of the Government's claim, and the road has been reorganized under new management and with improved prospects.

The Canadian Pacific has had a very similar history. It was built for the sake of uniting British Columbia and the Northwest with the rest of Canada, and to encourage the settlement of the vast region thus rendered accessible. From 1877 to 1881 the Dominion Government built about 640 miles of line at a cost of about \$33,000,000, or \$50,000 a mile. In 1881 the road was given to a private company, which also received 25,000,000 acres of land and a cash bonus of \$25,000,000, besides other favours. The road was completed in 1886, with 4,533 miles of track. If we suppose the land to have been worth \$2.00 an acre, the value of the total subsidy was \$75,000,000, being \$19,000 a mile for the portion of the road built by the private company. Since the cost of the road was \$131,350,019, the Government contributed over one-half of that amount.

The analogy between the Canadian Pacific and the Union Pacific could be carried still further. The scandals and corruption connected with the *Credit Mobilier* are well matched by similar revelations or accusations in regard to the financial management of the Canadian Pacific. In both cases there have been abuses connected with the grants of alternate sections of public land, tending to hinder the settlement of the alternate sections reserved by the Government. Squatters, and even regular settlers, have been dispossessed of their claims without compensation for improvements. Valuable timber has been taken from public land for the building of roads, and perhaps for other purposes. It is possible, however, to exaggerate these and other abuses and so lose sight of the main fact that the roads have been built, and that, without governmental assistance, the building of the Union Pacific might have been delayed for ten or fifteen years, and perhaps the Canadian Pacific would not have been completed at the present time, unless by the Dominion Government itself.

The last grant of public land to railways in the United States was made

in the year 1871. By this time three transcontinental lines were assured, and the public domain was rapidly decreasing in extent. Besides, it was felt by many people, especially the western farmers, that the railways had not shown themselves sensible of the favours they had received, but were disposed to treat the shipping and travelling public according to the monopolistic principle of charging all that the traffic could bear. Instead of making further grants to railways, the trend of public opinion was toward the regulation of rates and the increased taxation of railway corporations. This movement, led by the "Grangers," failed to develop a satisfactory system of regulating rates, but resulted in the establishment of railway commissions in many states, and increased taxation of railway property for state and local purposes. In the year ending June 30, 1901, the railways of the United States paid in taxes the sum of \$49,726,006, an average of \$261.36 per mile. If the railways of Canada paid as much as this they would contribute to provincial and local budgets the considerable sum of \$4,781,432—an amount greater than the annual subsidies given to all the provinces by the Dominion Government.

Canada may be said to be passing through a stage in its railway history out of which the United States emerged over thirty years ago. There are still vast areas of public land and much territory as yet wholly undeveloped. Without railways little can be done to induce settlers to enter upon the work of building up a rich and populous community. Railways must be built, and in many cases they must go in advance of settlement. Capitalists are unwilling to take the risks essential to investments that may prove unprofitable for years to come, even though there may be a certainty of ultimate success. They, therefore, look to the Government for assistance, demanding, rather unreasonably, that the Government take all the risk and leave them all the profit.

Judging from the experience of the

United States, one would be inclined to condemn the policy of giving public land to other than *bona fide* settlers under the homestead law. It is often said that when the Government secures the building of a railway by means of a grant of unsaleable land, it is giving away what is of no value, and is therefore obtaining something for nothing. This is not true, for there is a future value in all the unimproved land that is suitable for agricultural or other purposes. Doubtless, the value is unknown, but the very fact that the value of a land grant is unknown renders it unsatisfactory, both to the Government and to the railway company. The Government does not know what it is giving, nor the company what it is receiving.

This objection does not hold in the case of a cash bonus, which would seem to be the most satisfactory form of gift where any gift is necessary. The only question at issue is—is it necessary? The Government of the United States has never given such bonuses, perhaps because of the nature of the Constitution. The Canadian Government has apparently thought it necessary to subsidize railways on a very extensive scale, and the tendency appears to be to increase the gifts from year to year. In the year ending June 30, 1901, fifteen railways received subsidies amounting to \$2,512,329, and the gifts were so distributed as to lead one to suspect that they were partly due to the reprehensible practice known to American politicians as "log-rolling."

But the Canadian Government has not confined itself to the policy of aiding railways by grants of land and money. On the contrary, it has given them assistance in every way known to man. They have received help in the form of—"Government guarantees of interest; Government issues of debentures by way of loan to railway companies; Government guaranty of railway bonds; direct issue of Government bonds to railways with a first mortgage on the companies' properties; release of Government loans by placing them behind other loans; com-

position of Government claims"—and if there is any other way of aiding railways that human ingenuity could devise, it is reasonably certain that the Canadian Government has made full use of it.

With such an accumulation of experience from which to draw, the Government must surely be able to evolve some general principles for the guidance of future action. To a superficial observer it would seem as though a Government guaranty of interest on bonds would be sufficient to secure the construction of a second transcontinental railway, or any other railway whose prospects of success were reasonably sure. It would surely be sufficient if the Government could take advantage of the rivalry existing between the two great railway corporations by granting the privilege of building the new road to the company offering the most favourable terms.

From the experience of the United States another conclusion may safely be drawn. While the country is new and sparsely populated, the railways of Canada will be able to earn little more than enough to pay running expenses, cost of improvements and interest on bonds. As population and wealth increase the net revenue of railways will also increase, and in a geometrical ratio. It is evident, then, that the Government, which has rendered aid in time of adversity, should share in the prosperity which it has helped to bring about. The time seems to have come when unconditional gifts and favours to railway companies need no longer be made, but when all advances may be considered as investments upon adequate security, such as will yield, not only the stipulated interest, but a goodly share of profit as well.

MY SHIPS

THO' all my ships along life's shore
 No harbour safe have found,
 Battered and wrecked, while waves break o'er,
 Helpless they lie aground;
 Laden with hopes on Time's bright sea
 So gaily did they go—
 I cannot see the reason yet
 Why they were broken so.

And shall I watch with tear-dimmed eyes,
 The billows madly beat
 Against each treasure-ship that lies,
 A token of defeat,
 And hopeless turn away in woe,
 Or think with bitter scorn,
 How many ships are wrecked at night
 That sail away at morn?

No, I shall wait a peaceful sea
 And new ships launch again,
 And let them from their moorings free
 To sail o'er Time's wide main.
 And pray that they may weather storms,
 And safely breast the gale,
 And treasure-laden safe return
 With flying flag and sail.

Jean Walker

THE NEEDS OF THE NORTHWEST

By Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior



It is now about twenty years since the first considerable movement of population towards the western prairie section of Canada took place. The Canadian Pacific Railway had reached Winnipeg and was stretching westward over the plains. People suddenly awoke to a conception of the possibilities of the country. As a result, a mad fever of land speculation set in, the parallel of which can certainly not be found in the history of Canada. At the city of Winnipeg land was surveyed into town lots far outside of the limits of possible occupation. The keenest and brightest of business men congregated there and dealt in those lots at prices based on the idea that the city was at once to become the Chicago of Canada. The inevitable reaction came quickly with all its attendant evils, bankruptcy, litigation and liquidation.

For many years afterwards Manitoba was only known in many Eastern communities at the place where people had lost their money.

There was in reality no legitimate foundation for the views then entertained of rapid development. The movement of population had never assumed proportions sufficient to warrant such views. Of the agriculturists who left eastern Canada in those years, a large proportion for reasons which need not now be discussed, went to the north-western States. Of the Canadians who went to our own Northwest many were not farmers, and had no intention of permanently becoming farmers. When the excitement subsided and matters settled down to a normal condition, it was found that the real agricultural population of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories permanently settled upon land did not greatly exceed that of a good-sized Ontario county.

The influx of people in the years when the Canadian Pacific Railway was being built through the prairie section was almost entirely from eastern Canada. There was no considerable addition to the population from other countries. A moment's consideration of the facts will show that no great development of the vast district between Red River and the Rocky Mountains could be looked for until a steady and substantial movement of settlers from the outside was inaugurated. Until this movement took place values were problematical, and the future of all large business operations was uncertain. Business men recognized this fact, and it was not until the long expected tide of immigration began to flow northwestward that the banks and wholesale houses of Winnipeg began to erect the commodious and substantial structures which are now beginning to be a prominent feature of that city.

During the past twenty years it has been a common saying of speakers and writers who have dealt with the future of Canada that its hope was in the west. Until last year, however, it could never be said with any degree of certainty that the present generation would see the realization of that hope. To-day there are good grounds for the assertion that if we exercise reasonable care the present generation may reap the full benefit to be derived from the possession of our western domain.

Nearly all new districts, after the first rush of pioneers, pass through periods of depression. The Canadian Northwest has been no exception to the rule. The early settlers, after the excitement of 1880 and 1882 passed away, found themselves face to face with the realities of pioneer life. Many of them were wholly unfitted by training and previous habits for such a life. Others, bred to the farm,

found their situation congenial from the beginning, but all alike settled down to the task of winning a livelihood from the soil. The result of their twenty years' labour is to show that there is not a country in the world where better results await the labour of the agriculturists, or where the soil and climate are better fitted to enable the farmer to obtain happiness and prosperity.

The knowledge of this fact widely disseminated is bringing to us in increasing numbers an army of settlers who, as a producing population, cannot be equalled, man for man, in any movement of population known in modern times, except that which took place when the great States of the Northwest were opened up. The feature of distinction between this movement and that which is taking place towards other countries is, that the people we are drawing are people who have been agriculturists at home and intend to be agriculturists here. While other countries, the United States for example, are drawing larger numbers, we are getting people who will, almost without exception, immediately become producers in the best sense of the word. The effect of this is already seen in the enormously increased production of wealth.

What are the needs of the West? When I answer this question I do not speak in a sectional sense. What the West really needs, it is the interest of the East to give, because from no other source can the Dominion of Canada as a whole derive so great material benefits.

First of all, the West needs population. In 1902 we added from 60,000 to 70,000 to the population of Canada and the Northwest Territories. In 1903 the figure may reach 100,000. If we can maintain our position and keep the annual immigration up to that number for ten years we shall then have in that region a million and a half of people. When that time comes Canada will begin to do business on wholesale instead of retail lines, because it is to be remembered that the wealth-pro-

ducing power of the individual is fully four times greater on the prairie farms of the West than in any other portion of the country. But even then there will be fertile homesteads left for the whole of the next generation of Canadians. There is abundance of room to sustain from fifteen to twenty millions of people. We need not, therefore, be afraid that our children who may be so inclined will be unable to become farmers for lack of available land. But if the present rate of settlement is to be kept up we must get rid, once and for all, of the idea that we can safely abandon our efforts because the world is getting to know more of Canada. We have, it is true, achieved a little success. Our success, however, has already aroused strong opposition. In the Western States, from which we are drawing large numbers of most desirable people, a powerful combination has been set to work to counteract the movement towards Canada. The idea that there is no more land to be had in the United States is an entire mistake. There is abundance of land to be had there. It is true that the land which is available in the United States now is not to be compared in quality with what we have to offer, but our rivals will not inform the intending settler of that pertinent fact. We must do it or it will not be done. Liberal expenditure along lines which experience has proven to be effective and increased energy in the British Isles and the United States is imperative if we are to expect our growth to continue.

Transportation stands next in order. It is a complicated and difficult problem, the understanding of which demands a knowledge of the conditions from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean. Its solution is imperative, but there are many difficulties in the way. First of all is the necessity for rapidly and economically getting the grain away from the local shipping points. Last year the railways were choked with traffic. It was hoped that this year they would be better able to take care of the business, but the hope has proven illusory. The sudden

growth of the business has upset all calculations, and almost paralyzed the efforts of the railways. To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway is confronted with a problem of tremendous proportions—millions of bushels of grain yet to be moved out, coal and lumber to be moved in, and thousands of cars to be provided for the purpose of bringing in new settlers and their effects.

The immediate and imperative need, then, of the present situation in the West is that the railways shall equip themselves sufficiently to do the business that is offered.

The next and most pressing necessity is the construction of more railways in the Northwest Territories. It is an unfortunate fact that much of the railway mileage there is not so located as to furnish the best local accommodation. The location may have had its advantages, but the settlers, who are the best judges of the quality of land, did not, in respect to long stretches of the railway, find that the land in its immediate proximity was of the best quality. It is necessary, therefore, for many branch lines to be built. The extension of the Canadian Northern, too, across the middle section of the territory is of pressing importance. On that great stretch of fertile land lying between the Riding Mountains and Edmonton settlers will be swarming in a few months, and the necessity of a railway there is no longer debatable.

The next phase of the transportation question after the local movement is dealt with arises in considering how the grain is to be got to the seaboard. Every loyal Canadian wishes to see the East and the West working in harmony in the task of achieving national progress. We want the wealth of the prairies to go abroad over Canadian railways, in Canadian lake steamers, and by Canadian seaports. To accomplish this is the duty alike of those who have the interests of the East and the West at heart. To the West it means better and more reliable service, better control of rates, and the power to land our unrivalled hard wheat unadulter-

ated in the British market. This last desideratum involves millions annually to the Northwest farmer in the price of his grain, and it will never be achieved until the route of Canadian grain to Great Britain is an all-Canadian route.

To Eastern Canada the accomplishment of this object means the prosperity which flows from the construction, equipment and maintenance of railways, elevators, and ships, and the employment of a vast number of men in their operation. Steel rail mills, car factories, locomotive works, and shipyards will all be required, and must multiply with each annual increment of western produce. Every mile of the territory through which this traffic goes will be benefited and enriched by it. The movement of trade also between eastern and western Canada will be kept intact, and the great volume of produce flowing to the seaboard will furnish the means of transporting merchandise cheaply from the East by way of return freights. In every step, therefore, that is taken the Canadian seaport should be the objective point.

A mere statement of the case as above outlined makes it clear that no immediate sacrifice is too great if it will enable us to achieve a satisfactory solution of this question. Let it be remembered, also, that if we do not solve it in a patriotic Canadian way it will be solved otherwise before long. Just south of the 49th parallel are the great systems of the American railway lines. Traffic will go along the line of least resistance, and if, to use Sir William Van Horne's phrase, the Canadian "spout" is not big enough for the "hopper," the American "spout" is big enough, and will quickly be called into action. As a matter of fact, it is in action now.

As respects the land policy, the simple principle of holding the land for free grants to the settler is the corner stone of a successful settlement policy. It is gratifying to know that the railway land grants of the past are rapidly being acquired by settlers, but no extension of the policy of granting agricultural lands in any way except to

actual settlers should be thought of, except in a few cases where special conditions require special treatment. Land companies may or may not help settlement. Some have done so in a marked degree. Others have totally failed to do so. There is no guarantee as to the policy for any length of time, and every immigration agent knows that it is the free farm from the Government which, in nine cases out of ten, attracts the settler.

One other subject remains to be mentioned. The Northwest Territories does not, at the present time, enjoy Provincial powers. The question of Provincial autonomy, however, must soon be dealt with. The local administration must meet the many harassing and insistent demands which inevitably follow rapid settlement. Upon its financial ability to meet these demands in a reasonable way depends the contentment and loyalty of our new fellow-citizens. The Territorial Government has not the power to collect revenue from Crown lands, timber, or minerals, and the scope of its financial resources will therefore depend upon the liberality of the Dominion. Having this in view it will be evident that the interests of the whole country will be

best served by judicious liberality in the financial provisions of the settlement. Only in that way can permanent contentment and satisfaction be assured. It is satisfactory to know from the public utterances of the leading men of different shades of political opinion that this view is likely to prevail.

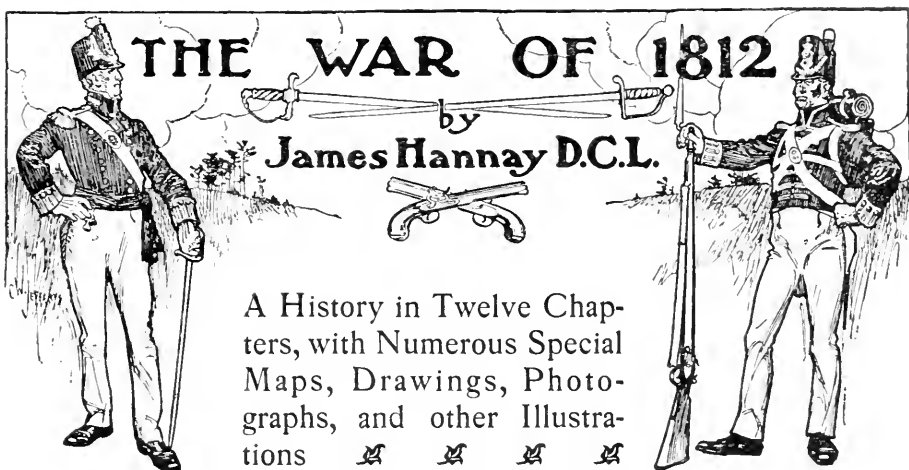
Speaking generally, and without reference to particular topics, it is of paramount importance that a spirit of moderation and conciliation—that spirit which has been found so necessary in many important crises in the history of Canada—should continue to be exercised. The vast extent of our Dominion, its peculiar geographical situation, the wide diversity in the interests and occupations of our people, and, above all, the separation of the East from the West by the almost uninhabited region lying north of Lake Superior, give rise to obstacles which few young countries have had to face. So far the energy and wisdom of the Canadian people have been equal to the task laid upon them. If the difficulties of the next ten years are successfully surmounted, the foundations of enduring national prosperity will by that time have been safely laid.

A CANOE SONG

IN the moonlight on the river, cool beneath the summer dew
 We grasp our bird's-eye paddles and swing out the old canoe;
 Then down the trickling pathway in a silver wake of light,
 Are left our cares behind us as we pass into the night.
 Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
 Lighting all as bright as noon;
 Hear the murmur of the water,
 And the wild cry of the loon.

Hear the shrill scream of the night-hawks as they sweep the fragrant air,
 Heavy with the scent of cedars, hemlocks, maple, spruce and fir.
 Oh! your heart is light within you as we swiftly glide along,
 And with her voice to thrill you we awake the woods with song.
 Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
 Lighting all as bright as noon;
 Hear the murmur of the water,
 And the wild cry of the loon.

Lloyd Roberts



CHAPTER III—THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

IT was a fortunate thing for the people of Canada that Secretary Eustis was so much enamoured of his own special enterprise against the Detroit frontier, that he bestowed a smaller share of his attention on the other armies embraced in the contemplated plan of invasion than the exigencies of the case seemed to demand. General Dearborn had been appointed first Major-General or acting Commander-in-chief in February, and the call for one hundred thousand militia had been issued in April, but there was no army ready to take the field when war was declared. General Dearborn, soon after the commencement of hostilities, fixed his headquarters at Greenbush, opposite Albany, and established there a military depot. His orders from the War Department were to prepare for a movement in the direction of Niagara, Kingston and Montreal, to take charge of the militia which Governor Tompkins had called out, and to make demonstrations against the Canadian frontier so as to prevent reinforcements being sent to Malden by the British. The militia of New York State, which was being collected under his banner, was formidable in point of numbers; the quota was twelve thousand men, who were divided into two divisions and eight brigades,

comprising twenty regiments. Stephen Van Rensselaer of Albany was appointed to the command of this force, and was charged with the duty, not only of defending the frontier of the state, from St. Regis to Pennsylvania, but also of invading Canada itself. This gentleman was not a military man, but a politician who had been opposed to the war, and whom it was thought proper to conciliate by this appointment. It, therefore, became necessary for him to take, as his aid and military adviser, his cousin Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, who had served in the regular army. Thus, by this unique arrangement, the singular spectacle was presented of a Commander-in-chief going to war to learn the art of war.

The British Government, as has been seen, on the 23rd of June—four days after war had been declared but long before any news of it reached England—revoked its Orders-in-Council so far as they affected the United States. So certain were the British authorities that this would satisfy the Americans, that they instructed the Admiral on the North American station to suspend proceedings against captured vessels, and advised Sir George Prevost to propose an armistice and a suspension of operations on land, pending a com-

munication with the United States Government. The Governor-General accordingly sent Adjutant-General Baynes to Greenbush, where, on the 6th of August, he concluded an armistice with General Dearborn. Sir George Prevost had desired that it should be made to apply to the operations on the Detroit frontier as well as to those to the eastward, but, as the former were not under General Dearborn's control, this could not be done. Thus it happened that the very steps taken by Secretary Eustis to win glory for himself led to the surrender of the army he controlled; for, if the armistice had applied to the Detroit frontier, Hull would have been saved. The American Government refused to ratify the armistice, putting forth by way of justification several pretexts, such as that the President doubted the authority to suspend the proceedings of prize courts; that he saw no security against the Indians; and that the arrangement was unequal as it would afford an opportunity to reinforce Canada. Dearborn was peremptorily ordered to bring the armistice to a close, and it terminated on the 29th of August. Mr. Madison and his advisers believed that all Canada must speedily become their prize, and so, regardless of all else but the easy triumph which they anticipated, they resolved to go on with the war.

The armistice, while it lasted, was very detrimental to British interests, for it enabled the Americans to convey supplies and munitions of war for their army from Oswego to Niagara by water, and it released a number of commercial vessels blockaded at Ogdensburg, which afterwards were converted into war ships, by which the command of Lake Ontario was, for a time, wrested from the British.

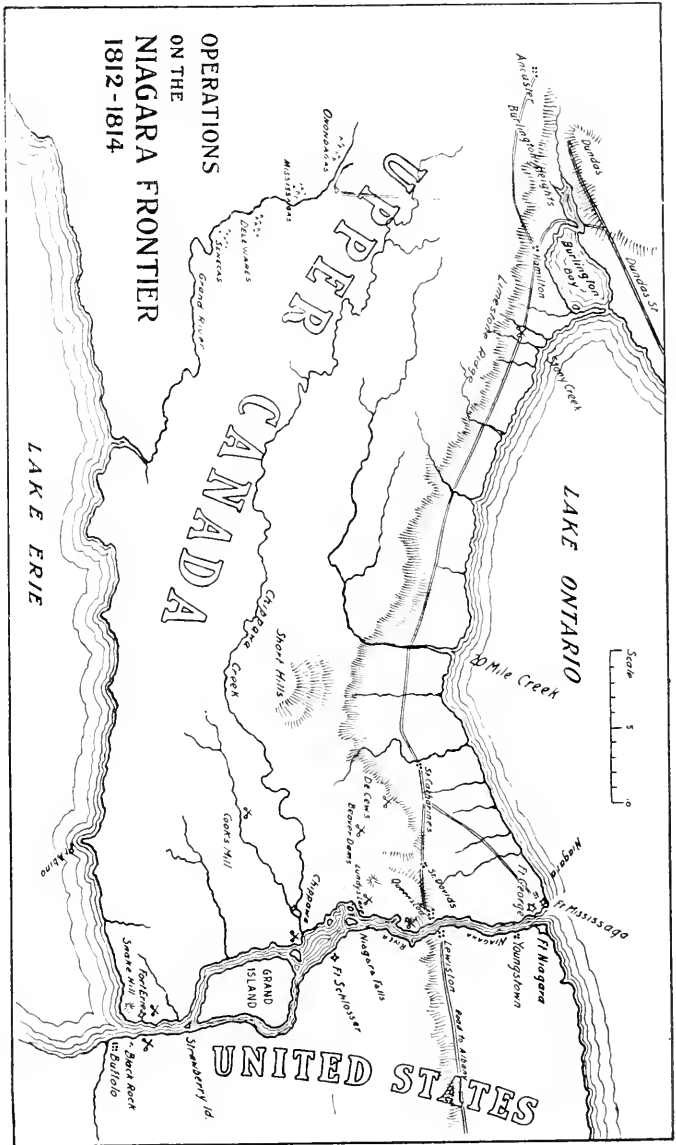
The Niagara frontier, which on the Canadian side is some thirty miles in length, is naturally weak and liable to attack from the other shore at many points. It was impossible for General Brock with the small force at his command not exceeding twelve hundred regulars and militia, to guard it

strongly, as an overwhelming force was liable to be landed either at Fort Erie, Queenston or Fort George, and one of these places occupied before assistance could reach it. He however, disposed his troops to the best advantage the circumstances would admit of and trusted to vigilance and activity to supply the place of numbers. Fort George, which was about a mile from Newark, as Niagara was then named, was the headquarters of the general and was garrisoned by part of the 41st Regiment and about 300 militia. Guns were mounted between Fort George and Queenston, the principal battery being on Vrooman's Point, a mile below the latter. Here was placed a 24-pound carronade which commanded both Lewiston on the American side of the river, and the Queenston landing. Queenston was occupied by the flank companies of the 49th Regiment under Captains Dennis and Williams and a body of militia, the whole numbering about 300 rank and file. On Queenston Heights was a battery mounting an 18-pounder which commanded the river. At Chippewa were a small detachment of the 41st Regt. under Captain Bullock and the flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln militia under Captains Hamilton and Rowe. At Fort Erie, which was in an unfinished condition, was a small garrison consisting of a detachment of the 49th Regt. and some militia. Guns were mounted a short distance below Fort Erie and these commanded Black Rock on the American side of the river. The forces named formed a very inadequate provision for the defence of so extensive a line of frontier, but they were all that were available.

General Van Rensselaer arrived at Fort Niagara on the 13th of August, at which time the armistice was in force. It was terminated, as has been seen, on the 29th, but General Dearborn was so leisurely in his movements that Van Rensselaer was not informed of the fact until the 12th September. The delay, however, made no difference, for he was in no condition to be-

gin active operations. The militia gathered slowly, and it was not until the first week in October that he felt himself strong enough to invade Canada. Van Rensselaer's plan of

"I propose," said he, "that we immediately concentrate the regular force in the neighbourhood of Niagara and the militia at Lewiston, make the best possible dispositions, and at



This map shows the strategical importance of Burlington Heights. Troops crossing the river between Niagara (Newark) and Queenston could easily march along the shore of Lake Ontario, without attempting to climb the Lime-stone Ridge which runs from Queenston Heights to Burlington Heights. Reaching Burlington Heights, there was only one climb to be made and the whole of Upper Canada was open to an invading army. Brock and his successors would, apparently, have been wiser, considering their small forces, in not attempting to defend the Niagara frontier at all, but simply to await an attack at Burlington. This, however, was not the policy adopted, and hence the battles of Queenston Heights, November 28th, Fort Erie, Lundy's Lane, and others. During the whole war, Burlington Heights remained in the possession of the British and Canadian forces.

invasion, as disclosed to his subordinates, Major General Hull of the militia of western New York, and Brigadier Smyth of the regular army, can best be stated in his own words :

the same time the regulars shall pass Four Mile creek to a point in the rear of the works of Fort George and take it by storm ; I will pass the river here (Lewiston) and carry the Heights of

Queenston. Should we succeed we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of the river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies. We shall save our land, wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace, get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and at least be prepared for an early campaign another year." The letter, in which this comprehensive plan of invasion was thus detailed, contained an invitation to the officers named to meet him in council ; but the council was not held, owing to the failure of General Smyth to attend. The American commanding general was therefore left to his own plans as to the best way to drive the British from the Niagara frontier.

While General Van Rensselaer was thus engaged in the agreeable duty of taking Canada, on paper, the press and people of the United States were manifesting an extreme impatience at the slowness of his movements. They could not understand why he did not instantly take possession of the Upper Province. Here was a territory inhabited by less than 100,000 souls and guarded by a few militia and regulars. Was it to be supposed that they could defend themselves against the great state of New York with its one million of people, aided by the whole power of the United States? In this case there was no danger of communications being cut, as was the case with Hull, for the whole route throughout the State of New York to the frontier was well settled, and no interference with the passage of troops or supplies was possible. Thus the impatient public argued, and there seemed to be a good deal of reason in what they said. General Dearborn himself appears to have held similar views, for on the 26th of September he wrote to Van Rensselaer: "At all events we must calculate on possessing Canada before the winter sets in."

The militia of the State were also extremely anxious to begin active operations. They desired to wipe away the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and their clamour to be led against the enemy became so loud that Van Rensselaer feared his army would break up in confusion unless he made an immediate advance. The martial zeal of the militia was further inflamed by the success of an enterprise which was undertaken by Lieut. Elliott of the United States navy, who had been sent to superintend the creation of a fleet on Lake Erie. Two small vessels, the *Detroit* of 200 tons, which had been captured at Detroit, and the *Caledonia* of 90 tons, were lying off Fort Erie on the 8th October. The *Detroit* mounted six six-pounders, was manned by a crew of 56 men, and had on board 30 American prisoners. The *Caledonia* had two four-pounders, a crew of 12 men and 10 American prisoners. That night Elliott, in two large boats manned by 124 soldiers and sailors, succeeded in boarding and capturing both vessels, no very difficult achievement when it is considered that the prisoners they had on board were almost as numerous as their crews, and that the attack was a complete surprise. The *Caledonia* was carried under the guns of the American battery at Black Rock ; but the *Detroit* was driven on Squaw Island and destroyed, neither the Americans nor the British being strong enough to retain possession of her.

After this achievement any postponement of the invasion of Canada would have been regarded as unpatriotic. General Van Rensselaer was well aware of the weakness of the British force, and he considered his own army quite strong enough for the work. He had six thousand three hundred men, of which 3,650 were regulars and 2,650 militia. At Lewiston, which was the headquarters of the United States general, were 2,270 militia and 900 regulars. At Fort Niagara there was a garrison of eleven hundred regulars, nearly as many as the entire force which Brock had at his disposal to

guard the thirty miles of frontier. On the tenth of October a spy, whom General Van Rensselaer had sent across the river to the British camp, returned with the false report that General Brock, with all his disposable force, had moved off in the direction of Detroit. This news at once brought the scheme of invasion to a head. The General resolved to make the crossing early in the morning of the 11th, at Lewiston, where the river is not more than an eighth of a mile in width, but flows with a very swift current. Accordingly thirteen large boats, capable of carrying 350 men, were prepared, experienced boatmen were secured, and the command of the flotilla given to Lieut. Sims, who was considered to be the best skilled officer for the service. At the appointed hour the troops were ready, Colonel Van Rensselaer, who was to lead them, at their head. Lieut. Sims entered the foremost boat and started, and as soon as he got away from the shore it was discovered that he had taken most of the oars with him. In vain the others waited for his return. Sims crossed over with his boat, and as soon as he had landed on Canadian soil took to his heels and was no more seen by his too confiding countrymen. The rest of the intended invaders sulked on the American shore, in the midst of a furious rainstorm, until daylight, and then marched back to their camps drenched to the skin, but more determined than ever to capture Canada.

On the following night a more successful attempt was made. It was arranged that Colonel Van Rensselaer should first cross with 300 regulars and the same number of militia, to be followed by more regulars and militia. Three o'clock on the morning of the 13th was the appointed hour for the start, and it proved intensely dark, and therefore favourable for the enterprise. The boats, 13 in number, were conducted by a citizen of Lewiston who was familiar with the river, and the place of landing on the Canadian shore was to be at a point just

beneath the site where afterwards stood the Lewiston suspension bridge. The regulars reached the boats first and crossed over, taking with them about 60 of the militia. Three of the boats, in one of which was Lieut.-Col. Chrystie, lost their way and put back, but the other ten with 225 regulars reached the point aimed at in safety, landed the men and put back for reinforcements. Before this the alarm had been given and the 24-pounder on Vrooman's Point, and the 18-pounder on Queenston Heights began firing on the American boats, and this seems to have been the cause of Chrystie's retirement. His boatmen had become demoralized and sought the American side of the river. One of the two boats which accompanied him, however, crossed over by his orders to the Queenston side, while the other made a bad landing on the Canadian shore and was captured. The American batteries at Lewiston replied vigorously to the British guns, and sought to cover the landing of the troops, which were now hurried across as rapidly as possible.

Queenston, as has already been stated, was at this time held by the flank companies of the 49th Regt., under Captains Dennis and Williams, and a body of York militia, the whole numbering 300 rank and file. As soon as the landing of the Americans became known Captain Dennis with 60 men, made up with parts of the grenadier company of the 49th, and Capt. Hatt's company of the Lincoln militia, and a three-pounder, advanced against Col. Van Rensselaer's force, which was now awaiting the return of the boats with the militia. The British made their presence known by pouring a deadly volley into the American ranks and a brisk skirmish took place. The guns in the Lewiston batteries were turned on the little British detachment and the Americans were reinforced on the other side of the river. They had suffered severely, and Col. Van Rensselaer and several other United States officers were among the wounded. Captain Dennis was now

joined by the remaining subdivisions of the grenadiers, and of Hatt's company of militia, while the Light Infantry of the 49th, under Captain Williams, and Captain Chisholm's company of York Militia opened a severe fire on the Americans from the brow of the heights. The invaders, who had been able to advance to the plateau, were now compelled to fall back and take shelter from the fire of the British and militia on the beach below the hill. There they were further reinforced by the arrival of more regulars from Lewiston.

General Brock, who was at Fort George when the attack was made, was aroused at the first alarm, and accompanied by his aides Macdonell and Glegg, at once galloped to the scene of action. He arrived at the battery on the heights about break of day, and, observing that the Americans were being strongly reinforced, ordered Captain Williams and his regulars and militia to descend the hill and support Capt. Dennis. The only force then left on the heights was the twelve men left in charge of the 18-pounder. Seeing the heights thus denuded of troops, Colonel Van Rensselaer conceived the idea of capturing them by a surprise. There were among his officers, two lieutenants who knew the ground well and who undertook to guide a force by a concealed path to a point behind the battery. Captain Wool was ordered to this duty, and, taking a strong detachment with him, he proceeded to carry out his instructions. As some of the men had been seen to falter in the previous skirmish, Col. Van Rensselaer ordered his aide-de-camp, Judge Advocate Lush, to follow the column and shoot every soldier who evinced any disposition to retire. The path which Wool took had been observed by General Brock, but he was assured by those whose local knowledge should have been superior to his, that it was inaccessible, and so it was left unguarded. The result of this incorrect intelligence was the loss of his own valuable life.

The first intimation that Brock had of the presence of the Americans on the heights was the sight of them issuing from the woods a few yards in the rear of the battery. As they were in force this necessitated a speedy retreat from the hill, and the General, his two aides and the twelve gunners, accordingly retired leaving the Americans in possession of the 18-pounder. Despatching a courier to Fort George for reinforcements, General Brock took command of Captain William's little force of regulars and militia, which numbered about one hundred men, and led them up against the three or four hundred American regulars and militia which now occupied the battery. As he was gallantly showing them the path to victory and cheering them on, this brave soldier was struck by a bullet in the breast, and almost immediately expired. His aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, now arrived with the two flank companies of the York Militia and led them and Williams' detachment, the whole numbering about two hundred men, up the heights against the enemy. Wool and his men were driven from the battery and forced to spike the 18-pounder, but at that moment both Macdonell and Williams fell wounded, the former mortally, and being without a leader the British and Canadians were forced to fall back. As from the great number of the enemy now on the heights it was evident they could not be dislodged until reinforcements arrived, Capt. Dennis, who now took the command, led his little force to a position in front of the battery on Vrooman's Point. The Americans proceeded to establish themselves on the heights by despatching outflanking parties, gathering up their wounded and drilling out the 18-pounder, which Wool says in his report, they desired to bring to bear on the village. Just then Chief Norton made his appearance on the field followed by about fifty Indians. They drove in the enemy's flanking parties and terrified some of the militia, but, after a sharp skirmish, fell back before his overwhelling force.

The invaders, however, were not to be long permitted to rest undisturbed. Major-General Sheaffe was advancing rapidly from Fort George with reinforcements, consisting of 380 rank and file of the 41st Regt. and three hundred militia. These were the flank companies of the 1st Regt. of Lincoln Militia under Captains J. Crooks and McEwen; the flank companies of the 4th Regt. of Lincoln Militia, under Captains Nelles and W. Crooks; three companies of the 5th Regiment of Lincoln militia under Captains Hatt, Durand and Applegarth; Major Merritt's Niagara Dragoons and a body of Militia Artillery under Captains Powell and Cameron. General Sheaffe marched down the St. David's road to a path through the fields, which was pointed out as a favourable track for ascending the heights, and formed his men in a field near the Chippewa road. Here he was joined by sixty grenadiers of the 41st Regt., under Captain Bullock; the flank companies of the 2nd Lincoln Regt., under Captains Hamilton and Rowe, and a few of the volunteer sedentary militia. The whole force un-

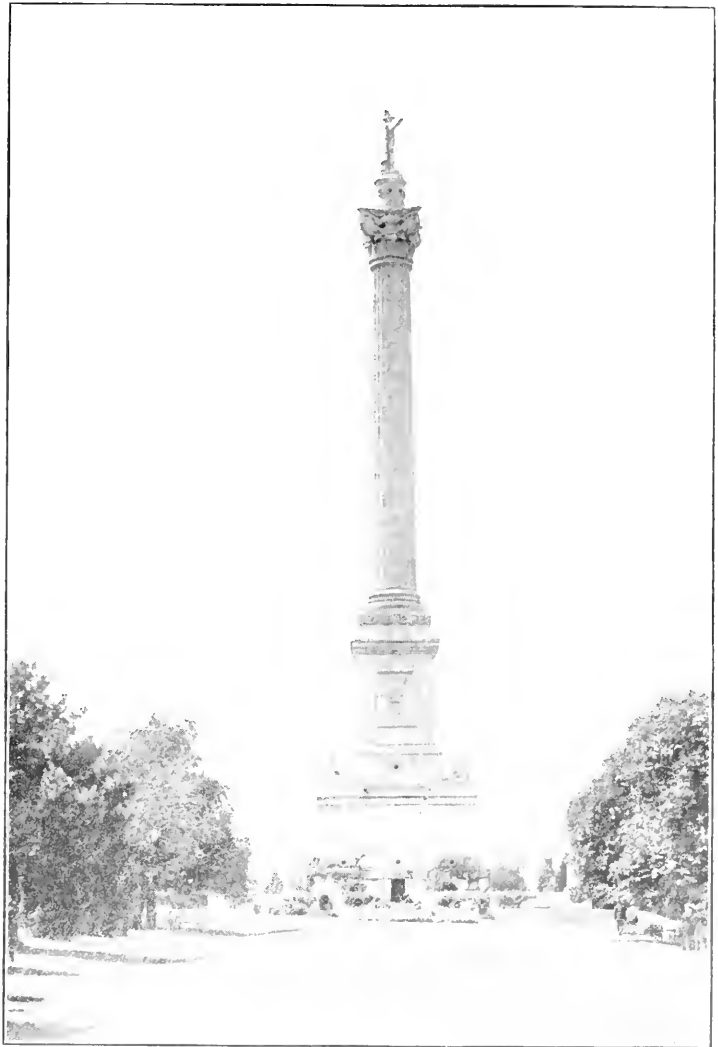


PHOTO BY GALBRAITH PHOTO CO., TORONTO

BROCK'S MONUMENT ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

der General Sheaffe's command and available for an attack on the enemy, including the troops engaged in the morning, numbered about five hundred and forty regulars, four hundred and fifty militia and a few Indians.

General Van Rensselaer, from the heights whither he had followed his army, had seen the approach of General Sheaffe's force, and also observed that the troops at Lewiston were embarking very slowly. He passed over at once

to accelerate their movements, but, to use his own language, to his utter astonishment he found that "the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided." Says he, "I rode in all directions, urged the men by every consideration to pass over, but all in vain. Lieutenant-Colonel Bloom, who had been wounded in action, returned, mounted his horse, and rode through the camp; as did also Judge Peck who happened to be here, exhorting the companies to proceed—but all in vain." The militia of New York had suddenly abdicated their functions as soldiers and had become expounders of the law. A week before they had been clamorous to be led into Canada, now they set up the plea that as militia they were not liable to serve out of their own state. They had seen the wounded come over from Queenston and it was not a pleasant sight. They had been told by their companions of the terrible powers of the "green tigers," as they called the men of the 49th Regt., and they did not desire to meet them on the field. Those excellent sticklers for the constitution have been somewhat severely dealt with by their own countrymen, so that it is unnecessary for a Canadian writer to reopen the wound. They have been denounced as "cowards" and "poltroons"; their correct constitutional views have been held up to public scorn as "a miserable subterfuge" and they have been designated as proper objects for "a storm of indignation." These men, however, were average citizens of the state of New York, and, no doubt, in after years they figured in gaudy uniforms in many a martial procession, and were venerated and regarded with awe and pride by a new generation as heroes of the war of 1812.

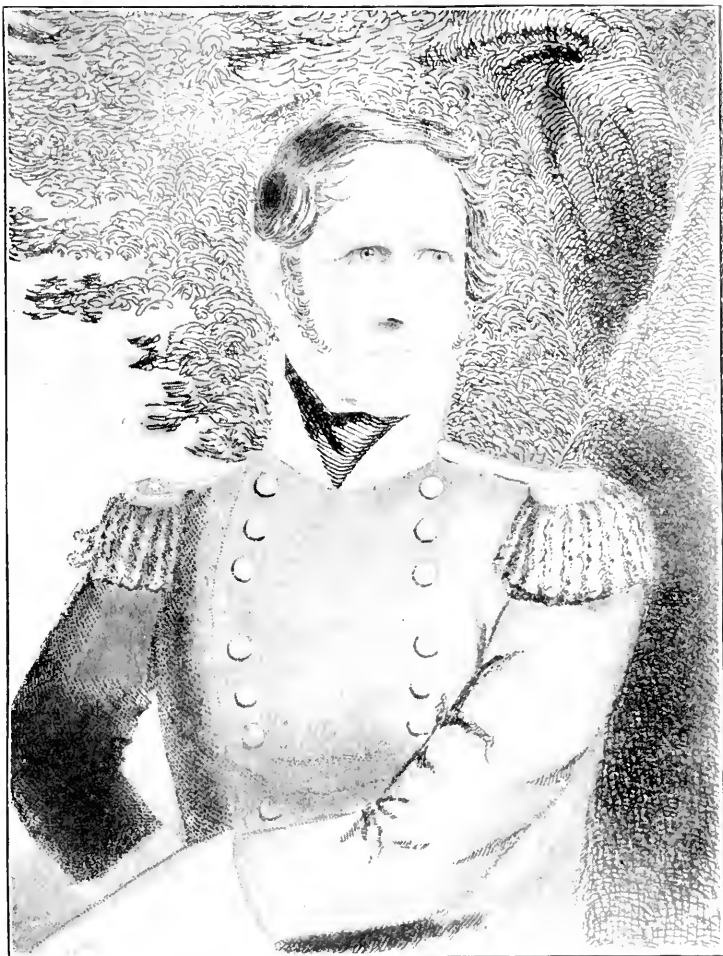
As the Americans on Queenston Heights could not be reinforced, General Sheaffe made very short work of them. He had placed two pieces of field artillery with thirty men under Lieutenant Holcroft in front of Queenston, to prevent the enemy from entering the village, and he now advanced

upon the Americans with two three-pounders. The light company of the 41st Regt. under Lieutenant McIntyre, with about 50 militia and 30 or 40 Indians, fell upon the American right. A single volley was followed by a bayonet charge which drove the invaders back in confusion. Then Sheaffe ordered the whole line to charge and the Americans broke instantly and fled, a terrified and demoralized mob. Some threw themselves over the precipices, some escaped down the pathway; there was no thought among any of them but to get in safety to the American side of the river. Many leaped into the swift current and swam across; many were drowned in attempting to do this, and others seized such boats as were on the Queenston side and rowed across. To the majority, however, such means of escape were not available, and the American General, Brigadier Wadsworth, sent in a flag of truce by Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott offering to surrender the whole force, which was done immediately. The Americans who thus laid down their arms numbered 931, including 73 officers. This number was inclusive of two boat loads captured in the morning. They acknowledged a loss of 90 killed and 100 wounded, but these round numbers are probably under the mark. The best estimates place the number of Americans who crossed over to Canada at 1,500, and it is impossible there could have been fewer, unless some of the regulars disobeyed orders and stood upon the constitution as well as the militia, for there were, including Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's regiment, 1,300 regulars in Lewiston on the morning of the invasion, and 300 militia were taken on Queenston Heights with arms in their hands. The British loss amounted to 11 killed and 60 wounded. This includes the loss suffered by the militia, who covered themselves with glory on that day. The Indians lost five killed and nine wounded. The only officers killed in the battle were General Brock and his aide, Lieut.-Col. Macdonell,

"whose gallantry and merit," to quote General Sheaffe's words, "render him worthy of his chief."

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the extent of the loss which Canada suffered in the death of Sir Isaac Brock. At the time it was justly regarded as an offset to the victory, and the lapse of years has strengthened that impression. He was a man of such energy and skill that had he lived the subsequent campaigns would have assumed a very different complexion. He was the only officer in Canada of sufficient rank and authority to be able to counteract

the malign influence of Sir George Prevost, whose conduct throughout the war was such as to leave students of history in doubt even as to his loyalty. Yet there were compensations even for Brock's death in the example which he left behind him of chivalrous daring and unswerving devotion to duty. His name sounds in Canada to-day as the watchword of the patriot, and no bugle blast could call the loyal to arms more quickly than a demand that they should emulate the heroic Brock. The



LIEUT.-COLONEL WINFIELD SCOTT, WHO CARRIED IN THE FLAG OF TRUCE WHEN 931 UNITED STATES TROOPS SURRENDERED ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS—FROM PETERSON'S "MILITARY HEROES"

traveller who approaches Queenston Heights, from whatever quarter, can see the lofty column, which the people of this land have erected to his memory, standing boldly out against the sky-line to inform the whole world that patriotism still lives in Canada. If ever the men of Ontario need a rallying ground against any future invader they will find one on Queenston Heights beneath the shadow of the monument they have reared to General Brock.



CHAPTER IV.—THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 28TH.

WHILE the battle was going on at Queenston, the batteries of the American Fort Niagara and of Fort George commenced a vigorous cannonade which continued for several hours, or until the American garrison under Captain Leonard were compelled to evacuate their fort and retire out of gunshot. The enemy fired red-hot shot and, with an utter disregard of the courtesies of civilized warfare, turned their guns on the village of Newark and set several houses on fire. The guns on the British batteries near Fort Erie also opened on the American barracks at Black Rock, and there was a brisk interchange of shots, which continued until a ball from a heavy gun, aimed by Bombardier Walker, of the Royal Artillery, penetrated a magazine in the east barracks at Black Rock, from which powder was being removed, and blew it up, causing a great destruction of life and property. At the request of General Van Rensselaer, Major-General Sheaffe, who was now in command of the Niagara frontier, agreed upon an armistice on the morning after the Queenston battle. It was confined to the frontier between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and was to be terminated on thirty hours' notice. This arrangement was viewed with great disfavour in Canada, because it was justly thought that the motive of the American General in asking for a cessation of hostilities was to enable him, without disturbance, to gather his forces to a head for another attack on the frontier. As in the demoralized condition to which the American army had been reduced the capture and destruction of Fort Niagara was a feasible operation, there seemed to be no reason why the opportunity to take this fortress should be thrown away. Had this been done and the position held, any further invasion of Canada from that direction would scarcely have been possible, and the destruction which fell

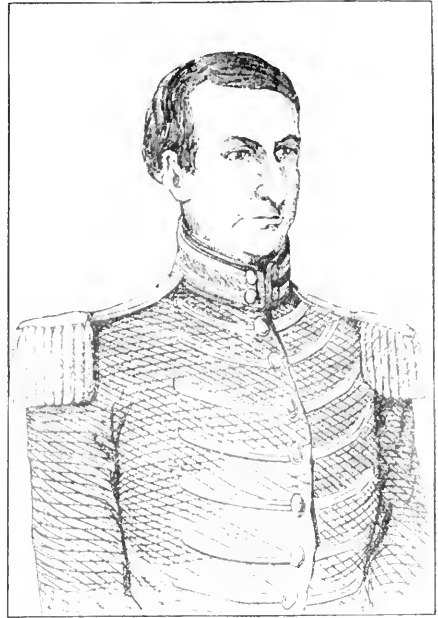
on Newark and the Niagara frontier generally, at a later period, might have been averted.

The United States regulars captured at Queenston were sent to Quebec as prisoners of war for exchange, but the militia were paroled and allowed to go home. The whole affair was a deplorable humiliation to the American people, who had expected nothing less than that their Niagara army would winter in Upper Canada. In the Detroit surrender there was some slight solace for their pride in the fact that they could lay the blame upon General Hull, and, while representing him as weak and cowardly, exalt his army as a band of heroes who had been balked of their conquest. But the Queenston disgrace was a dark cloud that had no silver lining. It was not the General who was at fault, but the men, and the shame was not that of an individual, but of a nation. Here was a militia army of invasion which would not invade, and a band of heroes that dreaded the smell of gunpowder. It may be of interest to note the fact that the militia which thus stood upon its constitutional rights belonged to the brigades of Generals Wadsworth and Miller, and comprised the regiments from Seneca, Geneva, Ontario, Oneida, and St. Lawrence counties.

General Van Rensselaer, having arrived at the conclusion that he could be more useful to his country elsewhere than at the head of the army, on the 24th of October resigned the command of the troops on the Niagara frontier to General Smyth, of the regular service. This officer at once began making preparations for a third invasion of Canada, and as a preliminary measure, issued, on the 10th of November, a proclamation to the "men of New York" inviting them to flock to his standard. In this remarkable document he took occasion to censure both Hull and Van Rensselaer by saying, "One army has been disgracefully surrendered and lost. Another

has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to pass over at the strongest point of the enemy's lines with most incompetent means. The cause of these miscarriages is apparent. The commanders were popular men, destitute alike of theory and experience in the art of war." "In a few days," he continued, "the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada. They are men accustomed to obedience, silence, and steadiness; they will conquer or they will die. Will you stand with your arms folded and look on this interesting struggle? The present is the hour of renown. Have you not a wish for fame? Would you not choose in future times to be named as one of those who, imitating the heroes whom Montgomery led, have, in spite of the seasons, visited the tomb of the chief and conquered the country where he lies? Yes, you desire your share of fame. Then seize the present moment; if you do not you will regret it and say: 'The valiant have bled in vain, the friends of my country fell—and I was not there.'"

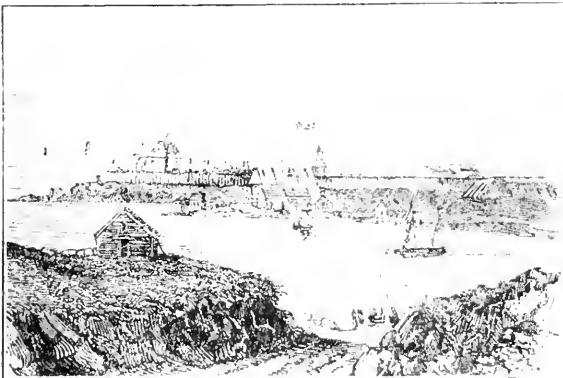
Stimulated by these tremendous words, the men of New York flocked to General Smyth's standard until he had more than 4,500 troops in his camp at Black Rock, in addition to the large detachments at Fort Niagara and other parts of the frontier. On



GENERAL DEARBORN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY
IN 1812

the 17th November the American General, thinking that the patriotism of his army needed some further stimulant, issued a second proclamation addressed to the soldiers of the "Army of the Centre." In this truly Napoleonic document General Smyth says: "Companions in Arms—the time is at

hand when you will cross the stream at Niagara to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier. You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow-citizens. Soldiers, you are amply provided for war. You are superior in number to the enemy. Your personal strength and activity are greater. Your weapons are longer. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years



FORT NIAGARA (U.S.) AT THE MOUTH OF THE NIAGARA
RIVER AS IT WAS IN 1812—FROM AN OLD PRINT

have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you—you who charge with the bayonet. You will shun the eternal infamy that awaits the man who, having once come within sight of the enemy, basely shrinks in the moment of trial. Soldiers of every corps, it is in your power to retrieve the honour of your country and crown yourselves with glory. Come on, my heroes! And when you attack the enemy's batteries, let your rallying word be 'The cannon lost at Detroit or death!'

General Smyth had always maintained that the Niagara river should be crossed at some point between Niagara and Chippewa, and he made active preparations for a movement in that quarter. On the 19th November, he gave notice that the armistice was to end, and on the 21st the American batteries at Black Rock, and those on the Canadian shore opposite, cannonaded each other as did Fort George and Fort Niagara at the other end of the line. These operations were not attended with much loss on either side, but several houses in Newark and the buildings in Fort Niagara were repeatedly set on fire. On the 25th General Smyth issued orders for "the whole army to be ready to march at a moment's warning." The period for the third invasion of Canada had arrived. On the 27th a general muster of the troops at Black Rock showed that he had 4,500 men in line. They consisted of his own regulars, the Baltimore Volunteers under Colonel Winder, the Pennsylvania Volunteers under General Tannehill and the New York Volunteers under General Peter B. Porter. The regulars of this army numbered upwards of 1,500. Nor was there any lack of facilities for crossing the river. Seventy boats, each capable of carrying 40 men, were provided, in addition to five large boats, each capable of holding 100 men, besides ten scows for artillery and a number of small private boats, so that 3,500 men could cross at once, a force so overwhelming that had they been landed on the Canadian

shore successful resistance would have been impossible.

The force on the Canadian side of the river above Chippewa was in almost ludicrous contrast to this formidable array which General Smyth commanded. At Fort Erie, which formed the extreme right of the British position, Major Ormsby of the 49th Regt. was in command with 80 men of that regiment and 50 of the Royal Newfoundland Regt. under Captain Whelan. Two companies of Norfolk Militia under Captain Bostwick occupied the ferry opposite Black Rock and distant about a mile from Fort Erie. At the Red House, a building used as a barracks on the Chippewa road three miles from Fort Erie, were stationed Lieutenant Lamont with 37 men of the 49th, and Lieutenant King of the Royal Artillery with two light field guns, a three and a six-pounder, worked by a few militia artillerymen. Near the Red House were two batteries, one mounting an 18 and the other a 24 pound cannon, in charge of Lieut. Bryson of the militia artillery, and under the general direction of Lamont. About a mile farther down the Chippewa road was another small detachment of the 49th, numbering 37 men, under the command of Lieut. Bartley. Near Frenchman's Creek, five miles from Fort Erie, Lieut. McIntyre was stationed with the light company of the 41st Regt., numbering 70 rank and file. Lieut.-Colonel Bisshopp, who commanded all the troops from Fort Erie to Chippewa, was at the latter place with a detachment of the 41st Regt. under Capt. Saunders, a company of the 2nd Lincoln Militia under Captain Hamilton and a light six-pounder in charge of Captain Kirby of the militia artillery. A short distance from Chippewa towards Fort Erie was a detachment of the 5th Lincoln Militia under Major Hatt. The total number of troops available to defend the 16 miles between Fort Erie and Chippewa did not exceed 1,000, of which 400 occupied the five miles from Frenchman's Creek to Fort Erie. This last fact suggested to General Smyth a plan by which the



LOOKING DOWN THE NIAGARA RIVER FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS TOWARDS LAKE ONTARIO. THE VILLAGE OF QUEENSTON IS JUST BELOW THE HEIGHTS. LEWISTON, ON THE UNITED STATES SIDE, IS JUST ACROSS THE RIVER

PHOTO BY MICKLETHWAITE, TORONTO

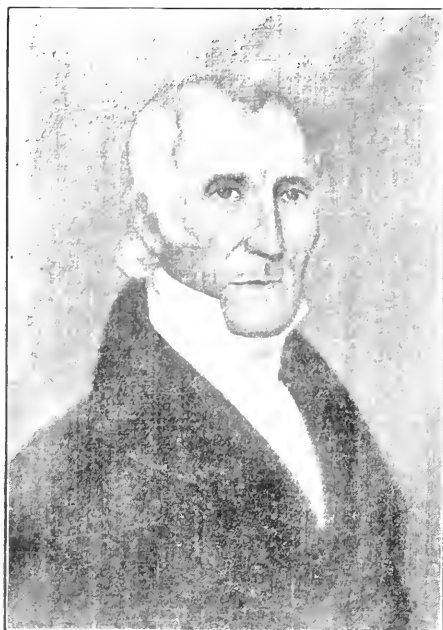
frontier could be carried. This was to effect a crossing with one detachment at the ferry where the Canadian Militia were stationed, and, while the British were concentrating in that quarter, to send another detachment to Frenchman's Creek, rout the troops stationed there, and hold the line of the creek so that Major Ormsby could not be reinforced from Chippewa, while the American army was crossing at Fort Erie. This was an excellent plan, and with a little more courage and coolness on the part of the Americans, and a little less vigilance on the Canadian side of the river, it might have succeeded.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of the 28th November, the third invasion of Canada commenced. The American armies had been assembled in the darkness and the detachments which were to clear the way for the crossing of the whole army, were embarked. The force intended for the assault on the militia and the capture of the British batteries opposite Black Rock was

in 10 boats, and consisted of 320 regulars selected from four different regiments of United States infantry, and 80 sailors under Lieut. Angus. The whole was under the command of Capt. King of the 15th Infantry. The detachment whose duty it was to destroy the bridge over Frenchman's Creek consisted of Col. Winder's Baltimore Volunteers 440 strong, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler of the regular army. King's party, which got away first, was discovered by the Norfolk Militia, when about half-way across the rivers, and although the night was intensely dark, the loyal yeomanry gave them such a warm reception that they did not venture to land at the point



AFTER THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS, 73 UNITED STATES OFFICERS SURRENDERED THEIR SWORDS. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE SURRENDERED ON THAT OCCASION, AND IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE MERRITT FAMILY, ST. CATHARINES. PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE"



MAJOR THOMAS MERRITT, U.E.L., COMMANDING OFFICER OF MOUNTED CORPS OF NIAGARA DISTRICT, 1812-14. PREVIOUSLY CORNET IN QUEEN'S RANGERS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. AFTER THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON, HE WAS DEPUTED BY GENERAL SHEAFFE TO RECEIVE THE SWORDS OF THE ENEMY. HE WAS ONE OF THE PALL-BEARERS TO GENERAL BROCK. HE WAS AFTERWARDS SHERIFF OF THE NIAGARA DISTRICT AND DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

intended, but fell down with the current nearly opposite to the Red House. The field pieces there fired two or three rounds, although nothing could be seen, and this had the effect of arousing all the British posts as far as Chippewa, and of frightening back six of the ten boats to the American shore. King landed with the remainder of his force consisting of 100 regulars and 60 sailors and attacked Col. Lamont's detachment of 37 men at the Red House. After a struggle which lasted some time the Americans were driven back to the shore with heavy loss, but, passing by a circuitous route in the darkness, they came on the left of Lamont's position. That officer mistook them for a reinforcement which was expected, but was rudely undeceived when a volley killed

or wounded 15 of his little party. Lamont himself and Lieut. King of the Artillery were severely wounded, the latter, as it turned out, mortally. The survivors of Lamont's half company were forced to retire leaving three unwounded prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The Americans now spiked the two field pieces and set fire to the Red House. As there was no adequate force to defend the batteries they had no difficulty in taking them, but Lieut. Bryson before he retired spiked the 18-pounder. The Americans spiked the other gun and dismantled both.

Major Ormsby, as soon as he heard the firing at the Red House, leaving Capt. Whelan's detachment of the Newfoundland Regt. to guard Fort Erie, advanced by the back road with his 80 men of the 49th towards the batteries to support Lieut. Lamont. But having met with Lieut. Bryson, who informed him that the enemy were already in possession of the batteries, he changed his direction and moved to the right along the front road which passed below the batteries. This was done with a view of falling in with some part of Lamont's detachment, and also that of Lieut. Bartley a mile below the Red House. The advance of Major Ormsby led to a curious result. Capt. King's regulars had become separated from the seamen under Lieut. Angus who were gathered near the beach. The latter had suffered very severely in the encounter with Lamont's men, so as Ormsby approached Angus gathered his detachment into the boats, with his wounded and some of the British prisoners, and rowed back to the American shore, leaving Captain King and his party without any means of crossing. That officer fled along the shore towards Chippewa for a couple of miles, until he found two large boats in which he placed all his officers and most of his detachment, but there was not room for all of them, and, with the 30 men that remained with him, he was captured by the British soon after daylight.

Boerstler's 11 boats, in the meantime had been crossing with a view to landing near the bridge over Frenchman's Creek, the destruction of which was the principal object of the expedition. The boats became separated in the darkness and four of them fell below the bridge, having been driven off by Lieut. McIntyre with the light company of the 41st Regt., and were out of the fight. The other seven boats with Boerstler himself landed above the bridge and were assailed by Lieut. Bartley with his half company of the 49th, and for the moment checked, but 37 men could not be expected to stand long against 280, so Bartley had to retire after losing all his men except seventeen. Capt. Bostwick now approached with his two companies of Norfolk Militia, but after a short skirmish, finding the enemy greatly superior in numbers, he retired with the loss of two killed, 17 wounded and six taken prisoners. The difficulties of the situation for the British were enormously increased by the fact that it was pitch dark, and the force of the enemy unknown. Most American writers attempt to make a great hero of Boerstler and describe how he "exerting a stentorian voice, roared in various directions, as though he commanded thousands, and created such a panic in the enemy, that they fled before him wherever he moved." It will be seen in a subsequent chapter, what a pitiful figure this loud-voiced American hero cut at Beaver Dam a few months later.

As Lieut. McIntyre's detachment was engaged in preventing the landing of the four boats that had fallen below the bridge, Boerstler was able to reach that structure without further opposition, and attempted to destroy it. In this he failed, American writers say, because the axes had been left in the boats, but in reality because of Major Ormsby's approach. A few shots were fired at his men by the Americans from a house above the bridge, but Ormsby pushed on and crossed it, yet although he halted there for some time, he could neither

see the enemy nor discover his movements. The fact was that Boerstler suddenly took himself off about this time, and sought safety on the American shore. Ormsby, after a long wait, advanced about a mile farther down the road where he was joined by Lieut. McIntyre's company and halted his men until daylight. Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp arrived at this time from Chippewa with 300 men of the 5th Lincoln Militia, under Major Hatt, which he had overtaken on the road. He also brought with him from Chippewa a light six-pounder under Capt. Kirby. These with Capt. Saunders' detachment of the 41st Regt. and Capt. Hamilton's company of the 2nd Lincoln Militia, under Lieut.-Col. Clark, brought up his force to about 600 men of which 250 were regulars. Bisshopp now advanced and took Capt. King and his 30 men prisoners. Col. Winder with five boats containing 250 men, at this time attempted to cross to reinforce King, but all but the one in which Winder was were driven back by the fire of the light



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT, SON OF MAJOR THOMAS MERRITT, SERVED WITH HIS FATHER DURING THE WAR. AFTERWARDS TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN UPPER CANADA POLITICS.

six-pounder. Winder himself had the temerity to land, but the loss of six killed and 22 wounded in less time than it takes to relate it instantly convinced him of the necessity of a speedy retreat. Bisshopp took up a position in the rear of the batteries and awaited any further attack that the enemy might make, but none was made, although the troops had been under arms since daylight and the work of embarking them had been going on all the morning. General Smyth about noon sent over a summons to Bisshopp proposing the surrender of Fort Erie, "to spare the effusion of blood," but this demand was declined. The order then came for the Americans to "disembark and dine" and this ended the active operations of the day.

The British loss in killed on this occasion was heavier than that in the battle of Queenston, although the whole force engaged did not much exceed 300 men, and the severe fighting was confined to little more than half that number. The total was 16 killed, 37 wounded and 30 missing. Of this total of 83 the two companies of Norfolk Militia lost 26, including Captain Bostwick and Lieut. Ryerson wounded, the latter severely. The American loss it is impossible now to ascertain, for their historians maintain a profound silence on the point, but it must have been very large. The sailors returned a loss in killed and wounded at the Red House of 30, including nine of their 12 officers engaged. Winder, as has been seen, lost 28 men of the 50 in his own boat; Capt. King lost 30 men taken prisoners. These figures make up a total of 88. But to these must be added the loss in killed and wounded which Capt. King's regulars suffered at the Red House; the losses of Boerstler's detachment in their conflict with Lieut. Bartley's men and Capt. Bostwick's militia, the killed and wounded in the four boats driven off by Lieut. McIntyre; the losses in Winder's boats which did not land, and in others that were sunk in attempting to cross. Adding these items together it is impossible to be-

lieve that the losses of the enemy were less than 250, and possibly they were greater. Nothing saved the British that day from a great disaster but the heroic courage of the British and Canadians engaged, the vigilance of Bostwick's Norfolk Militia stationed at the ferry, the activity of Lieut.-Col. Clark and Major Hatt of the Lincoln Militia in bringing up their reinforcements from Chippewa to Frenchman's Creek, a distance of ten miles, by daybreak, and, it may be added the extreme caution, not to say timidity, which the Americans showed in crossing after Lieut. Angus had got back to Black Rock with his bloody cargo of wounded from the Red House. No Briton or Canadian need be ashamed of the way in which his countrymen fought in repelling that formidable invasion. Bostwick's militia lost about one-fourth of their whole number, and Bartley's 74 men about two-thirds, for of the 52 men of the 49th who were killed, wounded, or missing, nearly all belonged to that little company.

Lieut.-Col. Bisshopp, having recovered his field guns and remounted his heavy cannon, was in a good position to resist any attack that the enemy might make. The American General had called a council of his officers, but they could not agree as to the propriety of another attempt on Canada. On the evening of the 29th, however, Smyth issued an order for his troops to be ready to embark on the following morning. He addressed his men in such stirring words as these: "The General will be on hand. Neither rain, snow nor frost will prevent the embarkation. The cavalry will scour the fields from Black Rock to the bridge and suffer no idle spectators. While embarking, the music will play martial airs. 'Yankee Doodle' will be the signal to get under way. The landing will be effected in spite of cannon. The whole army has seen that cannon are to be little dreaded. . . . Hearts of War! to-morrow will be memorable in the annals of the United States."

Smyth's officers objected to the time and manner of the proposed embarka-

tion, and the General was induced to defer it until the following day, which was Tuesday, the first of December, and it was arranged that the American troops should land several miles below Black Rock and near the upper end of Grand Island. From that point they were to march directly upon Chippewa. Tuesday morning came, but at the appointed hour only 1,500 men were embarked, the Pennsylvania Volunteers having raised the constitutional question that they were not compelled to fight out of their own country. Their example was imitated by others who held back from the boats, and from the

dangers which they had been eager to face a few days before. At this juncture Smyth hastily called a council of his regular officers, and their decision was soon made known. The men on the boats were disembarked and informed that the invasion of Canada was abandoned for the present. The regulars were then ordered into winter quarters and the militia sent home. This ended the operations of the Grand "Army of the Centre" which had boasted more and accomplished less than any similar body of men of which history has left a record.

WHERE DO THEY DWELL?

TELL me where the poets dwell,
 Mountain side or rocky dell,
 River bank, where flowing stream
 Rolls in majesty serene.
 Is it here the poets dwell?

Dwell they near the banks of snow,
 Or where the scented violets glow,
 Or far-off banks, where codlings leap,
 Or sandy banks, where mermaids sleep?
 Oh, where do the poets dwell?

Do they sail on cloud-bank far away,
 Rise to the stars till the break of day,
 Rest with the eagle on mountain crest,
 Or skim with the gull the ocean's breast?
 Where do they find their song?

'Tis not in the bank with the miser's dust,
 But the bank which inspires the loftiest trust,
 Touching the spring of supremest law,
 Hiding in clouds of sublimest awe,
 They drink at the fount of song.

Some have soared with a mighty wing,
 And some have bled as they learned to sing,
 And all like flame rise up to give
 Their voice where hallelujahs live!
 They sing their lasting song.

ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY

By J. M. Jackson

ICE-boating on Toronto Bay, according to the earliest known authentic records, dates as far back as 1830. A finer situation for this kind of northern winter sports could scarcely be imagined.

Almost enclosed as it is by the city on the north and the Island on the south, the bay measures perhaps five miles in width by a mile and a half across, with a channel at each end, navigable by steamers during the season.

This body of water freezes across, generally in December, so as to be capable of carrying skaters, and thereafter for three or four months the ice varies in thickness up to sixteen or eighteen inches, and will, of course, accommodate the heaviest weights without the least danger. Teams of horses and heavy waggons constantly cross and recross, while heavy ice-boats and hundreds of skaters (when the surface is smooth) skim lightly

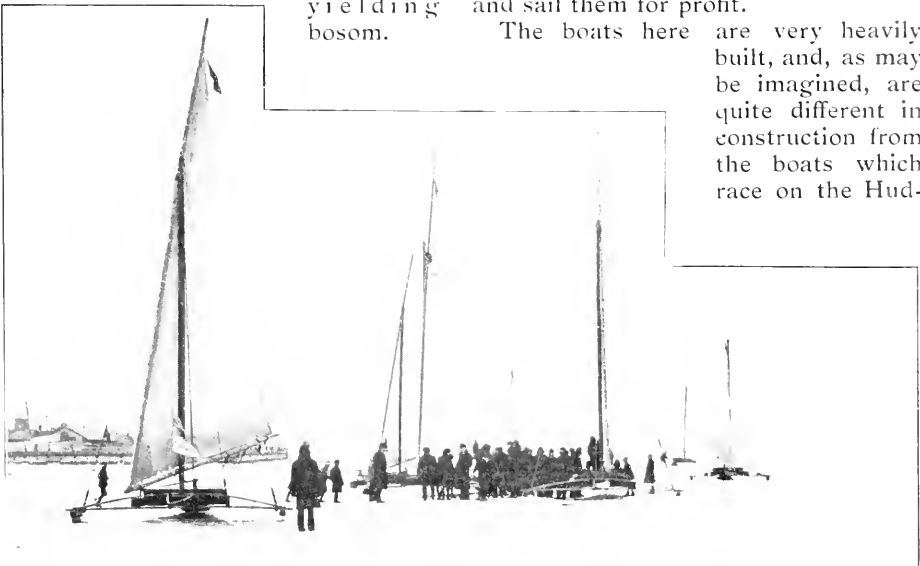
over its unyielding bosom.

While the skaters can use the ice only for a limited period each season, usually after a thaw which levels it up, the condition of the surface makes little or no difference to the ice-boats. A snow storm which effectually puts the skaters "out of business," scarcely affects the boats, which go over and through anything.

The ice-boat fleet on Toronto Bay numbers about twenty boats. These boats range in size from the twenty-footer, carrying about 200 square feet of canvas, to the thirty-five footer, carrying up to 600 square feet.

Ice-boating on the bay is conducted almost entirely as a pastime, for the benefit of the citizens as well as visitors from abroad, who seldom fail to participate in this diversion while here. At intervals during the winter, however, races are held on the bay, when the boats usually carry passengers as well. The business is almost entirely in the hands of professional boat builders, who build their own boats and sail them for profit.

The boats here are very heavily built, and, as may be imagined, are quite different in construction from the boats which race on the Hud-



A COMMON SCENE ON TORONTO BAY DURING JANUARY AND FEBRUARY



ICEBOAT REGATTA— KINGSTON HARBOUR

son, and are built solely for speed.

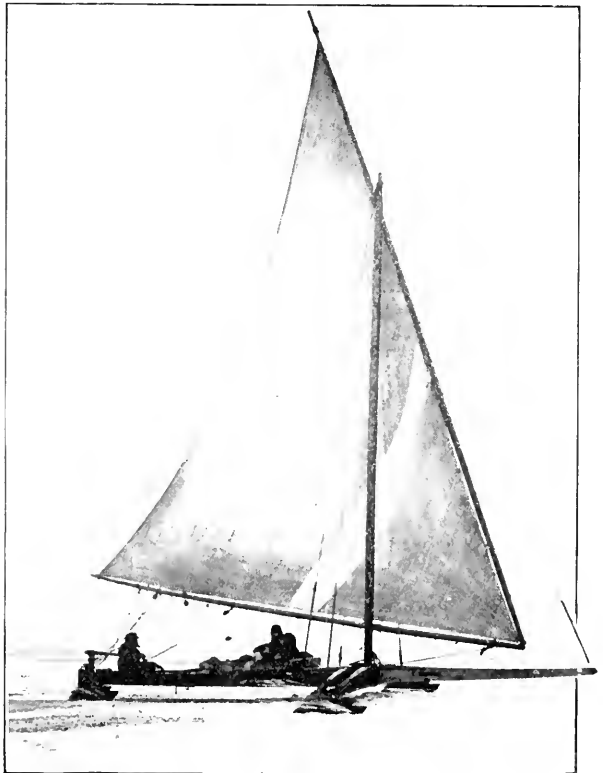
The Toronto boats all have lateen sails. They are built of pine and oak, with solid steel runners, and the largest ones are capable of carrying comfortably four or five passengers.

The American racing boats, on the contrary, carry a jib and mainsail, or sloop rig, as it is known in ordinary sailing parlance. They are usually built of basswood for runner plank and backbone, and do not carry the accommodation for passengers. Instead, the runner plank is braced fore and aft with steel wire to the backbone, and the runners are merely a slip of steel fastened to wooden blocks. Their boats thus attain the minimum of lightness, with just the strength required for the strain put upon them.

The latest development to attain still lighter construction is the introduction of what is known as bridge-work, or the substitution of thin steel plates arranged in zig-zag fashion, between parallel sides, also of steel,

instead of the solid runner planks.

These boats are all very well in their way, and are admirable as racing ma-



A KNOCKABOUT ON TORONTO BAY—NOTE THE SINGLE SAIL

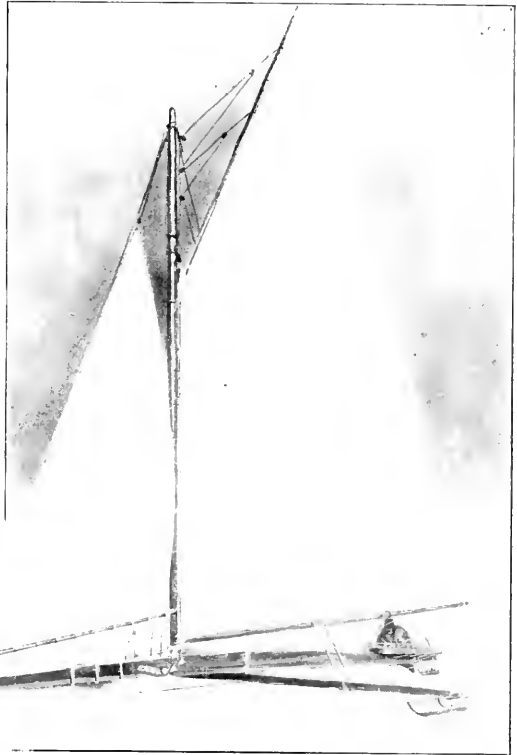
chines, but for rough work on Toronto Bay they have been found by actual tests to be "not in it" with our own heavier built boats.

The course over which the boats usually run on Toronto Bay is a triangular one of a mile and a quarter to a leg, and while the average time for covering ten miles is an hour and a half, they will under favourable conditions sometimes do the distance in twelve or fourteen minutes.

Ice-boats are capable of going at great speed, especially the racing machines, which have been timed to make a mile a minute on clear ice.

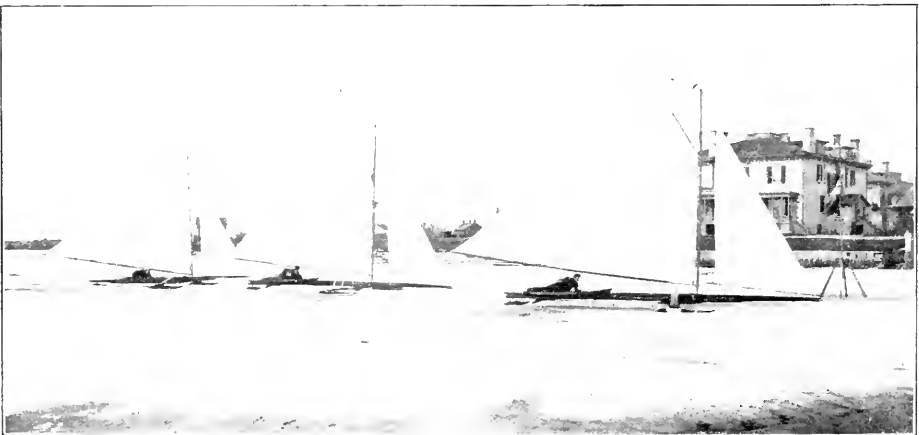
Curiously enough, an ice-boat will go faster running into the wind than running free, and will also travel faster than the wind. Thus, with a forty-five mile wind a boat will make fifty-five to sixty miles an hour. On rivers the course is generally ten, fifteen or thirty miles to windward and return.

Ice-boating, as may be imagined, is a pretty cold job, and passengers make no mistake in putting on all they possess in the way of clothes. The man who is steering has a particularly cold time of it and all he can do in con-



THE NORTH WIND—A KINGSTON FLYER— NOTE THE TWO SAILS

trolling the rudder. Occasionally boats become unmanageable, and the passengers have to take chances. Unless there is open water ahead, this is



A CLOSE FINISH IN KINGSTON HARBOUR

by no means the risky business one might imagine. An upset means simply a harmless roll on the ice, as the passengers are seated only about sixteen inches above the surface, while the action of carrying away the mast merely brings the boat to a gradual standstill. Speaking of accidents, it may be said that the boats will jump a narrow crack in the ice, and the racing craft on the Hudson, with a good wind, will jump ten feet. They are built with a curved projection under the backbone and near the rear runner, to prevent it catching on obstructions.

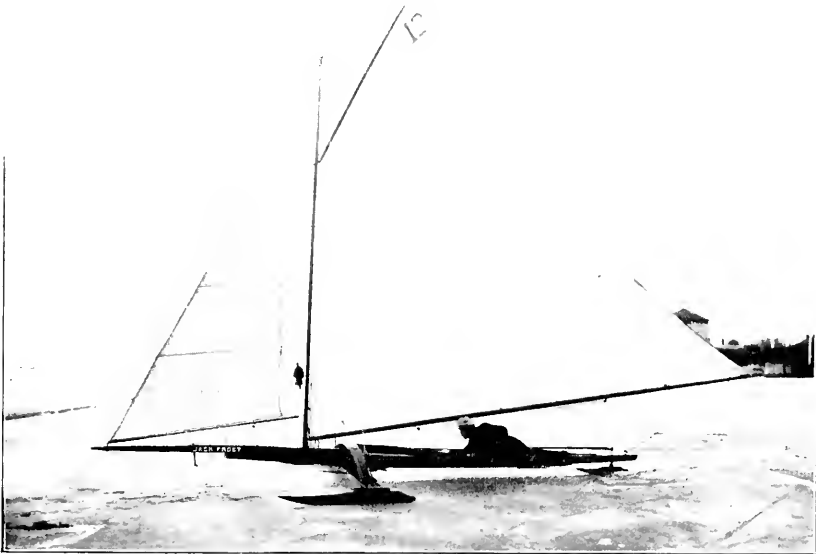
Some idea of the interest which is taken in ice-boat racing may be gathered from the fact that owners of boats in St. Paul and other points in Minnesota and other western States will send their craft a distance of 1,500 miles to compete in races on the Hudson River and at Shrewsbury and Orange Lake in New York State. These places have large clubs, and handsome

and valuable trophies are competed for annually.

Another point at which much interest is centred in the sport is on the St. Lawrence River between Kingston, Canada, and Cape Vincent, New York. These places have long been rivals for supremacy in this particular sport, and mighty battles are fought and decided every winter on the iron-bound surface of this majestic waterway.

While the Toronto public has to be satisfied with boats valued at \$65 or \$75, the price of the best racing shell is said to go as high as \$1,000.

In conclusion, it may be added that another novel pastime occasionally to be seen on Toronto Bay is the spectacle of a skater using a sail to aid his progress. Members of the Canoe Club sometimes indulge in the recreation, using their canoe sails, which are well adapted for the purpose. With a good wind and ice they can attain a speed of fifteen or eighteen miles an hour.



JACK FROST ANOTHER OF THE KINGSTON TYPE (TWO SAILS)



MADAM ALBANI GYE

THE CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS HELD A PROMINENT
PLACE AMONG THE SINGERS OF AMERICA AND EUROPE

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLI.—MADAME ALBANI

THE present month marks the close of another of the successful appearances in Canada of Madame Albani Gye who has sung her way once more through a large portion of the vast territory of her own country, moving like any queen until that most prosaic affair—a concert tour—becomes, in her case, a sort of Royal Progression before which the hearts of her fellow-countrymen bow in the sincerest love and respect.

No hereditary Sovereign is more of a National Institution, in the best sense of the word, than this woman who has ruled over our finest affection for years, who has bound every Province in this wide Dominion more closely together by the beautiful art of song, and who has come back to us, after every fresh triumph, more our own than ever. Albani, educated musically in an American city, reflects credit on the neighbouring republic; Albani, the beloved singer of the dead Queen Victoria, is easily the favourite of England; Albani, the cosmopolitan cantatrice, is a notable figure in Europe; but it is Albani the Canadian, a woman simple of soul, pure of life, high of ideal, pre-eminent in faithful art that we especially claim, and from the National standpoint write concerning her for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Marie Louise Emma Cecile Albani Gye, is the daughter of Joseph and Melina Lajeunesse of the ancient family of St. Louis, and was born in Chambly, Que., in 1847. She was educated at an English school at Plattsburg, N.Y., and later at the convent of the Sacred Heart at Sault au Recollet, Que. Her first musical training came from her father, himself a skilful musician, and at the age of seven years we find Mdle. making her first appearance in public under the auspices of certain influential citizens, in the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal. At the age of fifteen she went to

Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where she held a position as organist for some time, later becoming professor of singing and piano at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Ambition spurring her on, however, and with some monetary assistance on the part of the Bishop of Albany, and by aid from the proceeds of a concert, but largely through her own efforts, the young singer left shortly for Paris. There Madame Lafitte introduced her to Prince Poniatowski who advised her to study with the great Lamperti at Milan. Years of vigorous application to the details of her art followed, resulting in a début as "Messina" in 1870, under the *nom de théâtre* of Albani. The rest is a world story and nothing new need be related of the long succession of triumphs at London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Edinburgh, Berlin, Malta, New York, and on to the coasts of Africa and Australia.

Excite Albani as to memorable occasions, however, and she will invariably recall, as a special triumph or a delightful moment for personal reminiscence, some great national function in England at which she was called upon to sing by the request of Royalty. It happens that upon both occasions when the writer of this sketch has had the pleasure of personal intercourse with Madame Albani—the first time in March, 1901, and again in January last when she visited Toronto—the prima donna had but lately figured in state ceremonies whose significance must stand out conspicuously in the annals of the century. First, in February, 1901, at the funeral obsequies of Victoria, when such a wave of feeling swept over the entire country as had never been evinced before on the death of any sovereign, and beside the coffin of the dead Queen, she who had been more than court singer, as much a friend as favourite, rendered her last obligation of song to the beloved lady

whom in life she had adored. Again, at the Royal procession through South London of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, during the Coronation ceremonies in August of the past year, it was the voice of Albani, typifying the voice of Empire, which was upraised at the Guildhall after the toast to His Majesty, in "God Save the King."

These occasions and others—as when in May of 1886, she sang the ode written by Tennyson at the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and figured most prominently in the Jubilee of 1887, or at Balmoral in October of 1890, when Victoria gave her a special token of her personal esteem in the valuable picture containing portraits of the whole of the Royal Family—are brilliant points in a coronet of conquests which testify to the national significance of Albani's art.

As to that art itself, and the consideration of her voice from a purely musical standpoint, no one, except the critic who is more carping than correct, can gainsay its greatness. Of a peculiarly sweet and bell-like quality, and a resonance that is remarkable even yet, the voice of Albani, while undoubtedly showing the touch of time in certain notes, and especially in certain songs, is yet after the years, in spite of the years, perhaps because of the years, a voice of angelic sweetness and purity of tone. She cannot now sing a waltz-song of Arditì with all the spring-like freshness and airy ripple of fifteen or twenty years ago, but no one who has heard her declaim the majestic phrases of the "Ave Maria Königin," or sing the rapturous "L'Extase de la Vierge" of Massenet, dare deny the genius which makes such interpretation possible. "You are never content to sing the same repertoire over

and over again, Madame Albani," I said to her the other day, and she made the old, ever-recurring reply of the worker: "You know as well as I do that there can be no standstill in art."

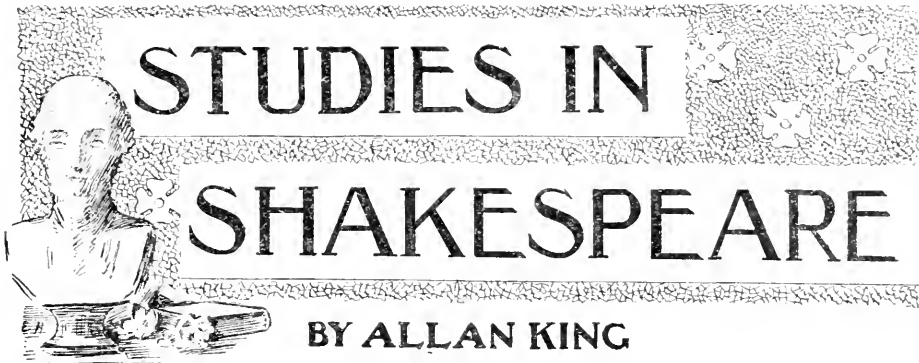
Indeed, it would be impossible for such a woman to go on singing "Casta Diva" and "The Last Rose of Summer" indefinitely. And yet it is, after all, in just such familiar music that her real greatness lies: that power of interpreting the well-known and loved that has made her what she has been and is to the people of Canada! Her predilection is for Oratorio, and no one in the world sings "I know that my Redeemer Liveth" as she can sing it; she is French-Canadian, and the whole personality of her race is expressed in her rendition of "Ma Patrie"; but above all she is Canadian, and so for us there is a depth of meaning that can only be expressed by the one word Patriotism when she, who has held high our fame for many years, comes back with "Home Sweet Home" upon her lips.

Say what we will about German opera and Italian arias and French chansons, it is greater, after all, to touch the heart of the people by that "truly popular" that is common to all classes and unites them in the eternal realities of art, by the great universally understandable things that bind us all together. This is the art—the soul-art—that lasts when the first freshness of the voice has gone, this is the something in Albani which makes her more than just a famous Prima Donna or a typical Canadian, and leads us to declare with just as tender truth to-day as in years gone by when she was in the golden prime,

What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her?—to hear her sing.

Katherine Hale





STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

V.—HIS USE OF THE BIBLE

AMONGST the interesting things to take note of in studying Shakespeare, are his references to the characters and incidents mentioned in the Bible.

They are scattered through most of his plays, and show a very wide and accurate knowledge of the Bible.

The purpose of this paper is simply to point out, for the benefit of those who have not made a careful study of the poet's works, a few of his references to the best known of the characters and incidents of the Bible, in the hope that the reader will pursue the study further, and work out fully a subject which, when fully worked out, will contribute in a very large measure to a knowledge of the two greatest books in the English language.

A very interesting article might be written about the peculiar use of words and phrases common to both; but only one or two can be noticed here. The use of the pronoun is perhaps the most common.

Shylock, inviting Antonio and Bassanio to close the transaction about the ducats, says :—

“Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond.”—(Act 1, sc. 1.)

In Joshua xxii. 26 the words are—

“Therefore we said, Let us now prepare to build us an altar.”

And in Judges vi. 2—

“And the hand of Midian prevailed against Israel: and because of the Midianites the

children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains.”

A very amusing instance of this use of the pronoun occurs in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Petruchio, and Grumio his servant, are standing before the door of Hortensio's house, and when Petruchio tells his servant to knock at the door, Grumio misunderstands the sense in which “me” is used :—

PET.—“Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

GRU.—Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has abused your worship?

PET.—Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRU.—Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PET.—Villain, I say, knock me at this gate. And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.”—(Act 1, sc. 2.)

The phrase “by-and-by,” in the sense of immediately, is used in Matthew xiii. 21 :—

“Yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while: for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word by and by, he is offended.”

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris have sat long into the night discussing the death of Tybalt and arranging for the marriage of Juliet and Paris, when Capulet, getting tired, exclaims :

“ It is so very, very late,
That we may call it early by and by,”
—(Act 3, sc. 4.)

In the same play, the page who waited on Paris, and who saw the en-

counter between Romeo and Paris before the tomb in which Juliet was placed, says in describing it :—

"He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did,
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
And by and by my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch."

—(Act 5, sc. 3.)

The references to the characters, incidents, and teaching of the Bible are so numerous that only a few can be referred to.

There can be no doubt that when, in *The Tempest*, Caliban describes how Prospero treated him kindly and sought to teach him

"How to name the bigger light,
And how the less,"
That burn by day and night,"

—(Act 1, sc. 2)

he was referring to the creation of the sun and moon, on the fourth day, as described in Genesis xvi. 1 :—

"And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

There is another passage in *The Tempest* which is perhaps as well known to readers of Shakespeare as any in his plays, which, according to Bishop Wordsworth, owes its origin to several verses in the Bible, but especially to the 6th verse of the 51st chapter of Isaiah :—

"Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath : for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner."

The reader will probably not need to be told that the lines referred to are those in which Prospero announces to Ferdinand and Miranda that—

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

And it may not be out of place to quote the lines immediately following which so many writers refer to as showing that Shakespeare looked upon the future as being past finding out :—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

The expulsion from the garden of Eden is referred to in *King Richard II*, Act. III, sc. 4.

The queen and her ladies, who have stepped into the shadow of the trees to listen to the conversation of the gardener and his attendant, overhear them speaking of the dethronement of the King, which had even then taken place. The Queen thus addresses the gardener :—

"Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How darest thy harsh rude tongue sound this
unpleasing news ?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?"

In the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Mowbray in Act I, sc. 1, of the same play there is a reference to the murder of Abel. Bolingbroke accuses Mowbray of having received money to pay the soldiers, which he kept and used for other purposes, and of treasonable practices, and goes on to say—

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon believing adversaries,
And consequently like a traitor coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams
of blood,
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the
earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement."

And so when the King in *Hamlet* cries out :—

"Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it.
A brother's murder."

The punishment of Cain is recorded in Genesis IV, 12—

"A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou live in the earth."

Bolingbroke, after he became Henry IV, employed one Exton to murder

King Richard II, and when he reported the murder done, the King, trying to repudiate the order he had given, said to Exton :—

"The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word nor princely favor,
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light."
—Act 5, sc. 6.

There are references in *The Comedy of Errors*, *Julius Cæsar* and *As You Like It* to the flood. Falstaff tells the Chief Justice in *King Henry IV* that he is as poor as Job. The merry wives in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* say of Falstaff that he is as poor as Job and as wicked as Job's wife.

In the same play Falstaff declares—

"For in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle."

In 1st Samuel XVII, 7, we are told of Goliath that—

"The staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam."

And in Job VII, 6, the words are :—

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope."

In *The Merchant of Venice* there is the plainest reference to the dealings of Jacob and Laban, and in the same play when Portia, in the assumed character of a doctor of law, declares that—

"There is no power on earth can alter a decree established."

Shylock, having in mind the 5th chapter of Daniel, exclaims—

"A Daniel come to judgment! Yea a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee."
—Act 4, sc. 1.

It would be difficult (outside of the New Testament) to find a plea for mercy set forth with such force and beauty of expression as it is to be found in the speech of Portia in the well-known trial scene in the same play.

Portia, on obtaining an admission of the bond from Antonio, begins her plea in his defence by saying :—

"Then must the Jew be merciful."

SHY.—"On what compulsion must I? tell me that."

POR.—"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's

When mercy season's justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy:
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render

The deeds of mercy." (Act IV, sc. 1.)

Samson's strength is alluded to in *King Henry VIII*, Act V, sc. 3.

And in *Love's Labor's Lost*, Act 1, sc. 2, in *King Richard II*, Act 4, sc. 1, reference is made to the field of Golgotha; and when the king finds himself deserted by his followers he exclaims:—

"Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry all hail to me?
As Judas did to Christ; but he in twelve
Found truth in all but one; I in twelve thousand none."
—(Act 4, sc. 1.)

Antonio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, says that the devil can cite scripture to his purpose, and Richard III certifies to the truth of this statement for as he leaves Shakspeare's hand if he be not the devil himself he is one of his near kin. In speaking of the treasons and crimes which, when Duke of Gloucester, he had committed, he says :—

"But then I sigh: and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ:
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil."
—(Rich. III, Act 1, sc. 3.)

In *Love's Labor's Lost*, the power which the Bible tells us Satan sometimes exercises, is referred to by Bron when he warns the king who is in love with the fair French princess—

"Devils soonest tempt resembling spirits of light."
—(Act 4, sc. 3.)

And in Hamlet he says—

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape."
—(Act 2, sc. 2.)

And Iago had such an intimate acquaintance with the methods of the Prince of Darkness that one could not reasonably ask for higher authority when he declares that—

"When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now." —(Othello, Act 2, sc. 3.)

Banquo, referring to the message of the witches to Macbeth and himself, speaks of the dangers of employing half-truths to lead the unwary astray.

"But it is strange ;

And oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence." —(Act. 1, sc. 3.)

The individual who is quite willing that all the commandments shall be observed, excepting the one which applies to his own vocation was abroad in Shakspeare's time.

LUCIO—"If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

FIRST GENT.—Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's !

SECONÐ GENT.—Amen.

LUCIO—Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

SEC. GENT.—Thou shalt not steal ?

LUCIO—Ay, that he razed.

FIRST GENT—Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions : they put forth to steal."

—(Measure for Measure, Act 1, sc. 1.)

There is a passage in *King Richard II* which sets forth with great force and beauty the doctrine of the divine right of kings. The king is hard pressed, his forces are deserting, his courtiers tell him that Bolingbroke grows strong and great in substance and in power :—

KING RICH.

"Discomfortable cousin ! Knowest thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here ;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off
their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves ?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king ;
The breath of worldly men can not depose
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards
the right."—(Richard II, Act 3, sc. 2.)

The doctrine of the redemption is referred to, in *Measure for Measure*, by Isabella in a most reverent manner in her appeal to the deputy Angelo for her brother's life. The deputy, in answer to her plea, refers to the majesty of the law, which calls for vindication.

Her answer is :—

"Alas, alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit
once :

And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."—(Act 2, sc. 2.)

Old Adam, in *As You Like It*, when he hands over to Orlando the money which he had stored up against the helplessness of old age, says :—

"Take that ; and he that doth the ravens
feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age."—(Act 2, sc. 3.)

In Psalms cxlvii. 9 the words are :—

"He giveth to the beast his food, and to
the young ravens which cry."

Matthew vi. 26 :—

"Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow
not, neither do they reap, nor gather into
barns ; yet your heavenly father feedeth
them."

The King's speech, in *Hamlet*, on prayer and repentance, teaches fully the lesson that there cannot be for-

givenness without amendment and satisfaction :—

“What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul
murder?
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves com-
pelled,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
—(Act 3, sc. 3.)

The reference to Christmas, in *Hamlet*, falls upon the ear like a benediction, and could have been written only by one who felt and fully appreciated the lessons of peace and good-will to all men which the observance of that day carries with it to all the Christian world :—

“Some say that ever 'gainst that season
comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, or witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.”
—(*Hamlet*, Act 1, sc. 1.)

THE END

THE HEART COURAGEOUS

WHO hath a heart courageous
Will fight with right good cheer;
For well may he his foes out-face
Who owns no foe called Fear!

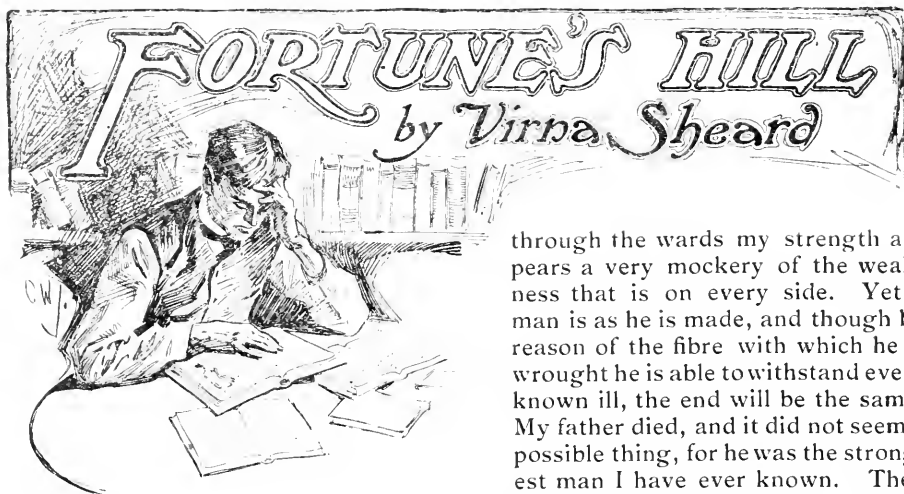
Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight as knight of old
For that which he doth count his own—
Against the world to hold.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight while fight he can—
'Tis not the Victory—but the Strife,
That doth proclaim the man.

Who hath a heart courageous
Will fight both night and day
Against the Host Invisible—
That holds his soul at bay.

Who hath a heart courageous
Rests with tranquillity,
For Time he counts not as his foe—
Nor Death his enemy.

Virna Sheard



SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent. Darryl's aunt and his cousin Margaret come to the boarding-house to nurse him. Thus Trent and Margaret are again thrown together. Eventually Darryl and Trent finish their courses, the latter graduating a double gold medalist.

CHAPTER XVI.—AS DAVID TRENT THOUGHT

TWO years have passed since I entered the London Hospital, and I find that the work can absorb time and thought till life within these walls becomes the one reality, and outside things turn faint and dreamlike.

We of the house staff see such a panorama of woeful pictures each day; the maimed, the halt, and the blind are so constantly pouring in through the hospital doors, that I often feel as though this world were a great wheel upon which men are bound and broken. I wonder why I should escape — why the swift fevers, the slow and wasting illnesses, the violent accidents should pass me over. At such times when I go

through the wards my strength appears a very mockery of the weakness that is on every side. Yet a man is as he is made, and though by reason of the fibre with which he is wrought he is able to withstand every known ill, the end will be the same. My father died, and it did not seem a possible thing, for he was the strongest man I have ever known. Then came a day when he overestimated his strength and lifted a weight that was too great for him, thereby straining his heart, so he told me; and after that he could work no more, for there are no remedies for such things. I remember how he used to sit through the summer, looking away out over the lake with sombre yet peaceful eyes. Though his mighty frame might have been used as a symbol of strength, his time was over, and he was but as a watch in which the mainspring is hopelessly broken.

As we date back to the events that stand out in our lives, I find myself counting from the day of his death, which occurred three years ago, and saying this or that took place since my father died.

There were weeks and months of which I kept no particular track, as all were filled in by the same grim round, and then came another day to date from.

It was on a Monday afternoon six months ago that Sir Wilfred Arnold, whose house surgeon I was, offered me the position of assistant in his private practice. When the gods are kind it is not for a soldier of fortune like myself to question them. So I accepted Sir Wilfred's offer in all thankfulness.

When I finish here, which will be to-morrow, I go directly to him. No man could desire a fairer outlook, or a straighter path to success, and yet if

it does not lead to my heart's desire why should I take it? What difference will it make whether I visit the rich who are sick, or the poor? It is better, I think, to visit the poor.

Still there is a tide in the affairs of men and I fancy mine is at the flood. I dare not make a mistake or risk failure. Happiness for me means one thing, and I shall make my way to where my lady is, slowly if it must be, painfully without doubt, but certainly. It is the road I mapped out long ago.

The classes have invisible barriers which are none the less real; for me—I shall break them down. It is only the bars that God places in our way against which we beat ourselves in vain.

I have a little engraved picture of her fastened up on the bare white wall of my room here in the hospital. Her eyes look down at me out of it—in the morning and the evening. Such eyes—so deeply tender—so unfathomable. I came across this picture in a magazine which chronicles the doings of the Court.

A convalescent patient in one of the private wards was reading it and called my attention to a page which held the pictures of several English girls who had lately been presented.

"Did you ever see more charming faces than these, Dr. Trent?" he said, enthusiastically. "One might travel around the world and not find a more lovely one than this, for instance," and he held the book out to me. The picture was that of Margaret Darryl.

"Yes," I answered, "one might." And in the afternoon I went into the city and bought a copy of the magazine.

I have seen her only once since I came to London. A week ago as I was crossing the Strand about nine o'clock in the evening, the horses in a passing brougham grew unmanageable as some part of the harness had suddenly broken. I went to the assistance of the coachman, who was alone on the box. After we had things righted, I turned to fasten the brougham door. The glass of it was

down, and Margaret Darryl leaned against the frame and looked out at me.

"I thought I heard your voice," she said breathlessly. "It is you,—David Trent?"

My heart stopped—then went on again hard.

"Yes," I answered. "It is I. I hope you have not been frightened? There is no danger now from the horses. Your man has them under control again."

"Oh! the horses," she said. "Indeed no, I am not in the least frightened about them. Tell me—you are still at the London, are you not? Why have you not come to see us? Why did we not hear from you? It was hardly kind."

There was an eagerness in her voice which brought the blood to my face. I fancied the words trembled a little. There are times when a man must hold his heart in leash, and I waited before answering.

"Yes, I am still at the London," I said, "but I go to Sir Wilfred Arnold's next week."

"To Sir Wilfred Arnold's," she cried, "to share his practice? Teddy did not tell me."

"Darryl did not know," I answered. "I have said nothing to him of it."

"Well, it is very good news—surprising news. Teddy has his M.R.C.S. too. Are you not glad of that?"

"Yes," I answered, "very glad."

"Then you will come and tell us so?" she said, questioningly. "You will be friends with us, will you not, Dr. Trent?"

I laid my hand on the carriage door and steadied myself.

"I will come," I answered, "but I do not know that it will be possible for me to be friends—with you."

"Why?" she asked, after a moment and in the quick, intense little way that is her own. "Now why not?"

"I love you," I answered. "If you had not tempted me too far I should not have said it, yet—but now you know—I love you. Perhaps you have known all along."

She caught her breath and drew back into the shadow. Her iris-colored wrap, with its edge of sable, had slipped back, and I saw the gleam of her ivory white throat and shoulders, while above was the gold of her hair.

"I love you," I said again.

"Hush!" she cried softly, reaching her hand toward me. "You must not say it—I must not hear. We will be friends."

"We cannot be friends," I answered half roughly.

"No," she said. "No, I hardly think

we can. It would be like having a lion for a friend, and one would never know if you were quite tame."

The horses stirred restlessly, and I stepped back from the curb.

"Will you come?" she said, looking out.

"If you say so," I answered shortly.

She gave a swift upward glance; there was a smile on her lips, and I could not tell what it might mean.

Then in a moment more I was alone upon the street, for all the quickly-passing throng.



CHAPTER XVII.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

I HAVE seen David Trent again. Last night the horses got beyond Griggs' control when we were on the Strand, and if Dr. Trent, who was passing, had not come to our assistance, undoubtedly something would have happened.

David Trent has been in my mind all day, but it is scarcely to be wondered at.

If a man says that he loves a woman, I fancy she is apt to think about him quite actively for an hour or so; then perhaps he slowly fades from memory after the fashion of a dissolving view. Still, it is more than a few hours since I heard David Trent speaking to the frightened horses, and I find he has not faded in the least.

Against my will I think of him to the utter exclusion of every other subject.

The little thrill that set my heart beating furiously—when he first spoke—comes over me at thought of it yet. The sudden gladness I felt when he came to the carriage window is with me now. I cannot understand it, for of course I do not love him—it would be out of the question.

But he loves me! He told me so, and it was the first time in his life, I believe, that he ever said anything he did not intend to say.

If Griggs had only driven on at once, as he should in reason have done, but no—he held the horses by the curb, no unseen force preventing him—and—we talked. It is very like play-

ing with fire to talk to David Trent. I felt the danger of it last night, and knew what he would say. I would even hear him say the words again if I could—and in the same tone. But he must not—ever.

On looking back over this diary I find that eight other men have, without provocation, said the same thing to me at different times. I have put their names and the dates down, as well as a love-lorn little sketch of them for remembrance.

Yes, there are eight, unfortunately, though, of course, only I and this diary know it, unless they wrote to my uncle: Sir Hubert Stretton, little Lord Stafford, the two handsome Burtons, Signor Boletti, Captain Wellington, the brave and learned Sir Wilfrid Arnold—whom Dr. Trent is to practise with, strangely enough—and, lastly, Lord Welford, my brother-in-law, Lord Brandon's brother.

I must be of a contrary nature that among such a number of goodly gentlemen there is not one to my taste. The truth is, I like them all so very well that if it were a matter of absolute necessity that I should be married, one would be much the same as another. But there is no such grim need, I tell dear Uncle Edward. It annoys him very much, and he says every woman should marry as a *duty*, and he has selected Lord Welford as the most desirable of the eight for my husband.

We have had a few very unpleasant conversations on this subject, and I am beginning to see now why Teddy went into medicine against his every inclination. Uncle Edward is a Napoleon for bending people to his will. I think he very much resembles the pictures of the Little Corporal. He has the same cast of nose and eagle eye. What might be called a compelling nose and eye. As the head of a peaceful Canadian family he is thrown away. He should be in command of principalities and powers.

His desire is that I should make an alliance—as Sybel has done—which will connect him with one of the great houses of England. Oh! what does it matter? What does a name or title weigh against one's happiness?

Lord Welford certainly would not add to my happiness in the least. To see him frequently would, in all likelihood, take away from it. He is very pleasant to talk to—for a while, yet is not the type of man one would ever look up to. He is so colossally idle.

Brandon says he has never in all his life done anything but spend money, and has never thought of anything but how to spend it.

Then he is rather old, though Uncle Edward contradicts this. But as Teddy said one day, "Lord Welford certainly gives you the impression that he's lived a lot, and anyway, age is not a matter of years altogether."

If Uncle Edward only knew that David Trent had *dared!* But what would not David Trent dare, I wonder? He does not know what fear is.

His strange, dark face, when it reflects a strong feeling, is magnificent, and he makes one conscious of his strength of body and will without ef-

fort. No evidence of it is needed to know it is there. Every reserve force in him seems to have been developed to the utmost, and to wait in readiness any sudden call.

Teddy says that in some ways David Trent is like men were long ago, before they were properly tamed and fastened into a harness of conventionalities, and that he would be as dangerous as a primeval savage if he were angry. It may be so, and while I do not in the least wish to make him angry, but would be friends with him, dangerous things are very fascinating.

How can I be friends with him though? In my life, with its round of gaiety—its eternal dressing, and dining and dancing—where could he find a place? He has not tried to find a place in it. No, he has not once come to see me here in London; and even after last night—he may not now.

For him to wish to do a thing is not always for him to do it as with the most of us. He is stronger than his desires. And his life is so grave. So grave and earnest. So often darkened by the shadow of death, and filled in hour after hour by the sights and sounds of agony.

It is strange to think that such a man should love me, yet he does—he does.

On such inconsequent trifles depend the things that mark our lives, that if Griggs had only driven on (as he should) instead of drawing up to the curb, very possibly I never would have known.

As coachmen are not, as a rule, I fancy, guided by any inner vision of the mind, perhaps he simply followed a blind impulse. In any case I can only say, "Oh, wise Griggs—most wise and admirable Griggs!"



CHAPTER XVIII.—EDWARD DARRYL CONTINUES

THE unexpected has happened, and I am an M.R.C.S. I went up to the exams. sans hope, sans nerve, sans everything, but wrote the papers, stumbled through the orals, and left the results on the knees of the gods,

who were pleased to be gracious. Incidentally, my new cards look uncommonly well,—Edward Darryl, M.D., M.R.C.S., though what it cost me to decorate my name with those letters I alone could tell. The Govern-

or takes a tremendous satisfaction out of them, so that's something.

I am entering the London just as Trent is leaving. He has had no end of luck and goes direct to Sir Wilfred Arnold, as his assistant. As Sir Wilfred is in the sere and yellow, is a bachelor, and holds one of the finest practices in the city, it's comparatively easy to prophesy Trent's future.

Jimsy says he was helping Trent with a case one morning some months ago, when Sir Wilfred came up. He stood looking on a few moments, and said in his abrupt way:—"You'll make a surgeon, Trent. *All operators are not surgeons*, mark you. I'll take you into my work when you are through here—if you'll come."

It was a sharp rap, Jimsy said, for some of the men whose one idea is to carve.

Jimsy is walking the hospital now, and cultivating a grave and professional air. He believes, he says, in a physician wearing his face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" by way of giving his patients confidence in him. It's rather an effort for him to keep it up, as in nature he's as merry as a grig. They are awfully fond of him in the London. He simply pervades the hospital, making himself charmingly at home in every department of it.

No matter how great a mogul we have giving a clinic, Jimsy chirps right up with any question that happens to be agitating his mind at the moment, and this in spite of the fact that the cold dignity of some of these English doctors fairly congeals my young blood. I wonder at Jimsy, yet perfectly admire him; for to feel so perfectly at ease in the presence of greatness must be a rare comfort.

I am progressing in some ways, however, and can go through things now that I should have bolted from madly a while ago. I asked Trent what I should do about it all three years ago, and he looked at me in his steady fashion and smiled that confident smile that so illumines his dark face so.

"Say:—'I will,' Darryl," he answered, "and live up to it, old chap." Which advice I took.

Even Jimsy congratulates me occasionally. "By George, Ted," he remarked, "what used to knock you out at St. Johnnie's? Here you keep as stiff an upper lip as any of us." I flatter myself, therefore, the effort to do so must be concealed.

The Governor is at last positively proud of his seventh son. After the dismal failure I made of those first exams.—of ancient memory—he metaphorically turned the wrong end of his opera glasses on me and saw me through them exceedingly small. Now that I have acquired the important letters, he has reversed the glasses, and I look quite abnormally large to him.

One thing he sees clearly. My case has proven beyond doubt that he can read the future and manage people for their own good.

Margaret Darryl keeps him in a state of irritable annoyance by persistently refusing to marry Lord Welford. The Governor says it is giving him insomnia. I cannot understand why he lets things like that worry him at his age. When it is Dolly's turn, she will certainly have to marry a duke or fail to carry out the paternal idea of her destiny. But I don't know about Dolly. She is ridiculously like my father, and will probably take the duke or leave him according to her own sweet will.



CHAPTER XIX.—DAVID TRENT SPEAKS

FOLLOWING my meeting with Margaret Darryl, six months ago, I called upon her guardian, Mr. Edward Darryl, at his club by appointment. We had a short and irritating interview.

I went straightway to the point and told him it was my desire to marry his ward—if I could win her. I plunged into certain details regarding my income, which after the death of my father I found would be larger than I had

thought possible. In truth, I had never known what money my father had saved or how he had invested it.

I also told Mr. Darryl of Sir Wilfred Arnold's very generous arrangement with me.

He listened in darkening silence, and with an unpleasant setting of his mouth which made me keep a firm hand on my temper. When I finished I waited for him to speak.

"I believe," he began, after a moment, and looking me over as though I were a rare but undesirable specimen of the race, "that you are—are—a son of Trent who was the blacksmith at Grandville."

"Yes," I answered, "I have that honour. I know of no man whose son I would rather be, but the Spanish have a proverb—'every man is the son of his own works.' You may have heard it."

"I have heard it, sir," he returned, with suppressed violence. "I *have* heard it, but I pay small heed to the Spanish or their damnable proverbs. I rule my life by *English* rules and precedents. My answer to you is final. With my consent you shall never marry—my niece—and ward—and I am amazed at the outrageousness of your presumption in dreaming of such a possibility.

"Your father was a worthy, hard-working man, who shod horses remarkably well, and you would have done best to follow his humble calling instead of pushing your way into a profession and circle for which your early training has entirely unfitted you."

A vision of my father came to me: the strong, hard-knit frame of him; the great head, with its calm face and steady eyes, from which looked out a soul that knew no fragment of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness towards any of God's creatures, and, by contrast, I saw the man Darryl calls "his Governor." He was reddened with unreasonable anger which swept away every point in his favour.

"You need say no more, Mr. Darryl," I interrupted. "I came to you but as a matter of form, and did not

count upon any kinder reception than I have had."

He turned upon me furiously. "What do you intend to do, sir?" he said, hoarsely. "What do you *mean* when you say you come to me as a *matter of form*?"

"I mean simply this," I returned. "That in the future I will leave you out of the reckoning—I shall act independently of any wishes of yours, and, further, that possibly I shall leave everything to Fate. It has been somewhat kind to me already."

"And I tell you," he answered, hotly, "that if at any time—by any combination of circumstances—such a marriage as that of *you* and my *ward*, Margaret Darryl, was brought about, she would be cut off from her family totally. Every house would be closed to her, and she would be utterly estranged from her people."

I reached for my hat and turned to the door. "I have but your word for that," I said, stubbornly, and left him.

It happened six months ago, and the sting of it rankles yet. I have left things to Fate, but it has done nothing. Well, when a man has work to do he can fill in his days and wait. Yet I grow restless and impatient of life, hearing no word from her, never seeing her.

What purpose is there in things? Why should I care at all? The two questions torment me, and to escape from their troubling I fill in my days with work,—grim work, where the nerves are keyed up oftentimes to the highest pitch, and where the reaction is often so great as to amount to depression of soul.

At such times the brain flaunts out danger signals and one feels that the constant strain must be lifted.

For our bodies are machines built but to do certain work; to stand just so much wear and tear; to last but such a time; and their powers of endurance the Maker of them alone knows—though He warns us when the pressure of life is too heavy.

"Still, it is not all of life to live," I say

to myself, and by many a deathbed it has been borne in upon me—that “it is not all of *death* to *die*”—so I press on, and these gray days are strung together with a golden thread of love, which is none the less love because I do not see the lady of my heart.

I might see her doubtless. There is a possibility that she even cares somewhat to see me. I have thought so from the look on her face that night. It haunts me. But no, I will not take her at her word and go to her.

Even if the thing I most desire could come to pass, even if she loved me, loved *me*—*David Trent*—what have I to give in return for all she would lose?

Her people would forgive many things—but not that. I am not of those they would receive into their “inner circle”—at least, so he said. And why not? In heaven’s name what is social equality when the thing is sifted? What are gentle folk but those of gentle thought and habit who deal fairly and bear uncomplainingly and bravely the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune”? Of such people I have come. It is *qualities* that are inborn; manners and tricks of speech are but the world’s veneer. If one un-

happily lack them, they may at small cost be acquired.

Of late I have grown weary of London, and long for my own country; for the great stretches of it; the fields of Indian maize and the wild land along the river; for the unbroken solitudes of the forests and marshes at the head of the lake, where the water-fowl build their nests; for the green gloom of the forests. A man cannot get out into the open in England—not what we Canadians call the open—there is not room enough. The woods here are but parks, while the land is cultivated everywhere to the last square inch, and whether it be entailed or not, one never gets away from the feeling that it probably is.

Now that the war has broken out in South Africa, I think those men who have no home ties are restless and would gladly be with the troops. Out yonder in the midst of the stress and strain of conflict it would surely be easy to get away from thought.

At any rate, I grow each day more unsettled. Perhaps I was over-ready to accept Sir Wilfred’s offer, or over-flattered by it; or it may be I am just dissatisfied with myself and at war with life.



CHAPTER XX.—MARGARET DARRYL’S DIARY

I FEEL that I must write it all out plainly and convincingly, for things lately with me have gone into such a dreadful tangle. Uncle Edward, who has had charge of all my money, invested it in some mines that have utterly disappointed their shareholders. Of course he spoke to me about the matter before entering into it. Since my twenty-first birthday we have made a point of having business discussions, but it ended, as always, by my telling him to do exactly as he thought best. Which he did.

The result has been horrible, for it transpires that not only my little all, but his and that of many other people is swept away totally. Fortunately, neither of my sisters suffers any loss, as Uncle Edward ceased to be their guardian when they married; and for

myself, I do not much care, for I suppose I will now find out what I can do—and do it. That has always been my idea of life, that one should find out what part they were intended to play in the drama.

No, I honestly do not care so much for myself, though it will necessarily mean making one pair of gloves do the work of six, and wearing linsey-woolsey petticoats instead of silk ones; but the heart of me is broken for Uncle Edward. This trouble has turned him into quite an old man, and he is humble and pitiful—the two things he has never dreamt of being in all his life before.

He looks a little, I fancy, as the French Emperor must have, after they took everything from him and left him on his rock out in the sea.

It is two months since the crash came, and we begin to realize it. I tell Uncle Edward not to trouble over me, that I will suffer nothing in comparison with himself and Dolly. He only looks at me in a white, trembling sort of way and says nothing.

He has not mentioned Lord Welford's name, but I know he is thinking of him, and indeed Lord Welford has been most kind. If I married him it would not matter at all, he says, that my little fortune has slipped into some bottomless abyss, for he has so much money that it long ago became a burden. But if that marriage was impossible at the time I was independent of such considerations, how much more is it impossible now, when like the miller's daughter "my face is my fortune" only. It sounds vastly conceited, but this small book is the only thing that knows I wrote it, and I have inadvertently mentioned to it before that as a family we are good looking.

Lord Brandon and Sybel have asked me very charmingly to share their palatial home, and dear Dick Travers and Maud want me to go to Canada; but whilst I love them for their goodness, I cannot accept it, and will just see if Margaret Darryl cannot make a place for herself in this busy world.

I have been thinking that it might be possible for me to be a nurse and go into an hospital.

I am tired of hearing of marrying and giving in marriage. I am surfeited with the honey of life—the lights and flowers and soft colours and perfumes, the flatteries and compliments, the sophistries and polite untruths—"necessary lies," as some one calls them. I am tired of it all and of the people I meet; the men who do nothing and the women who do less. Besides, I must work—I cannot take

from those who would give to me, and I have no great talent to lift me.

I have told Uncle Edward what I wish to do, and he says nothing—nothing against it, that is. He is very unhappy, and I grieve for him. I am sorry for Teddy, too. It is so perfectly quixotic for him to feel that it rests with *him* to retrieve our fortunes and set things right. Yet it is so chivalrous and splendid and exactly what I knew he would try to do. His own road has been an uphill one, and he has fought every inch of it. Indeed, I think it possible that having gone so far, he may continue till he becomes, like that ancient relative of ours, "physician extraordinary to the reigning sovereign." Ah! well! when such day comes, I will let him help me if he wishes to.

I have not met Dr. Trent since the night he caught the horses, when Griggs had such a wild time with them.

He did not take me at my word and come to see us—and how can a girl make such a man understand that she really *wants* him to come. Ordinary methods of conveying ideas fail with him. He baffles one so completely, and yet his character appears to be laid on perfectly straight clear lines.

I find that Sir Wilfred is introducing him everywhere. Sir Wilfred was never known to do things by halves, and shortly, without doubt, Dr. Trent will be revolving with the rest of us in our little circle—meeting the people that I meet, going around the same maze, learning the true inwardness of one particular set. But I forget. I shall have to drop out of it all. I am almost sorry that I cannot be near to watch the metamorphosis of David Trent into a society man—a man of the world. I wonder if he will change?



CHAPTER XXL.—EDWARD DARRYL CONTINUES

"**D**AME FORTUNE is a fickle jade." I don't know who wrote it—it sounds like Ben Jonson or one of those old chaps—but faith,

'tis true. Who could imagine that the Governor would sink all his capital along with the funds he held in trust for Margaret Darryl in those North-

west mines? He has always been so far above the frailties of the ordinary speculator—has seemed so perfect a law unto himself, and withal such a human copy-book of polite maxims for the guidance of other people, that to see him come to grief in a commonplace fashion, takes my breath away. He has insisted that we as a family should regard his judgment as infallible till I fancy he came to believe it was so himself. Therefore, to find he is capable of making a tremendous mistake, has given him a sort of shock.

I'm very sorry for him—the dear old Governor—and I shall try to straighten things out. It will take years I'm afraid, but it must be done. At the very least we must see that Margaret has every dollar returned. Doubtless Bob and Douglas, although they are so far away, will feel as I do about it.

My father and Dolly are stopping with Lady Brandon just now, and Margaret has entered Guy's Hospital as a nurse.

She appears positively elated at the prospect of work, and goes into it with a buoyancy of spirit that is refreshing, while I never saw anyone so altogether fetching as she is in her regalia.

I tell her it is but a question of time and all her losses will be squared. Yet she does not listen to a word, and insists that she never found life so well worth living as now; that she regrets the misfortune only on my father's account. So far as she is concerned, it is a blessing in disguise which enables her to do the one thing she has always longed to do, and so forth and so on.

Every one knows she might marry Welford to-morrow. He has made no secret of it, Heaven knows! And there are other men of more or less good looks and fortune in love with her, according to report. Therefore, as she prefers Guy's to life with any one of them, it stands to reason that she means what she says. Anyway, she's a darling, this particular cousin of mine. But, by Jove! girls are the un-

solvable riddle—and I've written it before.

The Governor is a bit shaken, and seems to have lost his hold. At times he has a pitiful gleam of hope that he may retrieve part of what has gone. They were gold mines he invested in, and he maintains, irritably, that the gold is still there. It may be for all I know; there is gold at the bottom of the sea—coffers of it—and, I fear me, as easy to come at.

I persuade him not to worry, and tell him he ought to be jolly well glad things are no worse, for he has sons to come to the rescue, but he is past cheering up.

I have left the London, and Jimsy and I are going to throw our lots in together. We have taken an office in a well-to-do but not too fashionable locality, and as I am a seventh son and he is the seventh of a seventh it will go hard with tradition if we don't succeed. Jimsy says he plainly sees the hand of Providence in it.

He has given over wearing the depressingly thoughtful air he cultivated for a month or so at the London, the reason being that he came across a verse in Proverbs which struck him as decidedly *à propos* for the profession. It was this—"A cheerful spirit doeth good like medicine."

It certainly is a pleasant little text, and he has had a motto painted of it, which now hangs in his room behind the office.

It is rather an attractive office, and we have already had a patient, so, although the outlook is sufficiently blue, it is not of an alarmingly deep indigo.

But all the chances and changes of this fitful life have not come to us alone. David Trent has had his share. The difference is that he has largely made them himself. He moulds affairs to his liking, does David Trent, as far as any man may.

He sent me a note ten days ago, saying that he had been offered the post of surgeon to a regiment about to start for South Africa, the surgeon in regular being disabled by a recent accident. He said he laid the matter

before Sir Wilfred, who decided for him that he had best accept it, saying that he would go himself were he a younger man, and that he gladly did what he could in sending him.

This is what Trent wrote in fewer words than I have used.

"I went at once to see him and we had a talk together, though it was on the eve of his departure when he had little time and much to do.

We talked about many things, he and I, that night while we smoked.

Of the old days at Grandville when we were college boys; of the years at St. John's when I was struggling through, and he carried off all the honours each term, of the horrible night that has left me as a legacy a head of white hair and a limp. After that we pulled at our pipes for a while in silence, and then Trent told me of an interview he had some months ago with my father, and of the hopelessness of his love for my cousin, from the Governor's point of view, which he had come to think perhaps was the right one.

He was glad to leave London, he said; that it was such men as he—those without ties—who were needed

at the front, and he told me these things in case he did not come back, for one never knew.

I did not say very much after that. He looked white and tired, and there was something in his face that stopped words.

I did not even tell him of the Governor's affairs, or that Margaret had gone into Guy's.

The truth is—for some unexplained reason of her own—she had made me promise I would not tell Trent. I was sorry I had promised, for it didn't seem exactly fair that he should not know.

Next day I stood with the crowd that saw the regiment off, and across the surging, yelling mass of people I caught sight of Trent's face. He nodded good-bye to me with his old steady smile, though my eyes were so blurred I could hardly see it.

After they were gone I tramped back to the office and Jimsy. It was a raw, east-windy day and my heart was like lead. There is one thing I can do, however, and I shall do it.

I shall make a point of letting Margaret know of Trent's interview with the Governor.

TO BE CONCLUDED

PAT McGUIRE, SCAB

By Hubert McBean Johnston



IN defiance of the fact that he was a union man and always had been, when the strike came Pat McGuire stuck to his job. He felt that he owed it to Murphy. As urchins, they had lived with only a board fence between them; had ridden the same goats; and had fought many pitched battles with one another. Later, they had worked on the same jobs. Then, when Murphy went into business for himself, McGuire went to work for instead of with him.

On the start, Murphy dug cellars, but as his capital increased he also built foundations, and thereafter fair

estimates might have been made of the growth of his bank roll, by observing the advancing points reached by the limits of his successive contracts. Ultimately, he built whole buildings and the thickness of his wad was then discernible only in the size and value of the structures he erected. In fact, he was an all-round, successful man.

To say that McGuire believed him to be perfection would be to do but poor justice to the depths of Pat's devotion. He simply set the man on a pedestal and worshipped him.

The work in hand at the time was the erection of an addition to the Consolidated Trust Co.'s office building, a

skyscraper which required a very solid base and pneumatic foundations. Now, not being a believer in the divine rights of unions, when a deputation waited upon Murphy and told him he must cease employing coloured labour for his compressed air work, he very promptly consigned his visitors to a certain warm spot reputed to lie considerably deeper than any of his caissons had yet penetrated.

The Sand-hog Union—the compressed air workers—went on strike. As this work, however, did not call for labour of a very highly skilled variety, Murphy was not badly handicapped. Then the engineers struck in sympathy. That is, they all did with the exception of McGuire. With anyone else under the sun he would have walked out with the rest, but with Murphy it was different.

"'Tain't as if Johnny was only an ordinary boss an' a fellow was only workin' for what there is in it," he explained to his brother Jim. "But me an' him has been together on one bit o' work or another now nigh on these thirty years, an' I ain't agoin' back on him now, union or no union. He never threw me down yet, an' I tell you it wouldn't be a square deal."

Jim McGuire was strongly in favour of the union's side of the case, and lacked sympathy with what he called "Pat's d——n foolishness."

"Yes," he sneered, "you been with him for thirty years, an' all that time what's he ever done for you? Ain't you an engineer yet, just the same as you was when you started? I tell you, you don't owe him anything, and you best quit with the rest."

But McGuire's Irish was up now, and he would have stuck it out no matter who the contractor might have been.

"I guess I know what I'm doin'," he replied, heatedly. "Course I hate to go agin the boys an' all that, an' I know they'll feel a bit sore, but I sort o' think they ought to see how it is. Anyhow, three dollars a day is better 'n two an' a 'af, and that's what anyone else 'ud be givin' me."

"It ain't all in what one's gettin'," argued his brother. "But I'd think you'd be ashamed to be takin' the bread out o' honest men's mouths. That's what it amounts to."

"Amounts to nothin'," answered McGuire, derisively. "It's tham that's tryin' to do just that. If they'd let the niggers earn an honest day's pay there wouldn't have been no strike, so there you are. As for their throwin' me out o' the union, well—I've got to take my chances on that."

But the effect of the strike on Murphy did not cease here, and two other jobs shut down for lack of engineers. He managed, however, to get four non-union men, and with McGuire and these, made shift to carry on the Consolidated Trust work. Some reorganization was necessary, but after the first day or two things were running more smoothly than might have been expected. For a time the strikers approached the new men on their way to and from work, and arguments were put to them to induce them to join the union. Murphy anticipated this by giving a higher rate of pay and everybody stood firm. Although the strikers hung about the work, no offers of violence were made, and, with the single exception of what was said to McGuire, no hard names called. Against him the feeling ran high.

One day he was sitting in the engine room, thinking it all over, when he became aware of a shadow across the floor. Murphy was standing there, smiling quizzically.

"Well, Mac," said he, seeing himself discovered, "what do you think of it now? The game's not worth the candle, eh? I suppose you could back out yet, couldn't you?"

McGuire looked at him. Had he not understood just how much and how little the contractor meant what he said, he would have been hurt. As it was, he was merely put out that Murphy should refer jokingly to what, to him, was so serious a matter.

"Back out?" he snorted. "Crawl, d'ye mean? What d'ye think I'm made o', Johnny Murphy? Sure, I've

worked with you long enough for you to know me better than that."

"Tut, tut, man," laughed Murphy. "You mustn't lose your temper so easily. Now, I appreciate all you've done, and I want to let you know it. What's more, I'm goin' to show it to you in a way that you'll understand."

"Ah, shure it's nothin'," answered McGuire, flushing with pleasure. "It's no more than you'd have done for me if I'd been in your fix. Any old friend would have done as much for you."

"Never you mind what any old friend would have done," retorted the contractor, shaking a pudgy forefinger at him. "It was you as did do it, see? I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin to have your rate changed to four dollars a day, an' give you straight time."

McGuire started to speak, but Murphy cut him short, thinking him about to refer to his own unworthiness.

"You needn't say anything more about it, man. You deserve it, an' you've got to take it."

But it was not this that was playing in McGuire's mind. What would Jim and the boys say, if he accepted?

"No, no, Johnny," he replied, "I can't take it. If you think a bit, you must see that yourself. The boys would all say I'd sold myself to you, and that it was only a question of a few cents in my pocket, no matter what *they* had to stand for it. Shure," he said, "*you* can't think that I stayed just for that?"

Murphy did not understand.

"You always were a bit cracked in that sentimental way, Pat. There is no reason on earth why you shouldn't take it. Heaven knows you haven't any too much, and still you sit there and tell me you're afraid of what the men will say. The trouble with you is, you haven't enough independence of character, and you're too much afraid of what people will think; you never consider what others would *do* under similar circumstances. Will you take it?"

McGuire shook his head.

"No, I won't. When I stayed, all

the gold in the world would not have kept me. You must see it my way this time, Johnny, and not be offended. If you like to make me the offer some time when things are different, I'll be right glad to take it, but I can't look at the others in want and do it now. I can't—you know I can't."

Circumstances among the strikers were rapidly growing worse. Two or three of them had found situations, but the season was a poor one in the building line, and steady jobs were few and far between. A crisis in matters was near at hand, and still Murphy, who in the meantime had started work on another large job, showed no sign of weakening. The caisson work was finished, and the original cause of the trouble was consequently gone. No union men had gone back to work; though, for that matter, the contractor had all the engineers he needed.

Ultimately, affairs reached such a pass that a meeting to discuss the situation was held in the back room of McAvoy's saloon. The debate was brief but stormy.

"It ain't payin' to keep it up any longer," said the chairman, voicing the sentiments of the older men. The best thing we can do is to drop it. Those that are able to get back can go in then, and say nothing."

Younger blood was hotter and more impetuous.

"What?" cried one, taking the floor. "Go back to work with Pat McGuire there? I'm willin' to stand for the union losin' the fight an' all that, but I'll not go back so long as that fellow's there."

And so, instead of being a debate on sustaining the union's dignity, it resolved itself into a question of whether it would be possible to force out McGuire. The odds were about even. Murphy was in a position to keep up the fight indefinitely without much personal loss, but there must come a time when the union would be a necessity to him, and when union labour could not be done without. Even as it was, he would not be under the same diffi-

culty in securing steady, reliable men if the strike were declared off. The case appeared to be about as strong now as it ever would, and the ultimatum finally reached was that a delegation should be appointed to put the case to Murphy and hear his decision.

The committee, on this occasion, was vastly less confident of its powers and importance than the one which had sought to influence the contractor before the strike. When they were shown into the office, it was less a question of who should go first than who should bring up the rear. Askin, the chairman of the meeting, acted as spokesman, and, though at first somewhat nervous, once he started to talk he got himself well in hand.

The contractor looked at them grimly.

"Well?" he at last interrogated.

Askin shifted from one foot to the other.

"Well?" repeated Murphy.

Then, recovering his voice, Askin explained the situation. He touched on every detail, and reviewed each feature from its most favourable aspect. He did not hint that the strikers were finding it necessary to come to terms. He glided over that and brought out the statement that there was now no reason for prolonging the strike. The non-union men would have to go, but that was to have been expected. Most forcibly he urged that ultimately it was going to be necessary for the contractor to return to union labour, and now when the opportunity offered it would be advantageous to accept. He made no threats; he was too shrewd for that, and his hearer might imply them or not, as pleased himself.

Murphy lay back in his chair, absently fingering a paper knife. He gave no sign that he heard, and finally Askin paused and looked at him.

"Well?" demanded Murphy for the third time.

"Well!" replied Askin, "that's all."

"And you expect me to throw out the men who are working for me now to make room for a lot of fellows that

deserted me once and are as likely as not to do it again?" queried the contractor, harshly.

Askin hesitated.

"The union is willing to make some concessions," he answered, suavely. "It will not be necessary to drop them all at once. You can discharge them as you are through with them, and when you take on others take union men."

Murphy remained silent.

"There is one thing more." Askin was manifestly ill at ease. He had been fighting shy of what he knew to be the danger point, but now there was no way of avoiding it. "There is one man you'll have to fire right away. We won't go back to work with Pat McGuire."

Save for the ticking of the clock on the wall, the room was silent. Then the contractor swung round in his chair and started turning over some papers on his desk.

"I believe that is all, gentlemen," he said, decisively. "Good-morning."

"I suppose we may expect to hear from you in a day or two," said Askin. "Good-morning."

Murphy did not answer him.

Once they were gone, he did some hard thinking. The men were in a position stronger than they knew. Not only on the Consolidated Trust, but on another building as well, he was ready to put up iron work, and he realized that he was almost certain to have another sympathetic strike on his hands. A further delay was not to be thought of, for already the strike had held him up too long, and more waiting would necessitate an extension of the contract's time limit.

Then the tempter whispered to him that he might avoid any trouble by simply ridding himself of one man. To do him justice, he fought against it. Suddenly he was struck by an inspiration. Would it not be possible to salve the engineer's feelings through his pocket? The idea, he knew, would have appealed to himself, and he felt he could put it to McGuire so it would appear all right.

"McGuire," he said to the engineer that afternoon, "you've heard what the strikers say?"

"That if you fire me, they'll come back?" Never for an instant had it occurred to the honest fellow that Murphy would dream of doing it, and in order that the contractor might be under no loss on his account he had already resolved to quit.

"That's it," said the contractor, relieved that McGuire had heard, and that he was saved the necessity of explanation. "But don't you worry. I'll make it square with you, and you won't lose anything by it."

McGuire looked at him in astonish-

ment. At first he did not comprehend. Then it dawned upon him that this was his discharge, and had a bomb exploded in front of him he could not have been more astounded.

Murphy drew a slip of paper from an inside pocket and handed it to him.

"That ought to square us on this deal," he said.

McGuire glanced at it. It was a cheque for five hundred dollars.

Holding the cheque at arm's length, he looked at it without seeing it. Then he handed it to Murphy.

"Thanks," he said, "I'll not need that."

A STATE SECRET

A STORY OF CIVIL SERVICE LIFE

By Francis Banbury Ford



MY friend Brown came in the other evening as usual for a pipe and a chat over old times. Our talk drifted to the days when he was Private Secretary to the Premier, and I was one of the special officers attached to the Department of Justice. Our reminiscences are not often of a kind that we could properly allow to be published, but there is no reason, in the present instance at least, why the veil of secrecy should remain drawn.

"By the way," said Brown, "I suppose you remember the great row over the publication of the Beatty letter in reference to the Speakership in 18—?"

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it, but never heard the solution of the mystery, except that everyone understood that no blame attached to you."

"Well, pass me the matches and I will try to tell you in detail what happened."

He lit his pipe with characteristic deliberation and continued:—

"You remember the period of unrest and party clamour after the election of 18—, and how much depended, or was thought to depend, upon satis-

fying the rivals for the Speakership of the House of Commons. Well, on Tuesday the 10th of June the Cabinet met for the purpose of discussing matters. Each of the claimants for the office had strong advocates. It was not known whom the Premier favoured, although it was supposed that Beatty, who had been at King's College with him, and had been called to the bar in the same term and on the same day, would probably get his support, and of course if he desired it very strongly for his friend, the odds were in Beatty's favour. That meeting of the Cabinet lasted long into the evening, and it was eight o'clock when the Premier called me in, greeting me with Brown, 'we have decided to offer the Speakership to the Honourable John Beatty, but it is important that for the present not a whisper of our decision should reach the ears of the public. I have thought it well to take from each of my colleagues a promise that they will talk about the matter to no one, and I know you will not. What I want to do is to dictate to you personally a letter. I cannot trust it to any of the

stenographers. You must take down the letter on a separate sheet of paper, not in your notebook, make two copies separately on the typewriter—not trusting to the destruction of the carbon—let me lock up the extra copy in my strong box and you destroy your shorthand notes. The letter must reach to-night's mail for T——.

"This was the only occasion since my appointment on which he had cautioned me to secrecy, and I understood from the length of his instructions, and the unusual minuteness of detail, that he considered the matter of the utmost importance. Before he proceeded, I took a typewriting machine into the room. He himself went to each of the sound-proof doors with which the Chamber was provided and locked them, and I transcribed my notes in his presence. When I finished the Premier signed one copy, and I saw him lock up the other in a small safe, of which he alone had the combination. I tore my shorthand notes into small fragments, threw them into the wastepaper basket, directed an envelope, added mucilage to the corners and sealed it with wax, using my own seal ring to make the impression. I intended taking the letter and mailing it on the train myself so that it would go through fewer hands. But, as I was starting for the train the Premier said: 'Brown, I think you had better take the train yourself and deliver the letter to Mr. Beatty personally.' Sudden flights with him were not unusual. He undertook to telephone my wife to say that I would not be back that night. I had just one minute to spare on reaching the train. When I turned in for the night I put the letter in a pocket which I always have made inside my pyjamas, and on waking up in the morning found it all right.

"Another match, please. Little dreaming of what was going on at home, I delivered the letter. Hardly had I done so when I received a telegram from the Chief, reading, 'See this morning's *Cosmos*, and return as soon as possible to explain. Matter important.'

"What could this mean? Before I had time to get that paper, which ar-

rived on the afternoon train, I looked at the T—— *Evening Journal*. You can imagine my surprise when I tell you that the first thing my eyes lit upon was a telegraphed 'special' containing the full text of the letter which I had so carefully guarded. It was said to be copied from the morning *Cosmos*, a sensational and bitterly hostile paper which goes to press at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"What had happened? There staring me in the face was the full text of the letter with only three unimportant words altered. I took the next train back in fear and trembling, knowing full well what suspicion must attach to myself. As soon as I arrived at the office I lost no time in seeing the Premier. He met me with a look of half-suspicion and dismay. I think I was able to convince him of my faithfulness. But being satisfied that I had not turned traitor only added to the mystery. He explained to me that on reading the paper, as was his wont, before breakfast and before seven o'clock in the morning, he was almost dazed to read his own letter in cold type. He did me the honour of saying that at the time no shadow of suspicion as to myself had crossed his mind. He immediately, however, called a coupé and was driven straight to the office. He found everything as he had left it the evening before at 8.45, the women not having arrived to clean up. There apparently were the remains of my shorthand note. He had examined his strong box and found the copy of the letter in precisely the position he had left it. In any case no one could have opened the safe without some signs remaining. Indeed, there was a clock attachment which recorded each time the safe was opened, and his opening it in the morning had only added one to the number of registrations. He had taken the waste-basket as he had found it and locked it up in a cupboard to give me the chance of seeing it. I looked at it and there sure enough were the remains of my notes. The Chief said that if the paper had contained merely the announcement of the name and the

fact of the offer of the appointment he would have thought that one of his colleagues had inadvertently betrayed the secret, or that the enterprising reporter had used his imagination; but to see the whole text of the letter, which presumably only he and myself were aware of, baffled him. He examined me critically as to my movements after leaving him, and I gave a detailed account of my doings.

"As I say, he seemed convinced of my honesty, but was baffled. For my part I intended to resign if within a reasonable time no explanation was forthcoming, for I knew that others would not believe me innocent even if the Premier continued to do so.

"I consulted one of the Secret Service Staff, and he threw the first light on the mystery. He asked me to show him the scraps of my notes. I did so. His next question was, 'Do you think you can put them together and read them?' 'Well,' said I, 'it will be a hard job, but I think I can accomplish it in time.'

"I asked to be relieved from duty that day and set about the task, the detective staying with me and watching my progress with interest. What struck me first was that the shorthand did not on closer examination look like my own. The next important thing that occurred to me was that only the few words which I was able to make out were not words which appeared in the published letter.

"'By Jove,' I exclaimed, 'these are not the scraps at all!' The detective's next question showed that he had a theory as to how the 'scoop' had been obtained. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that if you saw some shorthand similar to these scraps that you could recognize it?' 'I think so,' was my reply. He cautioned me to say nothing about our conversation and to be patient.

"I did not see Roberts for three days. When he returned he brought with him a notebook full of shorthand. 'Now,' said he, 'compare these with those scraps.' I picked out several words from the torn pieces and compared them with the notebook.

Certain signs of a peculiar nature, such as many stenographers make for themselves, and which lend character to their writing, appeared in both the notebook and the scraps.

"'Now, have you any idea whose notes these are?' said my friend, the detective. 'No, whose are they?' was my reply. 'They are Seath's, of the morning *Cosmos*.'

"To cut a long story short, what the detective had ascertained from his three days' enquiries was, that on the evening of the writing of the letter the reporter of the morning *Cosmos* had got wind that something important was going on, had found that the Premier and myself had remained some time after the meeting, had obtained access to the building before the night watchman came on, and had remained in hiding until the Chief and I had left. It seemed that a messenger, whom you will remember resigned shortly after the printing of the letter, was in the habit of leaving a key to the Chamber hanging on a nail behind a wardrobe in an anteroom which was left unlocked for the convenience of a youth who relieved him at meal times, and had not been over discreet in going for it. The reporter had got the key, gone into the Chamber, found nothing but some scraps of shorthand notes in the basket written on paper from a pad lying on the table, and being on the scent for news had taken the scraps, scrawled some notes of his own on similar paper from the pad, gone away at once, pieced my notes together and handed in his scoop just in time to catch the paper going to press.

"'What became of the Speakership?' I asked Brown as he rose to bid me good-night.

"'Oh,' said he, 'Beatty got it all right, but not till after the Premier had been compelled to submit to much importunity on behalf of the friends of other candidates.'

"'Well, let's have a nip before you go, and come over to-morrow night, and I will tell you how in my younger days I was nearly compelled to resign my appointment.'

MR. WILLISON'S "LAURIER"

By Norman Patterson



HE late Sir John Bourinot once wrote: "In the literature of biography, so susceptible of a treatment full of human interest and sympathies—as chatty Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' and Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' notably illustrate—we have little to show, except it be the enterprise of publishers and the zeal of too enthusiastic friends."* Since those words were written there have been few additions to Canadian biography. Read's "Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock" and his "Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario" are historical rather than biographical. Beckles Willson's "Strathcona" is fairly good, though not so valuable or elevated as Pope's "Sir John Macdonald." The Haliburton Club's memorial volume of Judge Haliburton is an addition to our literature not to be overlooked. Hopkins' "Sir John Thompson" and Ross and Buckingham's "Life of Mackenzie" have not, however, filled the requirements concerning these statesmen, although they are decidedly important. The most notable of all these is Mr. Pope's book.

To so meagre a collection of Canadian biography we must now add Mr. Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party,"† which will easily rank as the greatest biography yet produced in this country. It is greatest not only because of the weakness of its companions on the biographical list, but because of its method, its breadth of view, its wideness of research, its clearness and fairness, and last but not by any means least, the excellence of its style.

The author apparently does not deem it a mere biography. On its

title-page he calls it "a political history." It is all that he claims for it and more. It is also a social history. The excellent account of the Guibord incident, for example, is more social than political in that it is a side-light upon the long struggle in French Canada to preserve to the Roman Catholic population of Quebec social and religious liberty, a struggle necessitated by the encroachments of an over-zealous clergy.

The purely biographical features of the work are of course the most interesting to the general reader. The future Sir Wilfrid Laurier is introduced to us as a boy attending a Protestant school in a village not far from St. Lin, his birthplace, whither he had gone to learn the rudiments of English. He does more. He makes friends with the Scotch Presbyterian grocer and works behind his counter that he may gain the power of conversation in English. Nor did his seven years at L'Assomption College drive from his mind this zeal for a knowledge of the English language. When attending the law school at McGill, he listened to both English and French lecturers. As a prominent member of the persecuted *Institut Canadien*, he was one of those who refused to obey the clergy and to shut out the Montreal *Witness* from the reading room. This was the institution which caused years of social strife in Quebec, echoes of which were heard in Ontario. Archbishop Lynch took part in the controversy and in 1875 wrote two strong letters in the Toronto *Globe*. The Archbishop, however, did not condemn the *Institut* for its English books and papers, but because it possessed the fetid books of modern France.

In January, 1865, Mr. Laurier made his first important public appearance, to speak in favour of a Quebec plebiscite on confederation. He had recently been called to the bar and was practising law in Montreal. Of this period, Mr. Willison writes:

* "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness," 1893.

† "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party," by J. S. Willison. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Two volumes.

He was as much a student during these years at Montreal and later at Arthabaska-ville as he had been at L'Assomption College, and at McGill. His mastery of the English tongue and love of English books greatly influenced his character and opinions. At this time he spoke and wrote chiefly in French, while he read in English and even thought in English. This implied no lack of love for the brilliant language of literature and diplomacy which was his birthright. He has always revered his native tongue, and facing an unsympathetic Parliament on a memorable occasion in the mid-stream of his political career, he uttered the fine sentence, 'So long as there are French mothers the language will not die.' But he was quick to recognize the fact that on this continent English must be the language of commerce, of politics, and of literature, and that a command of English speech was essential to full and effective participation in the life of the community. Even in youth he had to meet the taunt that he spoke French with an English accent, and it was sought to use the gibe to his discredit among his compatriots. But he smiled at such attacks, perseveringly perfected himself in English, and knew well that he was steadily increasing his capital, both as a lawyer and as a politician. He derived his knowledge of English mainly from the study of English books and from the habit of thinking in English. It is said that he translated from the French into English all of Shakespeare and much of Milton, while he has dipped deeply into English poetry and the great English essayists, and has devoted long and laborious study to the choicest specimens of English oratory. He is fond of Burns and of Tennyson. Bright's speeches he knows as they are known to few English readers. Macaulay's history and essays are among his favourite studies. He finds an enduring charm in Mr. Goldwin Smith's simple and exquisite English. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and the second Inaugural he ranks among English classics, and perhaps no other career in history has taken such hold upon his heart and imagination as that of the inspired and martyred President. He has read every book that ever appeared dealing with that strange priest and prophet of the common people; and though of far finer texture than Lincoln, his own life and character reveal something of the patient purpose and silent, strenuous endeavour which distinguished the American President.

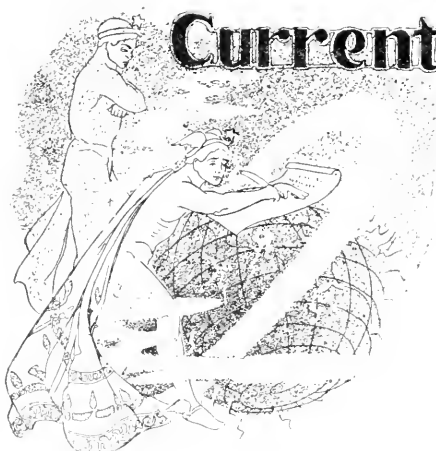
Mr. Laurier got his first opportunity to enter Parliament when the Quebec Legislature was dissolved in 1871. He contested Arthabaska and won by 1,000 votes, a signal triumph. His first appearance at Quebec is thus described by Mr. Willison :

The Legislature met on November 7th, and three days later Mr. Laurier rose to speak on

the Address. It will be remembered that the system of dual representation still prevailed, and that many of the men who were conspicuous figures in the old Parliaments of united Canada, and some who had high rank in the Federal Legislature had seats in the Assembly. Among these were George E. Cartier, Luther H. Holton, George Irvine, Joseph E. Cauchon, Theodore Robitaille, H. G. Joly, Telephore Fournier, Joseph G. Blanchet and Hector L. Langevin. Such a House could have no mean debating standard, and only a speech with body, spirit and finish could make an impression in such surroundings. Contemporary writers agree that Mr. Laurier scored an unequivocal success. No doubt the bearing and manner of the young orator were material factors in this initial Parliamentary triumph. No speech that Mr. Laurier has ever made reads quite as well as it was spoken. The rich, musical voice, the erect form and classic face, the simplicity and candour which are the outstanding characteristics of the man, cannot be transferred to paper, and without these the speeches of Wilfrid Laurier are mere shadows of the actual performance. This speech, as it has come down to us, has some of the noteworthy characteristics, but, of course, does not take rank with the best of his later deliverances. It has, however, no hint of the petty quarrels of the hustings. It has none of the flavour of the scrap-book.

His subsequent progress is thus described :

But it was not in the Quebec Legislature that Mr. Laurier was to find his sphere of service. The Liberal leaders were not slow to perceive that his natural field was in Federal affairs, and he was easily persuaded to seek election to the Federal Parliament. He therefore resigned his seat in the Legislature, and at the general election of 1874, as stormy a time as our politics have known, he stood for the Commons for Drummond and Arthabaska, and was returned with 238 of a majority. He took his seat in the first Liberal Parliament returned after Confederation, and the only Liberal Parliament which Canada knew until he himself led the Liberal party to victory nearly a quarter of a century afterwards. His desk mate was Dr. Louis Frechette, and though that brilliant scholar and writer soon wearied of the stress and strain of party warfare and returned to his books, there was then formed between the two a friendship as close as it has proved to be enduring. Dr. Frechette thus describes Mr. Laurier's introduction to the House of Commons: "As the resounding triumph of his debut in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec had placed him in the highest rank among the most brilliant French orators of his own Province, so that which marked his entry into the House of Commons, in 1874, carried him at one bound to the distinction of being almost without a peer among the English-speaking debaters of the Dominion."



Current Events Abroad

By
John A. Ewan

THE matters in dispute between Venezuela on one side, and Britain, Germany, and Italy on the other, have been referred partly to a mixed commission and partly to the Hague International Tribunal, and at the moment of writing the war-ships are drawing off from the sea-front of La Guaira and Porto Cabello. It was a rather remarkable incident all round, and we may be sure that Lord Lansdowne and his fellows of the Imperial Cabinet breathed more freely when they were finally out of the woods. The way in which Germany went tramping rough-shod about the business was distressing in the extreme. The whole attitude of the English bailiffs was one of great discretion, not to say humility. They seemed, in

effect, to be going about with their finger on their lip, and warning their allies not to talk so loud as to wake their Uncle Samuel. But the German gentleman was in no mood to do the job quietly. He had a lot of war vessels, brand-new, which he has never had a decent chance of putting to anything like a practical test, and he was just dying to take advantage of the opportunity that presented itself. Fort San Carlos offered a chance, and it was eagerly jumped at, and we had the spectacle of two or three German ships banging away at the fort and village, while the allies mourned the day that ever cast them into the same adventure with so intractable a partner.



And the amazing thing is that during the whole time the American press, which is not usually lacking in peppery readiness to take offence at any seeming ignoring of its greatness, has remained astonishingly quiet. I have used the words "amazing" and "astonishing" because they reflect the feelings of the English and Canadian press about the matter. There has been a disposition to think that Uncle Sam is "mellerin' with age." My own opinion is that the explanation is to be sought elsewhere. Had these proceedings ensued on action taken by Great Britain alone, we would not have found our friends at Washington or in any other part of the United States so quiescent and acquiescent. Every Anglophobe in the length and breadth of the Union would have had his bristles up, and if Mr. Hay or the President had been dis-



JACK CANUCK—"What fools some of us mortals certainly be."
—*Toronto Star*.

posed in that case to sympathize with the purpose of the blockade they would have had to face a great deal of angry public opinion. The presence of Germany in the squabble made all the difference in the world. The German vote in the United States is not to be despised, and the Emperor is just shrewd enough to know that.



Two things may be said in contradiction of this view. It may be said, in the first place, that Germans in the United States become good Americans, and in the second place that if there is a German vote there is surely also a British vote among our neighbours. In regard to the first, it is true that the Germans become good American citizens, but it is impossible for them to cease to be Germans. When they come to the new land they are unacquainted with the prevailing language, a fact which has a tendency to confine their acquaintances to people of their own nationality. This accounts for the turnverreins and other German societies that exist so plentifully in every United States city. The German does not cease to be a German as rapidly as an Englishman ceases to be an Englishman. When John Bull comes to America he comes among a people speaking his own tongue and with institutions similar to his own. If he takes the oath of allegiance he soon becomes wholly American, and will side very often with his adopted country against his own homeland. If he does not take the oath of allegiance—and thousands of Englishmen never do—he does not count either in the caucus or on election day. But even if a certain policy were calculated to alienate the votes of Englishmen, there would be a corresponding and probably much greater gain among the Anglophobic classes in the United States—the Bunker Hill and Hibernian sentiment. There have been times, however, when it was thought that



HIS RECIPROCITY ALTERNATIVE

UNCLE SAM—"You give me the profits on handling and milling your wheat and I'll take your market for manufactured goods; or, you give me your market for manufactured goods and I'll take the profits on handling and milling your wheat. See."

JACK CANUCK—"Don't know that I do."

—Winnipeg Telegram.

the English vote showed its resentment at shabby treatment of the motherland. It has always been considered that the Cleveland administration's treatment of Sir Sackville West was resented by the British vote in the United States, and it is a fact that that was almost the last occasion when pulling the lion's tail was indulged in as a prominent feature in a national election. When the United States paid an indemnity to the friends of the Italians who were lynched by a mob in New Orleans a year or two ago, it was said that the Italian vote in certain parts of the Union was much more influential than the representations of the Italian Government in bringing about a concession to the Italian demands. If the various "votes" in the United States have the effect of making the administration at Washington more urbane towards foreign Governments, it can only be thought



CANADA (TO UNCLE SAM)—“Seems to me she is dead. If not, you would better hurry and waken her. I can't wait on the remains much longer.”—*Minneapolis Times*.

that, whatever the motive, the effect is beneficial. It is time that the Canadian vote was heard from.



There are people, of course, who continue to think that Germany has ulterior designs on some part of the South American continent, and that for this reason the Monroe doctrine is found to be excessively inconvenient, to say the least of it. In the January number of the *North American Review* Mr. Stephen Bonsal gives some account of the German settlements in the southern provinces of Brazil. Baron von Treutler, the German Minister to Brazil, recently made a tour of these settlements, making speeches to his countrymen, which the Rio Janeiro press declared to be “impregnated with patriotism and love of the Fatherland across the sea.” Senhor Barbosa Lima, a member of the Rio Congress, made the German settlements the subject of a speech a short time ago, and, as a result of his observations, he laid down the propositions that the southern states of Brazil are being slowly denationalized; that, while other nationalities became Bra-

zilians and adopted the Portuguese language, the Germans everywhere cling to their nationality and language; and that the Germans born in the southern states, though Brazilians by law, consider Germany as their Fatherland, and celebrate with great fervor all the German national festivals and anniversaries.



The immigration of these colonists to Brazil has been going on for half a century, and yet a German traveller is able to write to-day: “The German spirit is ineradicably grounded in the hearts of these colonists, and it will undoubtedly bear fruit, perhaps a rich har-

vest which will not only prove a blessing to the colonies, but to the Fatherland.” The vast hinterland has been traversed by German travellers commissioned by German colonial associations, and it is certain that more is known about such Provinces as Mato Grosso and Amazonas in certain quarters at Berlin than at the seat of the Brazilian Government. For many years Brazil paid a portion of the passages of these immigrants, but when it was observed how unassimilable they were, paid passages were abandoned. The number arriving has diminished as a consequence, but the natural increase is said to be phenomenal. Blumenau, one of the original colonies, more than doubles itself every ten years and has now attained the very respectable population, for a town, of 45,000 souls. Not only do the Germans increase rapidly, but they are said to Germanize other races that come within touch of them. In the meantime patriotic Brazilians are becoming alarmed, and one publicist, Dr. Murtinho, has declared that the native-born population of Brazil is neither numerically nor intellectually capable of assimilating the larger number of

immigrants of a superior race that are pouring upon the shores of Brazil. Mr. Bonsal does not regard the growth of a "Greater Germany" in South America with alarm. On the other hand, these well-ordered prosperous communities have always appeared to him "pregnant with hope for the future of the neglected continent, as oases of activity and industry in a dreary desert of intrigue and corruption that sketches almost without interruption or exception from Panama to Cape Horn." But, in view of the Monroe doctrine, there seem to be great opportunities for complications in these offshoots of powerful European nationalities on the shores of the New World.



All eyes are being turned to Macedonia. That the Province is seething with discontent is certain enough, and we have in addition tales of murderous oppression and tyranny which, if true, would be quite sufficient to account for the prevalent unrest. Doubt is thrown upon the truth of some of the worst of these tales. It is the most striking commentary on what Turkish rule does for those countries over which it is exercised to know that the ancient seat of the Philip against whom Demosthenes thundered, and of that Alexander who conquered the world, is so cut off from civilization that we have to depend for news of the conditions that exist there on the most accidental and unreliable sources; and that the London *Daily News* is sending a correspondent in there much as they would send one into the region of the Mad Mullah. Until some such dependable connection is made with the mountain valleys of Monastir we will not certainly know

the extent of Turkish oppression and misgovernment there.



One would think that the most hopeful feature of the situation is that Russia is not financially ready for a great war. She has been spending so much on the development of her Asiatic possessions that a prolonged war would be a sore trial to her. The danger is of setting a programme of reforms for Turkey, which, if curtly or peremptorily rejected, might leave no other resource but the sword. That it would be no easy task, even though nothing but Turkish soldiers are encountered on the way to Constantinople, we may well believe. It is said that 250,000 Turkish troops would be mobilized and thrown towards the Balkans. They are well armed with Mauser rifles, would be on the defensive, and under Edhem Pasha, who proved himself so cool and masterly a strategist in the Turko-Grecian war a few years ago, they would give even a more powerful invading force many a rough day's work. The latest intelligence is, that the leaders of the committees which were making Bulgaria a land of refuge where their plots could be carried out in safety had been arrested by the Bulgarian authorities. While on the face of it this appears to be an act of friendship towards Turkey, it is in reality done in a way to make it most exasperating. It is accompanied by a sort of challenge to Turkey to explain why she is massing troops along the Bulgarian border. One thing that has to be remembered is, that neither Macedonians nor Bulgarians are Greeks. They are mainly Slavs and will put up a stiff fight in the hilly country which will be the scene of operations if an uprising takes place.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

IN MARCH

The sun falls warm: the southern winds
Awake:
The air seethes upward with a steamy shiver:
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,
And every rut a little dancing river.
Through great soft clouds that sunder over-
head
The deep sky breaks as pearly blue as sum-
mer:
Out of a clift beside the river's bed
Flaps the black crow, the first demure new-
comer.
The last seared drifts are eating fast away
With glassy tinkle into glittering laces:
Dogs lie asleep and little children play
With tops and marbles in the sun-bare places;
And I that stroll with many a thoughtful
pause
Almost forget that winter ever was.

—Archibald Lampman.

SOME one has recently announced that "the strenuous life" is doomed—in oratory and literature at least. But yesterday supreme—to paraphrase long-suffering William—now is there none so poor to do it reverence. Even Mr. Roosevelt, once its most ardent advocate, in several of his recent speeches alluded to it only once, and then it was with a sad lack of enthusiasm.

The pendulum is swinging in the other direction—theoretically at least, for as yet one can discover no visible abatement of the habitual strenuosity of our times and customs; but it is indeed well that our thoughts, at any rate, should be turned in the right direction.

At first glance it seems a trifle odd that a protest against the mad rush

and complexity of modern life should come to us from Paris; yet on second thoughts, one feels that it is only natural that the voice of remonstrance should issue from the midst of the maelstrom, rather than from the outside, where one may indeed *see* but cannot *feel* the life-destroying force of modern conditions at their highest pressure.

Compared with the inhabitants of Paris and most American cities, the average Canadian woman would appear to dwell in an almost idyllic atmosphere of calm tranquillity and peace. Yet, even in our Dominion, so often dubbed "slow" and "jog-along," one has only to use one's eyes and ears to learn that we too are not only experiencing, but are breaking down under the wear and tear of modern life; so that such a book as "The Simple Life," the work of Charles Wagner, a Protestant clergyman of Paris, comes to one like the touch of a calm, cool hand on a fever-burning brow.

Are we not, too many of us, cumbered like Martha of old, with many unnecessary cares? Would not we and all with whom we come in contact be more steady of nerve, more glad of heart, more serenely happy, if we would only be content to live more naturally and simply?

How many of us are plodding wearily along life's pathway, our backs bowed beneath the weight of a great self-imposed burden: a burden we might easily cast from us if we would, but which we are constantly making more

heavy and unwieldy by picking up on the roadside a useless little fad here, an unnecessary strength-consuming responsibility there, until at last we sink down, broken, exhausted, having sold our birthright of vitality and opportunity for a mess of pottage—gone with nothing to show for it!

If only the woman (and her name is Legion) who spends her days in a mad rush from one supposed duty to another, from club to committee meeting, and from one form of so-called recreation (save the mark!) to another, feverishly chasing the fleeting hours in a wild game of follow-the-leader, would only pause long enough to ask herself seriously and soberly if it is all worth while, I think the honest answer would be an emphatic negative. Surely such a woman could not delude herself into believing that in her unsatisfactory and unsatisfying existence, she is getting out of life all that it is not only her privilege but her duty to take.

Life is more than a mere succession of hurry-scurry days, a series of hours which must be spent some way, any way, so that we do not mark their going. Ah no, the rush, the whirl, the "each-day-for-itself" way of living is *not* worth while. There will be no strong, serene middle age, no tranquil, blessed evening of life for her who squanders her energies and hours in useless manifold complexities; for hours and energies once spent can never be recovered. Simplicity in work, in pleasure, in thought, in action—for this M. Wagner pleads, and pleads with reason and eloquence.

It may seem impossible to some to attain to simplicity in any direction, but one may be *in* the world without being *of* it, and in every dense throng of excited, rushing, pushing individuals, there are always a few who, without noise or disturbance, move steadily, serenely forward, outstripping their more turbulent fellows and arriving at their destination calm, unruffled and undisturbed.

"Simplicity," says Wagner, "is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is sim-

ple when his chief care is to be what he ought to be, that is honestly and naturally human. . . . All the strength of the world and all its beauty, all true joy, everything that consoles, that feeds hope, or that throws a ray of light across our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal to a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity, and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life."



The last report of the Farmers' Institutes of the Province of Ontario is very interesting reading, particularly that part of it which is devoted to Women's Institutes.

The importance and value of the work which is being done by the latter cannot be over-estimated, and that the farmers' wives of Ontario are becoming more and more alive to the advantages and benefits to be derived from a connection with the Institutes, is proved by the fact that whereas in 1901, the membership was only 1602 with a total attendance at the meetings of 3,500 women, for the year ending June, 1902, the paid-up membership numbered 3,081. Three hundred and thirty-six meetings were held during the year, at which 617 papers were read or addresses delivered, to audiences aggregating 16,410 women.

The papers and addresses presented cover a wide range of subjects from the Care of the Person, Good Manners, and Child Training, to practical advice regarding every variety of farm work and scientific expositions on Flower Culture, Ventilation, Sanitation, Emergencies and Economics.

Mrs. Torrance, a delegate sent out by the Department of Agriculture to spread the work of the Institutes through the Eastern Townships, writes that one woman told her in Adolphustown that she had driven

twelve miles to attend the meeting, and her mother had driven almost as far to keep house for her while she was away. The mother had been at one of the previous meetings and had been so interested that she insisted upon her daughter taking the long drive to attend the one in Adolphustown. In writing of the helpfulness of the Institute, one of the local presidents says: "The benefits attending the Institute are varied and various, among which are the exchanging of ideas and learning how to do common, everyday duties in a simple manner, enabling us to economize in the most precious commodity we possess, viz., time. We are also enabled to learn the reason why we do certain things, and the doing of them from a scientific standpoint. We are also taken out of ourselves, and our lives broadened, thus beautifying the 'common round,' to say nothing of the foundation of pleasant friendships."

My eye was caught and held this morning by the following rather unique advertisement which appeared in one of our interesting daily papers:



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A CLUB WOMAN?

"Our Genie of Fancy Ices and Sherbets is yours to command; he is apt at making attractive individuals or suggestions, either or both for luncheons, etc.; he always uses pure materials."

Surely this clever "Genie" will be overwhelmed with orders and "commands"; for "attractive individuals" are none too common at "smart" luncheons. One is glad that the Genie is not so unkind as to limit his efforts to the improving and brightening of luncheons alone, for one could suggest half-a-dozen other forms of social entertainment where a goodly sprinkling of "attractive individuals" would be hailed with delight.

I wonder what the "pure materials" are which the Genie uses—the "ribbons and laces and sweet pretty faces" of the old song, or something more modern and complex—if less alluring?

Energetic ladies of leisure who are looking about for some pleasant and profitable way of employing their time may, perhaps, find suggestion and inspiration in the admirable work which has been done by one woman, in providing pleasant and harmless *rendezvous* for Tommy Atkins when off duty.

How a private soldier may spend his hours of idleness is a difficult problem for all armies, a problem which has been the subject of many fiery editorials and vigorous sermons on army canteen. The movement to provide attractive "homes" for soldiers which was begun some years ago by Miss Elise Sandes, in the British garrison of Tralee, Ireland, promises a reasonably successful solution of the problem. The first "home" was in Miss Sandes' own house. There are now thirteen homes in Ireland, four in India, and several in England. W. B.

Kavanagh, writing to the *Outlook*, describes the purpose and method of the homes :

"The home in the city of Cork was the first one to be built, so that a description of it will serve for an illustration of the work as a whole. It was built by voluntary subscriptions over and above what Miss Sandes and her friends subscribed. The building contains elaborate baths and lavatories, and a comfortable café, in which the soldier may obtain the best of plain food at a little over cost price. The second floor is furnished and fitted in a style that may be termed a combination of the domestic sitting-room and a club reception-room. It is large and roomy; comfortable chairs are plentiful; a long table containing books and papers occupies the centre of the room; and, crowning feature of all in the soldiers' estimation, are a fireplace and mantelpiece. For the benefit of soldiers on 'all-night pass' or travelling, or otherwise compelled or desiring to seek lodging outside of the barracks, the home offers dormitories and cubicles; so that the cheap saloon lodging-house is frequently robbed of its victim. A marvelous feature of the undertaking is the influence of the beautiful appointments and the refined atmosphere of the house throughout."

London *Truth* tells of a novel method of dealing summarily with female kleptomaniacs of gentle birth, which is being followed with good results in certain West End shops.

Every woman detected in the act of shoplifting is given her choice of being prosecuted in court or being birched by the manageress.

"In one shop alone," says *Truth*, "twenty women have accepted the ordeal of birching, in addition to two young girls of a foreign nationality who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement."

It would be a most excellent thing if birching were introduced into our courts as a legal and just retribution for some of the grave offences for which the sole punishment appears to be a paltry fine. Perhaps if the man who is so ready to inflict pain on women, children and animals knew that the punishment for his brutality would be a sound flogging, he might learn to control his temper and fists. As it is, the imposition of a small fine is frequently only an aggravation and new cause to in-



MISS JESSIE N. MACLACHLAN

Miss Jessie N. MacLachlan, whose rendering of Scottish songs has endeared her to her countrywomen and countrymen in every land where she has appeared, was born in Oban, Argyleshire, Scotland. Miss MacLachlan received her musical education, for the most part, in Scotland; hence it is that she excels in her interpretation and rendering of Scottish songs. The present is the third successive season in which Miss MacLachlan has toured Canada and the United States, under the management of Mr. Wm. Campbell, Toronto.

flict further suffering on the helpless creatures in his power.

In endeavouring to arouse interest in our own handicrafts, the Woman's Art Association of Canada is doing an excellent work, work which should appeal strongly to all of us.

The President of the Association has been good enough to write for *Woman's Sphere* the following short account of this movement :

In March, 1900, the Head Association in Toronto held a loan exhibition of handicrafts, hoping to create an

interest which would lead to some developments such as were being achieved in the United States, and to induce inquiry regarding the revival of interest in England and on the Continent, which was so marked that it seemed to herald an epoch in handicrafts. Canada alone appeared to be indifferent. By dint of much searching, isolated and desultory efforts were brought together in the exhibition, showing that there were some lines along which advance might be made, were proper encouragement given. Following the initiative taken by the Head Association, the Montreal branch organized in 1901, a much larger and more comprehensive Loan Exhibit, which was also educational, and gave impetus to some definite work being begun. In June, 1902, the branch opened a department for Canadian handicrafts at 4 Phillips Square, hanging up a sign bearing the words "Our Handicraft Shop," the sign being in the form of a shield with the Association motto "Labore et Constantia," and monogram.

The wares in this shop consisted of "homespun" from the looms of the French-Canadian women, beautiful in weave and in colors, suitable for out-going dresses; cover piers and portières of artistic greens, blues, pinks, terra cottas, etc., wrought with quaint designs, known as the "tufted" work of the habitante. They at once won popularity, and were eagerly sought for country homes.

The rag carpet and mat industry became transformed into pretty colours and design. The light, firmly-made chairs with splint and rush bottoms found ready sale, thus giving to the men and boys an evening employment.

Indian beadwork has been put upon a better basis, and it is expected that what had become such a degenerate article as we have been accustomed of late to see at our country fairs will soon be restored to its *primitive* beauty by judicious guidance and by furnishing proper materials.

Basket making is another craft almost valueless, but which it is the

hope of the Association to restore by creating a demand for a good article.

The Doukhobor embroideries and linen work, which were fostered by a committee of the National Council of Women, and which is now looked after by the Montreal Branch, is a charming industry which should not be allowed to deteriorate.

The economic value of this movement must at once be apparent. Farm and village industries which enable the workers to use their spare time in making entirely from the resources at hand good useful articles, which win self-respect for the maker and the user, must create a valuable element in the community, adding to the resources of the country. This is no Utopian idea. One has but to look at what has been accomplished in these industries in Maine and New Hampshire, where commonplace, remote and poverty-stricken villages have become in a few years prosperous centres of a number of crafts, producing both useful and beautiful things.

The Association feels from its four or five years' attention to these matters that there is something better for the handworkers of Canada than being turned into human machine feeders, multiplying cheap superfluities by the thousands, but that made up as Canada is, of English, French, Galician, Doukhobor and Scandinavian, all skilled in some handicraft, that with a little fostering a few years would show as wide a range of crafts developing as in the United States and European centres.

An exhibit of these Art Industries has just been held in Toronto, and will be repeated from time to time, giving the public knowledge of and a chance to encourage the movement.

Experiments are being made with vegetable dyes, designs are being supervised, and materials being provided where needed, thus producing from home resources what is suitable for the making of a good artistic article.

The Association hopes for the co-operation of all patriotic and progressive people in this work."

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



WHEN a session of the Dominion Parliament comes to an end, it is customary to think that BETWEEN the Government of SESSIONS the country has been completed for another year; that all that happens between sessions is mere routine, a carrying-out of the policies conceived and enunciated during the term of sitting. To some extent this is true. Yet the between-sessions period seems to be growing in importance. The



Government and the Opposition are amending and extending their respective policies by constant communication with the members of Parliament and those equally important persons who, though not members of Parliament, are interested in the larger questions of public policy.

For example, the party which acknowledges Sir Wilfrid Laurier as leader is now busily engaged in deciding what shall be the tariff policy of the Government during the forthcoming session. The various corporations, associations and bodies interested are laying their views before the Ministry and attempting to influence the minds of those men who have the power of saying whether a certain line of goods shall be on the free list, shall be subject to a small customs duty or shall be placed among the list of articles on which a high rate is demanded. Even the consumers—the most unorganized of all classes in the community—are constantly expressing their views through the newspapers or by deputations visiting Ottawa.

This between-sessions period is growing in importance at the present time owing to the fact that both political parties are inclined to follow public opinion rather than lead it. The present leaders on both sides are very careful to avoid taking the initiative in all controversial questions. If a rail-

way company desires a charter, an extension of a charter, or a new or additional bonus, it works hard between sessions to impress the public and the Parliamentarians that its demands are reasonable and popular. Carefully prepared articles are published in the newspapers, favourable interviews are telegraphed over all the country, members of Parliament and other politicians are interviewed—all in the hope that when Parliament meets the leaders on both sides will be influenced by the agitation which has been carried on. When Sir Charles Tupper made his compact for a fast Atlantic service with the Allans, it was done between sessions. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government decided to build a railway line to the Yukon, and to give a subsidy to the Crow's Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific, the bargains were struck between sessions. There is no doubt also that the Government's attitude towards the proposed Grand Trunk Pacific will be decided upon before Parliament meets.

The increased facilities for travel, for letter carrying, for telegraphic or telephonic communication, have an effect upon this between-sessions period. Members of Parliament may visit Ottawa in comfort without much loss of time; they may be consulted at their homes by their chiefs with ease and despatch, since letters and telegrams



PREMIER PARENT, OF QUEBEC, WHO IS OF
THE OPINION THAT THE FEDERAL GOV-
ERNMENT SHOULD INCREASE THE
PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES.

travel quickly. The Government is hardly ever out of touch with all its important supporters.

The Provincial Premiers have been exhibiting much activity of the between-sessions nature. A few weeks ago they met in Quebec and drew up a series of resolutions to be presented to the Ottawa Government concerning increased subsidies for the Provinces in general. Then, still more recently, they gathered at Ottawa and presented these resolutions in person, talked over the possibilities of success, had their pictures taken, and returned home.

Apparently, the Provincial Premiers regard the Ottawa Government as their natural enemy. The federal authorities collect all the customs and excise duties—those great indirect taxes which the public permit without protest. The Provinces cannot collect indirect taxes; the constitution forbids it. The federal authorities collect everything and pay the Provinces a

certain amount each year on a basis agreed upon at the time each Province entered Confederation. These doles to the Provinces were satisfactory until recently. The Provinces found them sufficient, with the revenue from Crown lands, to meet all necessary expenditures. But the Provinces are growing, and the spectre of direct taxation is appearing in the near distance. The Provincial Premiers shrink from direct taxation, although it is the most just and economical of all methods of taxation, and has been universally adopted by cities, counties, towns, and townships. Why they fear it no one knows; but they do. Hence this combined demand for more subsidies.

It is gratifying to see that almost every newspaper of importance has discountenanced this raid on the Dominion treasury. It is a raid, because it has no legal or constitutional basis. The Confederation debates at Quebec and Ottawa show conclusively that the grants made to the Provinces were in liquidation of all claims.* “Full Settlement of all future demands upon Canada” are the words used over and over again in this connection, and embodied in section 118 of the B.N.A. Act of 1867.

The Provinces may increase their revenues in many ways without making illegal demands on the Dominion treasury. They may tax the railways, for example. As pointed out by Mr. Pettypiece in his article in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and by Professor LeRossignol in this issue, there are just and sufficient reasons for an increased tax on railways. Reforestation of certain sections is a scheme which would be eminently suitable for providing constant and increasing revenues. There are other equally just methods open to consideration.

Why not open negotiations for the purchase of that strip of United States

* Pope's “Confederation Documents,” pp. 34, 51, 195, 241 and 276. Each one of these pages gives a separate proof of this statement.

territory which runs along the western edge of British Columbia? It is hardly likely that the six jurists will decide the dispute in such a way as to close the case for both sides. They will undoubtedly give us a clearer opinion as to whether the Canadian view of the matter is as just as we think it is. But no matter what the decision, why not make the next step, negotiations for the purchase of whatever the jurists decide to be the property of the United States?

This narrow strip is more valuable to us than to the United States. As the *Toronto Star* points out, Skagway and Dyea are in an unnatural position; they are United States ports whose commerce is almost wholly Canadian. Mr. F. C. Wade also indicates this circumstance in his article in *The Empire Review* and thinks that Skagway and Dyea will soon be glad to become part of the Canadian territory which they serve. The United States interests in the Yukon would also favour a sale to Canada of this United States strip, because under changed conditions the trade of that district would be less hampered. These are some of the reasons which indicate that negotiations for purchase at a reasonable price would find favour in the United States.

The friendly settlement of this dispute would clear the ground for more amicable trade relations between the two countries. At present there is a hard feeling in this country concerning our Southern neighbours, and it will no doubt be their policy in the near future to soften that feeling in the interests of the manufacturers and producers who annually sell us a hundred million dollars worth of goods.

Already they are asking

that the Joint High Commission meet again. Their request should be treated courteously, yet without unnecessary gush. Time is working almost entirely in Canada's favour.

✕

It is said that the Hon. Raymond Préfontaine, the newest Minister in the Laurier Government, has declared that the Manitoba school question is settled, Archbishop Bruchesi to the contrary notwithstanding. It would be lamentable indeed if this burning question should again convulse this country. The Roman Catholics may believe that they did not get proper treatment when deprived of their right to have separate schools in the Prairie Province, but they should recognize that only harm can come of any revival



HON. MR. PRÉFONTAINE, MINISTER OF MARINE—THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE LAURIER CABINET.



MR. J. A. MACDONALD, THE NEW MANAGING EDITOR OF
THE TORONTO "GLOBE."

of the subject. Every broad-minded citizen hopes that some day there will be no separate schools in Canada, neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic; that some day we shall have public schools where English and French, Protestant and Roman Catholic children will study side by side, learning with their elementary lessons that mutual respect and toleration which is the only basis of common citizenship. Religious teaching is not a part of the public school curriculum in its more modern form. The public school teacher cannot be made a religionist without endangering his efficiency. At least, this is the view which is taken by the growing majority of advanced educationists. The home and the Sunday-school should be sufficient bulwarks and fortresses of religion.

The Ontario Government has recently added weight to this opinion. It has refused to make any concession to the Anglicans who desire to establish voluntary schools with grants and inspections similar to those of the public schools.

✂

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, the new managing editor of the *Toronto Globe*, has long been known as a forcible speaker, a broad-minded clergyman, and an energetic journalist. He takes life and life's problems seriously, though perhaps not quite so seriously as his predecessor. He believes in the power of a strong man to influence his generation for good, and he has always used his talents for the uplifting of his race. With his guidance, the *Globe* will not cease to be the great power which Mr. Willison made it.

✂

George M. Wrong, Professor of History in the University of Toronto, has written to the *London Spectator* to point out that a London penny weekly costs eight cents in Toronto. Some light and popular journals are a little less, but the majority cost the price stated. He also points out that because English periodical literature is not read in this country, and because United States literature is, this country is growing less British in sentiment, custom, and vocabulary. The Professor does not insist that this development is bad or undesirable; he points out the facts and leaves the readers of the *Spectator* to decide upon the desirability of such development.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the new Postmaster-General, may visit Canada this year. If he comes, his friends should allow him to visit a few Canadian bookstalls and see what is there displayed for sale.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



ART AND THE PUBLIC.

MANY people look at pictures without seeing them. They know that certain pictures are notable, and they look upon them, or upon reproductions of them, with awe and a bored interest. They reverence and respect the names of the great masters, giving them a sort of hero-worship. They wander through picture galleries with the mournful satisfaction of performing a toilsome duty. They treat all art in the same way. The magnificent architecture of a great building overpowers them though they do not understand it. A handsome piece of pottery, of jewelry, of plate, of china or of furniture, impresses them simply because they are told that it is old, or antique, or great. The trained eye and the understanding mind are not theirs.

For such as these Robert Clermont Witt has written his book, "How to Look at Pictures,"* and there is no one volume known to the writer which will do so much to transform the industrious and well-intentioned reader into a just and appreciative critic. No one can taste its simple language and follow its attractively arranged information without being the better able to understand the ambitions and the spirit of the artists of different ages. Pictures which before

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see, will acquire a new interest, a fascination that will be a revelation. The

purely intellectual pleasure in the problems and puzzles of pictorial art, its historical and archæological sides, will grow in keenness. Enjoyment follows only upon understanding; understanding is based on thought and knowledge. With experience and understanding, each picture acquires a distinct place in the mind, is associated with others, suggests comparisons and parallels, and a sense of the essential unity of pictorial art.

Mr. Witt points out the attitude which the spectator must assume, the considerations which must be given to the time in which the picture was painted, the school to which the artist belonged. He begins with the characteristics of the age of Giotto, when perspective was unknown. In the following century, the fifteenth, perspective was introduced, and the art of painting spread from Italy to Germany and the Netherlands. In the sixteenth century the advance became more rapid and more general, and Italian art reached its fullest maturity. Colour was boldly and successfully used by Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese in Venice, and draughtsmanship was shown in great perfection by Leonardo, Michaelangelo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto, in Florence. At the same time, Dürer and Holbein inaugurated a renaissance in Germany. In the seventeenth century, Italy was eclipsed by Rubens and Van Dyck in the Netherlands, Hals, Rembrandt, and Ruysdael in Holland, and Velasquez and Murillo in Spain. In the eighteenth century, English art came

*London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookstore.

to the front with Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. And then follows the nineteenth century with its broad and general diversity. Each age had its peculiar manner, its own triumphs and failures, its characteristic excellences and defects. The great picture from the past must be judged by its time and age, must be viewed with the eyes of the painter's own period. The old masters are not all greater than the new masters, but each has his distinguishing quality.

It is such subjects as these which Mr. Witt discusses in the early part of his book before he goes on to examine the different schools, historical paintings, portraits, landscapes, genre, drawing, colour, light and shade, composition, treatment and methods and materials. One feels that here is a book on art which is worth while, which touches the warp and woof of the subject, not merely the fringe. It is a volume which cannot be too highly commended.

MATCH-MAKING WOMEN.

All women are match-makers at some time in their careers. The mother of sons picks out certain young women, while the mother of daughters selects certain men. Mary Cholmondeley deals with both kinds and some others in her new story "Moth and Rust."* She lays bare the whole game of love-making, lays it too bare for the person whose nature is sensitive. Speaking of a match-making mother, she has the following sweet morsel:

"What a nuisance men are," says Mrs. Trefusis, who has a son who is determined to marry a beautiful vulgarian. "I wish they were all at the bottom of the sea."

"If they were," said Anne, with her rueful little smile, "mother would order a diving-bell at once."

But this match-making has its dark side. The two who marry without

love find life a dull, pensive affair. The two who love and do not marry have the same experience. Miss Cholmondeley paints both sides of the picture, making a story which appeals to our humanity, to our hearts. Perhaps the drama is too real, the painting too vivid. Each reader must judge for himself. He would be a wise critic who undertook to decide.

HUMOUR.

It is a very peculiar feature of Canadian life that this country has seldom produced a humorist. Judge Haliburton wrote some bright things in Yankee dialect and then the Canadian product ceased. A bright Scotch lady who once lived in Canada wrote "The Epistles o' Airlie," but it was Scotch humour. J. W. Bengough did some good work along the right lines until he was overpowered by notions concerning prohibition and social reform. Sir John A. Macdonald was a humorist, but he mixed his humour up with politics until it was nearly all politics.

During our century of existence we have depended mainly on the writings of M. Quad, Mark Twain and a few other genuine humorists living in the United States. *Truth, Puck, Life* and *Judge* have been our standard humorous periodicals, though *Grip* did succeed for a time. Now we have the *Moon*, but it is a satirical journal rather than a humorous one. All the jokes in the Canadian papers are clipped from United States contemporaries—with the addition of a few epigrammatic remarks made by three or four clever journalists who have not yet left for "the other side."

Just now the leading Canadian humorist is Mr. Dunne, of Chicago, alias Mr. Dooley. He was not born in Canada, never lived in Canada, and does not discuss Canadian affairs. Yet Canadians read him widely and know him intimately. His latest collection entitled "Observations,"* is now to be found on the Canadian book-stalls.

*"Moth and Rust" and three other stories by Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Potage." Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Dooley does not write humorous stories; he simply comments on the varying phases of politics and other features of daily life, in Irish brogue. Hence his work is ephemeral, which genuine humour should not be.



A VOLUME OF VERSE.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley is an ardent imperialist who labels himself an English Esau. His volume of verse is therefore entitled "Songs of an English Esau."*

Colonial Esau! would'st thou change thy pot-
tage

For Jacob's birthright, morning air for
smoke—

Take Jacob's palace for thy backwoods cot-
tage,

His fettered feet for thine which know no
yoke—

His victories won for thy delight in winning,

His wedded fortunes for the fate you woo,

His work well ended for thy work beginning,

Memories of deeds for deeds still left to do?

His life in British Columbia has led him to admire the colonial Esaus, "The Kootenay Prospector" and "The Western Pioneer" and to apostrophise "The Chain of Empire" which binds these men to the Jacobs of Old England. He eulogizes "The U. E. Loyalists" and "Strathcona's Cavaliers" and appears to believe that the sword of the conqueror is greater than the skill of the tradesman. And thus he voices the colonial's call to the sluggish, ease-taking dwellers in the heart of his beloved Empire:

Surely you lay up treasure where the mean
man may break in?

Surely ye choose a contest in which mongrel
folk must win?

Back! from the feet of Mammon to the knees
of your father's God;

Back! from the market by-ways to the trails
your kinsmen trod.

The world's map is your ledger; write there
as your fathers wrote,

Wherever a man could clamber, wherever a
ship could float.

Is it better, think ye, to grovel, to gather The
Thing Accurst,

Or die in touch of the World's last goal, beg-
gared, forlorn, but *first*?

This volume of verse should find a

*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.



MISS ALICE JONES OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
HALIFAX, AUTHOR OF "THE
BLACK HAWK."

place in every Canadian collection, beside the author's excellent Canadian stories.



NOTES.

A new story by Alice Caldwell Hegan, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will be published this spring. The Canadian market has fallen to the fortune of William Briggs. Even in these days of surprises it is rarely that an author scores such a first success as did Miss Hegan in her inimitable "Mrs. Wiggs," which seems to lose nothing of popularity as time goes by.

An ex-patriated Canadian, named G. A. Powles, now living in the United States, has persuaded a firm of New York publishers to issue his novel entitled "Oliver Langton," presumably on the ground that it is a description of Canadian life. An examination of the volume proves two things, first, that Mr. Powles has no literary ability, and

second, that the publishers have no literary advisers. To make matters worse, the story is a travesty of Canadian life, a travesty without any kind of saving grace.

"The Mabinogion" consists of some tales from the famous Welsh classic "The Red Book of Hergest." They were translated for English readers by Lady Charlotte Guest more than half a century ago. They are now being revised by Owen Edwards of Lincoln College, Oxford, and issued in duodecimo volumes by T. Fisher Unwin. Some of the adventures here related are grouped around Arthur and his knights, some are older and antedate the Christian era. They are decidedly unlike anything in modern fiction and thus have an interest which cannot be entirely merged in their historical interest.

A paper on "Canadian Novels and Novelists," by L. J. Burpee, was issued some time ago, and gave that writer a new status; his paper on "Modern Public Libraries and their Methods," read before the Royal Society, and now issued as a pamphlet, is also to be commended.

Emile Zola's posthumous novel, "Truth," will be published in this country by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, early this month, through a translation, by E. A. Vizetelly. It is the third book in the group called "The Four Evangelists," of which the two first were "Work" and "Fruitfulness." The plot is virtually a resetting of the celebrated Dreyfus case, in which Zola took such an active part.

The first volume of Mr. Morgan's "Types of Canadian Women Past and Present" is announced for early issue by William Briggs. The portrait engravings, 350 in number, are said to be good specimens of the engraver's art. Accompanying each will be a biographical sketch, a work which has necessitated an enormous amount of research and correspondence. The results will be found highly gratifying because of the revelation of the num-

ber of Canadian women who have won distinction in the various walks of life. The work of selection has been a delicate and difficult one, requiring all of the editor's experienced judgment. The publisher promises that in material and workmanship his part of the work will be worthy of the subject-matter.

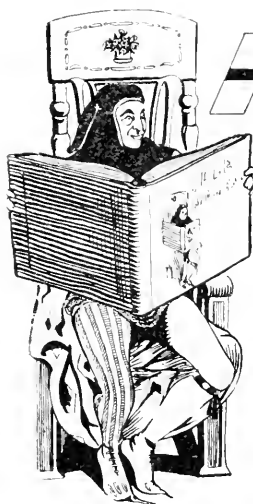
Among the forthcoming publications of William Briggs are a volume of sermons by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, entitled "The Secret of the Divine Silence"; a treatise, entitled "What Ails the Church?" by Rev. John May, M.A., and a third revised edition of Rev. Dr. W. H. Jamieson's "The Nation and the Sabbath."

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, has written an important paper on "The First Legislators of Upper Canada." (Royal Society Transactions).

The Rev. Charles W. Collins, Chancellor of the Diocese of Portland, Me., has made an exhaustive study of the history of "The Acadians of Madawaska," a territory once Canadian, but now a part of the State of Maine. These Acadians were among those who suffered during the troublous period of 1755-1800. Some of the Madawaska Acadians came there when driven out of New Brunswick by the United Empire Loyalists. This pamphlet is worthy of close study.

"Journeys End," by Justus Miles Forman, the Copp, Clark Co., will prove to be one of the prettiest stories of the spring season. It tells of a young Englishman, who, having lived all his life in a high position and with ample means, finds himself on his father's death impoverished and almost destitute. He determines to go to America and retrieve his broken fortunes. There is no need, however, to disclose the dainty little plot by telling how he does this. The title of the tale is, of course, taken from the lines in Shakespeare's song:

"Journeys end in lovers meeting
Every wise man's son doth know."



IDLE MOMENTS

AN UP-TO-DATE PROPOSAL

"YES, I put
your
father on to a
good thing
last month."

"Did you?
That was nice
of you. Papa

asked me the other day if I knew you."

"What else?"

"When I told him I had met you, he asked me if I thought you had the money-making instinct. And I told him I didn't think you would be asleep when dividend day came around."

"That was nice of you. I gave your father a good tip yesterday. He took it, too. It must have netted him a couple o' thousand."

"Why, you are quite a good fairy, Mr. Slimmer. I'll remember that tip the next time I strike papa for my pin money."

"But why not give poor papa a rest?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Why not let somebody else put up for the pins? I happen to know that papa isn't on Easy Street often enough to establish a permanent address there."

"Pray make yourself a little plainer, Mr. Slimmer."

"That's quite impossible, Miss Bimler. I feel that nature has done her worst for me."

"Ah, you are fishing for a compliment."

"No, Miss Bimler, you wrong me. I have no time for fishing. But let me particularize. I am neither young nor handsome. My temper is fairly

good, my health excellent. That, I think, disposes of the minor details. Here is a schedule of my worldly possessions, subject, of course, to the daily fluctuations of the market. May I trouble you to look it over?"

"With what end in view, Mr. Slimmer?"

"I will come to that presently, Miss Bimler. I have shown your esteemed father a duplicate of this schedule. It seemed to please him. He even entrusted me with a note for you. Here it is."

(He hands her a sealed envelope, which she opens with a "pardon me." It contains but two lines. "My dear, nail this chap—I need him in the business. Your doting papa.")

"It is quite evident, Mr. Slimmer, that you have made a favourable impression upon papa."

"And how about papa's daughter?"

"Will you make that a little clearer, Mr. Slimmer?"

"With pleasure. How does the sum total strike you?"

"Oh, of the schedule? Why, it seems very satisfactory."

"And—and will you share it with me, Miss Bimler—subject, of course, to the market fluctuations?"

"Oh, Abner, this is so sudden."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A HOUSE INSCRIPTION STORY

"Apropos of mottoes on houses, an old gentleman of pronounced religious views—a friend of our family in Scotland," writes a correspondent—"wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text 'My house shall be called a House of Prayer.' He left the workmen to carry out his wishes



SHADE OF ELIZABETH—Splendeur Dex! Had we but known of this wanton conceit during our reign on earth, our sister of Scotland had not stood so long in our way.—*Life*.

during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed, 'But ye have made it a den of thieves.' 'We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just pit in the end o' the verse,' was the explanation given by the Bible-loving Scot."

MARCONI'S DOG

Signor Marconi, of "wireless" fame, is fond of dogs, and used to own a cocker spaniel of unusual intelligence.

The young inventor says that one day he took this dog to a saddler's with him and bought there a whip. That afternoon the animal was disobedient, and he punished it with the whip he had just purchased. But in the evening, when he came to look for the weapon again, it was nowhere to be found.

Just then there came a ring at the

bell. It was the saddler, the whip in hand. "Your dog, sir," he said, "brought this to the shop in his mouth this afternoon and laid it on the floor and ran off quickly."

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

When Lord High Admiral, the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth of England, went down to Portsmouth to inspect the naval establishment, the first person he met was his jolly old messmate and friend, Captain Jack Towers. The prince took him by the hand and laughingly said:

"Why, Jack, my boy, they tell me you are the greatest blackguard in all Portsmouth!" "Oh," quoth Towers, "I hope your Royal Highness has not come down here to deprive me of my character."

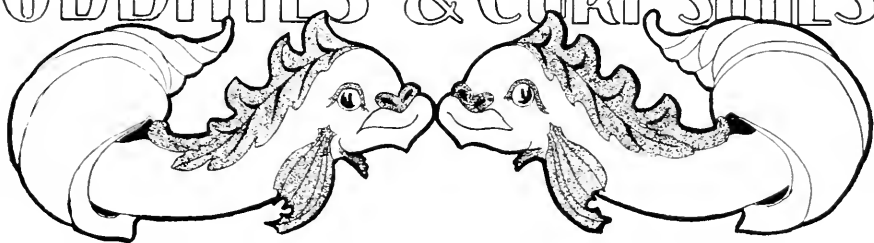
New Cook: I'm afraid I can't take the place, mum. Mistress: Why? New Cook: Well, mum, the kitchen table ain't big enough for ping-pong.

There had been a slight shock of earthquake, and Mr. Herlihy and Mr. Dolan had both felt it.

"Tim," said Mr. Dolan, solemnly, "what did you think whin firrst the ground began to trimble?"

"Think!" echoed his friend, scornfully, "What man that had the use av his legs to run and his loongs to roar would waste his toime thinkin'? Tell me thot!"

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



KLONDIKE CURIOSITIES

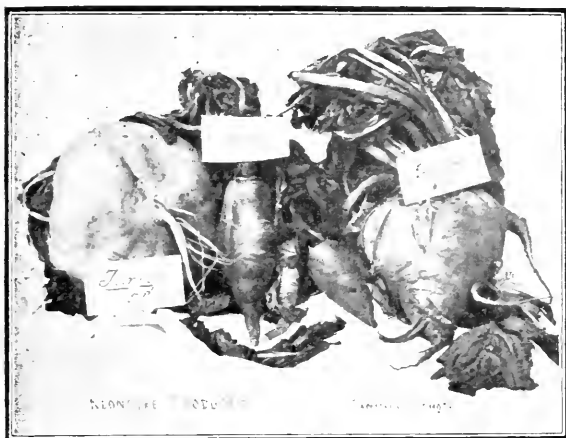
KLONDIKE curiosities are by no means rare. In fact, the whole country is uncommon.

The chief interests of Dawson are

a Yukon garden. Vegetables of a quality not excelled in warmer climates can be grown in the district with comparative ease.

No. 44, Bonanza creek, contributed the huge mastodon tusks as shown. Remains of these great animals are quite common, and several well preserved skeletons have been sent outside to museums. Many tusks and petrified remains are to be seen on the streets and in various business places.

In the same view can be seen a "Malamute." These dogs are peculiar to the Northwest, and are evidently a cross between Indian dogs and wolves. Capable of hauling heavy loads many miles over frozen trails,



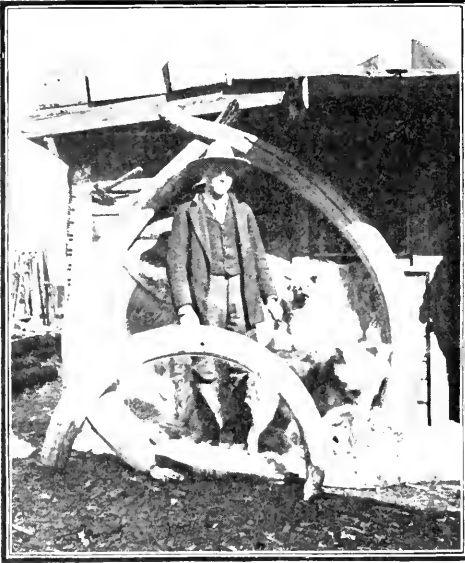
GROWN NEAR DAWSON

centred in the gold mines, and a picture of the July, 1902, output of the Bank of British North America is interesting. This is not unusual, and other banks and trading companies also make large monthly shipments.

Compare this with the photograph of garden products, and it becomes evident that other pursuits than mining have a claim to "big things." These three vegetables were the largest in the exhibit, but they serve to show the possibilities of



A PILE OF YUKON GOLD



MASTADON REMAINS

they are almost indispensable in winter as a means of travel.

They cannot bark but emit a blood-curdling howl dreadful to hear. They are seldom vicious but show little affection. In a fight, it is said that they will invariably turn on a common dog, even if it and the Malamutes were raised together. If they are hungry, they will also attack their master, should he fall. They tear their victim in pieces in true wolf style.

A curious photographic feat is shown in "Rubbering down a Mining Shaft." This was taken at a depth of forty feet, in a Bonanza creek mine, but shows clearly the faces of those looking in at the opening.

Two curious terms applied to people are in

use in Dawson. These are "Sour Dough" and "Chee Choco." The former means an old-timer, or, to be exact, "One who has seen the ice come and go in the Yukon." The other is applied to late comers, and has a tinge of contempt.

When everything had to be packed in over the dangerous trail, glass windows were not to be considered, but a view of a Sour Dough cabin shows how an ingenious fellow supplied the want. Bottled goods were a necessity, and 279 empty bottles were used in a striking manner, making an artistic window admitting both light and air.

The cabin is made of hewn logs. Its roof is of poles covered to the depth of several inches with earth, thus effect-

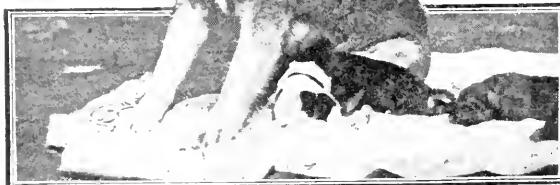


PHOTOGRAPHIC PUZZLE

ally shedding rain. In many instances the roofs of old cabins are veritable roof gardens, bright with wild flowers and weeds.

*Maude Eighmey
MacLeod.*

A
RARE
EQUINE



MALAMUTE
OR HUSKIE
DOG—WITH
PUPPIES



CANADA

FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



ON October 29th, 1875, the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of Canada, and the late Hon. James G. Blaine, ex-Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives were joint guests at a St. John, N.B., banquet. In the course of a memorable speech Mr. Mackenzie said: "A morning paper to-day said that it was an interesting coincidence that Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blaine should meet as guests at the banquet to-night, the one the head of a Ministry which initiated negotiations for a Treaty of Reciprocity, the other the head of a party which laid the Treaty on the shelf. It was suggested that we might meet and compare notes, and that perhaps we might be able to settle our account. Well, for my part, I may say to Mr. Blaine, 'I am willing to trade, but as it requires two to make a bargain, if you are not willing I must go somewhere else.'"

Sir John Macdonald tried to make reciprocity the basis of a treaty between the two countries at a later date. He, too, failed, and made the same answer.

Sir Wilfred Laurier likewise endeavoured to secure a reciprocity treaty, and he, too, has made the same answer when he saw himself face to face with the conditions which faced Mr. Mackenzie and Sir John A. Macdonald.

Next!

The pulp and paper manufacturers had a chat in Montreal, the other day, with the Hon. S. N. Parent, Premier

of Quebec. They argued that it was necessary to impose an export duty on spruce logs and pulpwood at the rate of \$1 per cord for the first year, \$1.50 for the second year, \$2.00 for the third year, and \$3.00 for the fourth and subsequent years. They proposed that this duty should be collected by the Federal Government, who should retain ten per cent. of it and hand over the remaining ninety per cent. to the Province from which the export was made. Premier Parent said he did not think the scheme practical. Perhaps his real objection to this reform is the fact that under the changed conditions Quebec would temporarily lose revenue which is much needed in that heavily burdened Province.

There are now four beet sugar factories in Ontario, one each at Berlin, Dresden, Wallaceburg and Wiarton. The output for 1902, practically the first season, was 20,000,000 pounds. Two million dollars is invested. There is also a Beet Sugar Association, and it has decided to ask for an increase in the present tariff or a direct bounty.

After the Government's experience with the present steel bounty, it is hardly likely that it can be persuaded to try the cold waters of experience again.

The Metropolitan Bank opened its doors about the middle of November, and by January 1st, according to the published statement, it had a profit of \$1,700 after paying all the preliminary

expenses connected with its organization and flotation. This would seem to indicate that new banks are not any too numerous, and can easily get a share of business. The head office is in Toronto. A central site in Montreal has been purchased, and an office there will be opened shortly. Mr. F. W. Baillie, one of the younger financiers, is general manager.



For years Canada has been asking for increased British immigration. The prospects are that during 1903, its wishes will be gratified. The influx of English and Welsh settlers promises to be greater than during any other year, although the same enthusiasm has not been awakened in Scotland and Ireland.

The west will have 100,000 new settlers this year—20,000 families at least. The task of carrying these people and their effects to their new homes, and supplying them with lumber for barns and cottages, will be so enormous that the transportation facilities of the West will be taxed to the utmost.



The Canadian Paper Makers' Association and the Canadian Press Association have passed identical resolutions asking that bulk shipments of newspapers and periodicals pay the same rate of duty as unprinted paper. The Press Association has also asked that the duty on all newsprint be reduced to 15 per cent., on book paper to 20 per cent., and on coated paper to 30 per cent. The Canadian Manufacturers' Association, it is understood, will support the first of these two requests.



The city of Hamilton is proving that the Canadian boom is not all in the Northwest. The Deering-McCormick harvesting machinery works will employ nearly 10,000 men when completed this year. The Westinghouse Co., the Greening Wire Co., the Hamilton Cotton Mills, the Dominion Belting Co., the Hamilton Bridge Co., the Otis

Elevator Co., the Brennan Plain Mills, and others are making enlargements. Cheap electric power from Niagara Falls and the Welland Canal, excellent railway facilities and the low cost of living make Hamilton a desirable industrial centre. Similar tales might be told of other Ontario cities, notably Brantford, Berlin, Peterborough and Toronto.



The Canadian Pacific Railway is negotiating for the purchase of a line of freight steamers to run from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer, and from West St. John in the winter. This is but a natural development of Canadian Pacific Railway policy. It is important because it will enable the C.P.R. to give through bills of lading at Manitoba points to shippers who are selling in Liverpool. This is a simple matter of finance which is very important to the shipper. It will also aid materially in diverting trade from Buffalo and New York to Montreal and Quebec. Last year the C.P.R. sent thirteen millions of bushels of wheat via Buffalo, as compared with twenty-two millions sent to Canadian ports from Fort William. It is pleasant to know that the C.P.R. is assisting in the policy of "Canada for the Canadians."

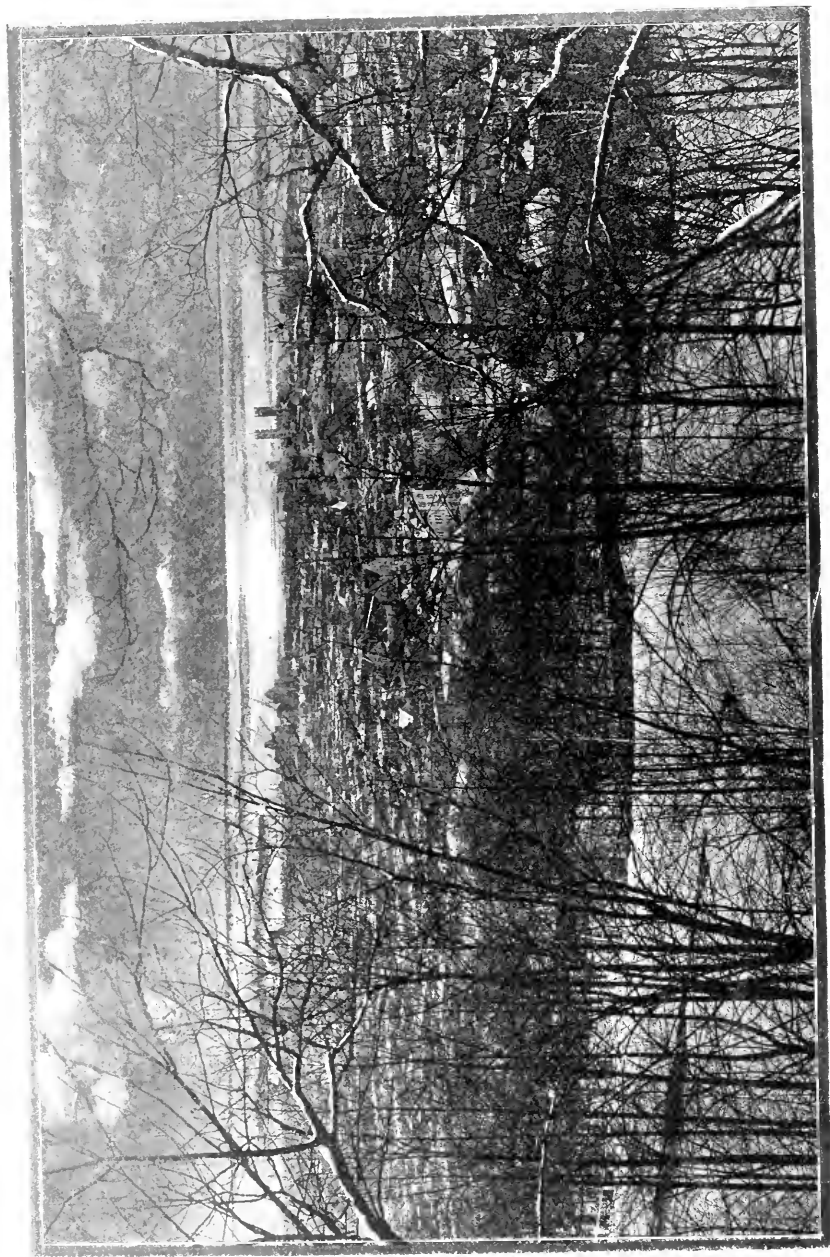


The Canada Foundry Company, which has recently erected large factories in Toronto, has sold its 1903 output of locomotives to the Canadian Pacific Railway. A new locomotive factory is being erected near Montreal, with an investment of a million dollars.



Canada for the Canadians as a policy is necessary to counteract the tendency of the public to ape United States fashions and ideas. For almost a century, the people of this country have depended upon United States books and periodicals. We must now change all that. We are changing it, and the people like the change. They appreciate national effort and progress.





MONTREAL A WINTER'S NIGHT VIEW

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, APRIL, 1903

No. 6

THE BURNING OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

By J. J. Bell, M.A.



HE march of improvement in Montreal led recently to the demolition of the St. Ann's market, one of the landmarks of the city. Its removal recalls the fact that its site was the scene of one of the most exciting events in Canadian history.

When the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1841, Kingston, which had been the capital of Upper Canada, became the seat of government for the united Provinces. Three years later the honour went to Montreal. The latter was considered more suitable, being the chief commercial city, comparatively easy of access as travel went in those days, away from the frontier, and not far from the boundary line which had hitherto divided the Provinces. It would doubtless have remained the capital of greater Canada to this day, had it not been for the burning of the Parliament buildings by a mob in 1849, an event which brought lasting disgrace on the city.

The rebellion of 1837-38 had caused serious loss of property to numbers of persons in both Provinces. A demand for compensation was made, and in 1845, when Lord Cathcart was Governor-General, Sir Allan McNab, a leading member of the Draper Administration, introduced and carried through Parliament a bill granting compensation to those in Upper Canada who had suffered loss. Lower Canada was

not included for the reason that the Tory party, then in power, who assumed the title of loyalists, insisted that all the French-Canadians were rebels. The demand for similar compensation on the part of Lower Canada became so urgent that a commission was appointed to investigate. It reported that, although a quarter of a million dollars was claimed, £100,000 would cover the actual loss. To meet the demand the Draper (Tory) Government made an appropriation of £10,000. Immediately there was an outcry in both Provinces, in Lower Canada because the grant of such a small amount was a mockery of its claims, in Upper Canada because it was proposed to give any compensation to rebels.

At this crisis a change of Government occurred in England. Lord Cathcart was recalled and Lord Elgin sent out as Governor-General. Soon after his arrival, in 1847, the general elections were held, when the Conservative Government was defeated and the Reformers came into power. The French-Canadian influence was strong, and the Draper Government having given a virtual pledge to take action, the new Government felt bound to do so, especially as the Legislative Assembly had adopted an address to the Governor-General asking that steps might be taken to pay the Lower Canadian losses. A series of resolutions setting forth the facts was placed before Parliament by Mr. Lafontaine,

the French leader, and a bill founded thereon was introduced, its title being "An Act to provide for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in 1837 and 1838."* It provided that no one who had been convicted of treason, or transported, should share in the indemnity. Five commissioners were appointed to carry out the provisions of the Act, and £100,000 was set apart for the purpose of indemnification.

The Opposition did all in their power to defeat the bill. Their rallying cry was "No pay to Rebels." They pointed out that only "loyal inhabitants" had received indemnification in Upper Canada, whereas disloyal persons might share in the case of Lower Canada, unless they had been convicted or banished. Hon. W. H. Blake, Solicitor-General for Upper Canada, and father of Hon. Edward Blake, made a spirited speech in support of the measure, which was finally passed in the Legislative Assembly on the 9th of March, by a vote of 47 yeas to 18 nays, and in the Legislative Council six days later by 20 yeas to 14 nays.

Petitions against the bill poured in, asking that it be reserved for imperial sanction or that parliament be dissolved. The Governor-General, Lord Elgin, was understood personally not to be in favour of it, but he took the ground that as the compensation bill for Upper Canada had not been reserved for the Home authorities, there was no reason why that relating to Lower Canada should be. Of the thirty-one Upper Canada members who voted on the third reading, seventeen supported the bill and fourteen opposed it, and of ten members from Lower Canada, of British origin, six voted for it. To reserve the bill would have been against the principles of responsible government, and therefore Lord Elgin, acting on the advice of his Ministers, went to the Parliament House on the 25th of April, 1849, and gave the royal assent.

*The writer has in his possession a copy of the bill.

A rumour had gone abroad that there might be trouble, and the galleries were packed with spectators. When the bill was assented to with the usual formula a number of people left the House with considerable noise, and when Lord Elgin retired there were manifestations of displeasure in the way of hisses. As his carriage moved off he was pelted with eggs, stones and other missiles. Notices were soon circulated calling a public meeting for 8 o'clock on the Champ de Mars. The fire bells were rung and a large crowd assembled. Inflammatory speeches were made, strong resolutions passed, and finally shouts raised, "To the Parliament House," "To Monklands," (the residence of the Governor-General), "Down with Lord Elgin." A move was made towards the Parliament buildings. On the way the mob passed the office of the *Pilot*, the chief organ of the Government. The windows were broken, and a move made to set it on fire, but this was prevented by the cry that the buildings on either side belonged to persons who were loyal. Parliament was in session. The proceedings were interrupted by a shower of stones which crashed through the windows. The mob forced their way in and the members fled for safety. The invaders were prepared for anything. The furniture was smashed, and pandemonium reigned. One man seated himself in the Speaker's chair, and declared Parliament dissolved. The mace was carried away, but afterwards returned to the Speaker of the House at his hotel. Finally the torch was applied to the building, which, with its contents, was speedily destroyed. Out of a library of nearly 20,000 volumes only about 100 were saved. The public records were all burned. A full-length portrait of Queen Victoria, which cost \$2,000, was rescued, but in a damaged condition. It was taken to the Donegana hotel, and remained there for some months, till the hotel was burned, when it was again rescued by being cut out of the frame. It was repaired and may now be seen in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MONTREAL, APRIL 25TH, 1849

FROM AN OLD PRINT IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HILL.

There was an insurance of £12,000 on the building and contents, which the underwriters refused to pay, as the fire was of incendiary origin.

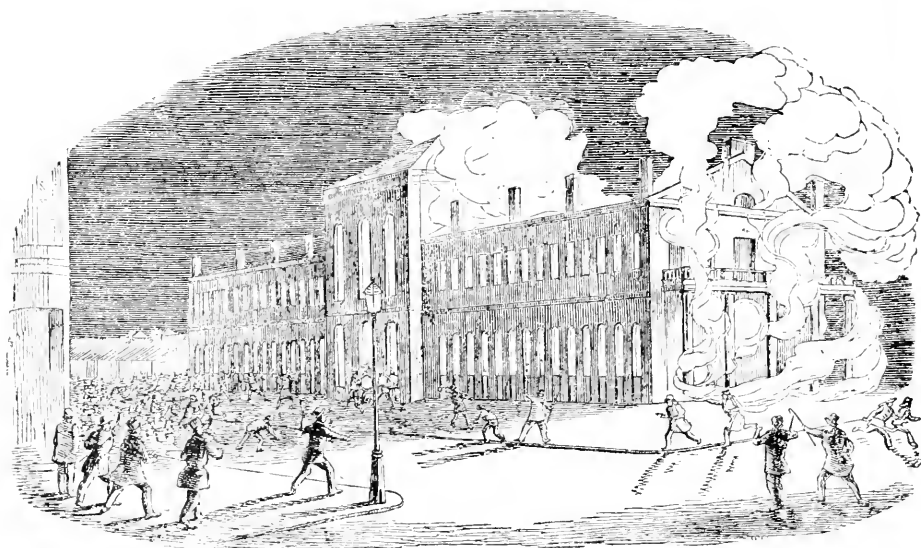
The building destroyed was of Montreal limestone, of plain but effective architectural design, without ornament except a portico at each end. It was 342 feet long and 50 feet wide, the central part projecting four feet beyond the rest of the building. It cost £30,000, and had been designed for a market, but was leased for public offices at a rental of £2,500 a year, until the seat of government was removed from Kingston.

When the mob left the Champ de Mars the troops were called out, but they did not arrive in time to prevent the destruction of the buildings. The fire engines were taken possession of to prevent their being used to extinguish the flames.

Parliament met the next day in the Bonsecours market building. Some of the Opposition members, Sir Allan McNab among the number, blamed the Government more than the populace for what had occurred, and one member declared that the Rebellion Losses bill was sufficient justification for the destruction of the Parliament Buildings.

The day after the destruction of the buildings the mob repaired to the house of Hon. Mr. Lafontaine, and set it on fire. The flames were extinguished, but his library of valuable books and his furniture were destroyed. Fortunately the members of his family were absent, or they might have suffered ill-treatment, such was the temper of the mob. On the 11th of May another attack was made on his house. A volley was fired by the troops and the mob driven back, one man being killed.

The mob had not yet expended its fury. The city was in a state of disturbance. A mob surrounded Government House and threatened to take it by storm and kill Lord Elgin. A conflict was imminent between the troops and the people, which was happily averted by the determined action of Mr. Gagy, a member of Parliament, who succeeded in restraining the rioters. Members of Parliament were assaulted and the houses of several of the members of the Government and their supporters damaged. The Government has been blamed for showing too much leniency towards the rioters, but their forbearance prevented bloodshed, and apart from the breaking of a



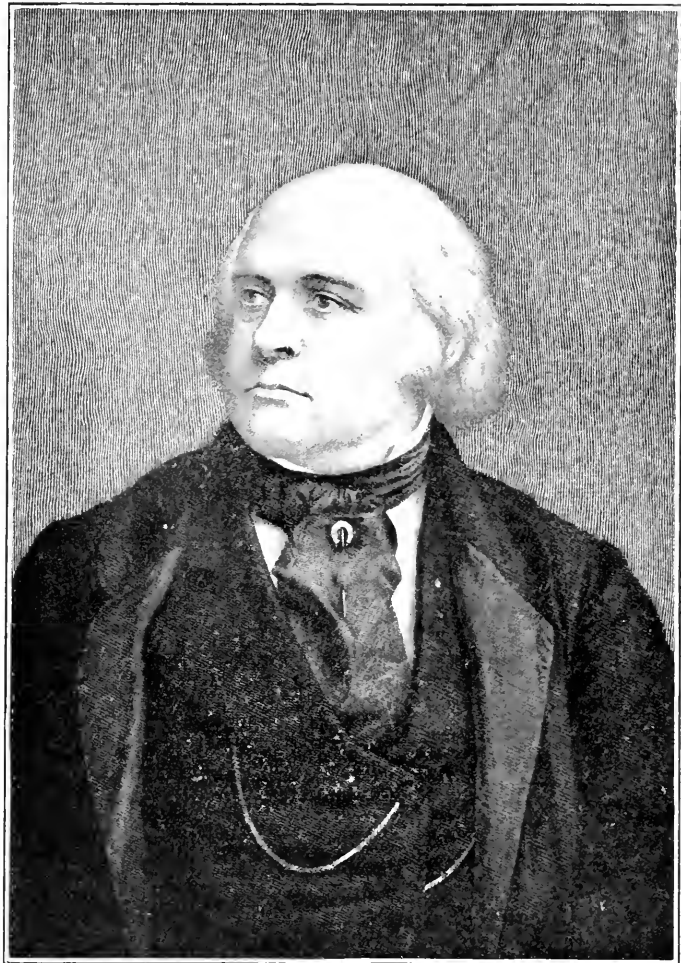
ANOTHER CONTEMPORANEOUS PICTURE OF THE FIRE—FROM "PUNCH IN CANADA"

few windows the only property damaged belonged to members of the Government. Some arrests for arson were made, but the cases were never pressed.

Two days after the Parliament Buildings were burned a meeting of the "friends of peace," as they styled themselves, was held on the Champ de Mars. An address to the Queen was adopted, asking for the recall of Lord Elgin and the disallowance of the obnoxious Act. On the other hand Parliament passed an address approving of the action of the Governor-General. On his way to the Government offices to receive it he was assaulted, and on his way back the attack was renewed, his brother, Colonel Bruce, who was with him

in the carriage, being injured by a stone. Members of Parliament were also attacked. Hostile demonstrations were kept up for some time, and Lord Elgin considered it prudent to absent himself from the city.

Demonstrations were made in a few Upper Canada towns, but as a rule Lord Elgin's course met with commendation, and addresses of approval poured in. One address from Toronto bore the signatures of nearly half the male adult population. The deputation which went to Montreal to present it was mobbed when it reached that city.



LORD ELGIN

FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING IN ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

Lord Elgin tendered his resignation, but the Colonial Secretary assured him of the approval of the Home Government and the Queen's desire that he should remain at his post, which he consented to do.

Parliament was prorogued on the 30th of May, but Lord Elgin, having been attacked and insulted on two occasions, did not attend the ceremony.

The Government proceeded to give effect to the provisions of the obnoxious Act. The agitation was kept up, and what was known as the British-American League was formed at Mont-

real, with branches at Toronto, Kingston and other towns in Upper Canada. Opposition to the existing Government, protection, an elective Legislative Council, and the union of the British North American Provinces were prominent planks in their platform. It is interesting to note that all these constitutional changes came about in course of time. There were discordant elements which prevented united action on the part of the League. A convention was held at Kingston, at which it was proposed to have Lord Elgin impeached in the House of Lords. Sir Allan McNab and Honorable W. Cayley were sent to England to influence opinion there. The Government sent Sir Francis Hincks to counteract their influence. Discussions in both Houses of the Imperial Parliament resulted in the vindication of Lord Elgin. Having failed in their purpose the League got up an agitation for annexation to the United States, and a manifesto was signed by many of the prominent men of Montreal, including such names as those of John Redpath, John Molson, William Molson, D. L. Macpherson, L. H. Holton, John Ross, Q.C., E. G. Penny, Thos. Workman, Wm. Workman, John Frothingham, John Torrance, J. G. Mackenzie, Benjamin Holmes, John Leeming, Theodore Hart, Theodore Lyman, Peter Redpath, Stanley Bagge and many others. Some of these had ten or twelve years before claimed to be "Constitutionalists," as opposed to the "Patriots" of 1837-38.

A number of the rioters having been subsequently arrested with a view of bringing them to trial, caused further disturbances and another attack on Lafontaine's house. Lord Elgin made a trip west, and in Toronto a few hostile demonstrations were made. An attempt to burn him in effigy at Quebec was frustrated, and instead a monster meeting to approve of his conduct was held.

While, generally speaking, the Tory party was opposed to the course adopted by Lord Elgin, that they did not all take this position is shown by the fact

that in a despatch sent by him to Lord Grey, Colonial Secretary, dated April 30th, 1849, detailing the riots and other proceedings, he states that John Wilson, an influential member of the Tory party from Upper Canada, and A. T. Galt, another member of that party, who subsequently figured prominently in Canadian affairs, and who had a few days previously been elected by a Lower Canada constituency, containing a large English population, approved of his course. There is evidence also to show that some of those who took part in the agitation which culminated in the burning of the Parliament buildings, and in the annexation movement, classed themselves as Reformers. The attitude of Sir Allan McNab, the leader of the Tory party, was that government conducted on British principles was unsuited for Canada.

Referring to this unfortunate event, McMullen, in his history of Canada, remarks that Paris mobs respect public buildings and works of art, but with the Montreal mob nothing was too good for destruction. The value of the property destroyed that one night was greater than the total amount to be paid under the indemnification act. The act of lawlessness cost the city dearly. Parliament never met there again. No permanent seat of government was fixed upon, and for some time the House sat alternately for four years at Toronto and Quebec. This itinerant system, involving the removal of all the officials, with the public records, library and other paraphernalia of government, and causing a serious interruption of business while it was going on, could not continue, and after a few years steps were taken to have a permanent capital. Parliament could not come to an agreement, and finally the question was referred to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who selected Ottawa. An attempt was made to set aside the Queen's decision, but the Government of the day stood loyally by it, and suitable buildings having been erected the seat of government was removed to Ottawa in 1866.

FROM QUEBEC TO JAMES BAY

By E. T. D. Chambers



SINCE the exaggeration of the erroneous notion which caused Canada to be talked of at the court of Louis XV. as *quelques arpents de neige*, and to be nicknamed by Kipling "Our Lady of the Snows," Quebec has long been regarded by many who ought to know better, as almost the northern limit of civilization. When the construction of a railway from Quebec to Lake St. John was first mooted, there were some who asked what the promoters of the road expected to find in the Lake St. John country besides bears and blueberries. Others declared that one might almost as well propose building a railway to the mountains in the moon as to run it over the Laurentian mountain chain which intervenes between Quebec and Lake St. John.

Notwithstanding the change of sentiment which has been produced by the completion of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, in regard to the climatic conditions and agricultural and forest wealth of the Lake St. John region, there is still very much misapprehension in regard to the country lying between Lake St. John and James Bay*. The prevailing impression seems to be that it is fit only to be the habitation of the fur-bearing animals of the woods and of the hunters who earn a scanty subsistence by trapping them for their pelts. When a large additional tract of country immediately to the south and east of James Bay, and running as far north as the Rupert River, was handed over to the Province of Quebec a few years ago by the Federal Government, there were many who saw no other value in it than the additional area which it added to the superficies of the Province. The awakening came almost immediately after the announcement that a railway was to be

built through this new territory, in the shape of an offer for the purchase of about one-tenth of the newly acquired district at a price which would enable the Government to pay off the whole of the Provincial indebtedness. The total amount offered is said to aggregate thirty-seven and a half millions of dollars. The Government knows so well the value of its far northern country that it rejected this offer.

During 1897 the Government sent an exploring party from Lake St. John to James Bay, which reported the greater part of the country visited to be comparatively level, well timbered, having a good soil, and a climate quite as temperate as that of the Lake St. John district, with a snowfall about half that of Montreal. It was also seen to be rich in minerals. The explorers found an excellent route for a railway from Roberval at Lake St. John to the mouth of the Nottaway on James Bay, where there is a harbour with twenty-seven feet of water, and having about four thousand miles of the coastline of James and Hudson Bay tributary to any railway which may be built there. Mr. Henry O'Sullivan, who was in charge of the exploring party, reports that over two-thirds of the land area should be fit for cultivation, for there are no mountains of great extent, and the land generally rises in easy swells from the lower levels of the river beds. Except where swamps may exist in the level plains between the main waterways, there is no reason why the greater part of the country would not be fit for settlement, should climatic conditions prove favourable. Mr. O'Sullivan's claims as to the soil and climate of the James Bay Territory are fully confirmed by the reports of Dr. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, and by the statements of many of the missionaries to the Indians there.

The Rev. Father Nedelec, late mis-

*See map elsewhere in this issue.

sionary at James Bay, declares that the soil is generally of a clayey nature and the climate better than that of the north of Germany, Poland, Norway, and the north of Scotland. The reverend gentleman states that the natural resources of the James Bay Territory are quite similar to those of Quebec and Lake St. John. Between Lake Temiscamingue and the height of land, white and red pine abound, as well as spruce and soft birch. On the other side of the height of land the principal timber met with is spruce, soft birch and cedar.

Rev. Father Paradis, formerly missionary at Moose Factory, describes the James Bay Territory as very suitable for settlement, and the land as first-class. He says that from Lake Temiscamingue, which is 650 feet above the sea, to Moose Factory, a distance of 500 miles, the country is one black clay plain, very suitable for grain, and well wooded with maple and other hardwoods. At the height of land, 920 feet above the sea, pine is found in abundance, as well as very large poplar. From Lake Abittibi to James Bay the finest spruce in America is to be found, according to Father Paradis, and on the south side of the mountains some red pine.

All the authorities agree that the snowfall in the far north of Quebec is much less than it is at Quebec. The climate is colder in winter at James Bay than at Quebec, but on the other hand it is warmer in summer, the thermometer sometimes registering 100 degrees.

No better potatoes and other root crops can be raised than those produced in the James Bay country. Splendid fruit and other crops are grown in the garden of the Bishop at Moose Factory. Father Paradis compares the climate with that of Kamouraska in the province of Quebec. Dr. Bell confirms this statement, and adds that the summers are not so hot nor the winters so cold as at Winnipeg. Referring to Moose Factory, he says that the soil is heavy and cold compared with that of much of the territory to the immediate south, though vegetables, such as

potatoes, beans, pease, turnips, beets, carrots, cabbages and onions are successfully grown there. Upon one of his visits there at the end of September, he found that there had been no frost there all summer, and the most tender plants, such as melons and cucumbers, beans, balsams, tobacco and the castor oil bean, growing in the open air, were still quite green and flourishing. This summer was, however, probably a finer one than usual, for even at Quebec the climate is not always as favourable throughout the summer and up to the end of September as it was found to be on this occasion at Moose Factory. Barley, according to Dr. Bell, is sown annually at Moose Factory and Rupert's House, and it has ripened well, he says, every year that he has visited these parts. Still it is said to fail some seasons, though he adds that this is in places much farther north than the region now described; and what is worse for them, they are near the sea, which is said to have an unfavourable influence in the autumn. Mr. John McIntyre, now of Fort William, says he has ripened wheat at Missinibi and New Brunswick House, and Dr. Bell has had experiments made at the latter mentioned place and at Norfolk on the Abittibi River, with a great variety of farm and garden seeds, the results proving that this region is capable of producing anything which can be raised, say in the county of Rimouski, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

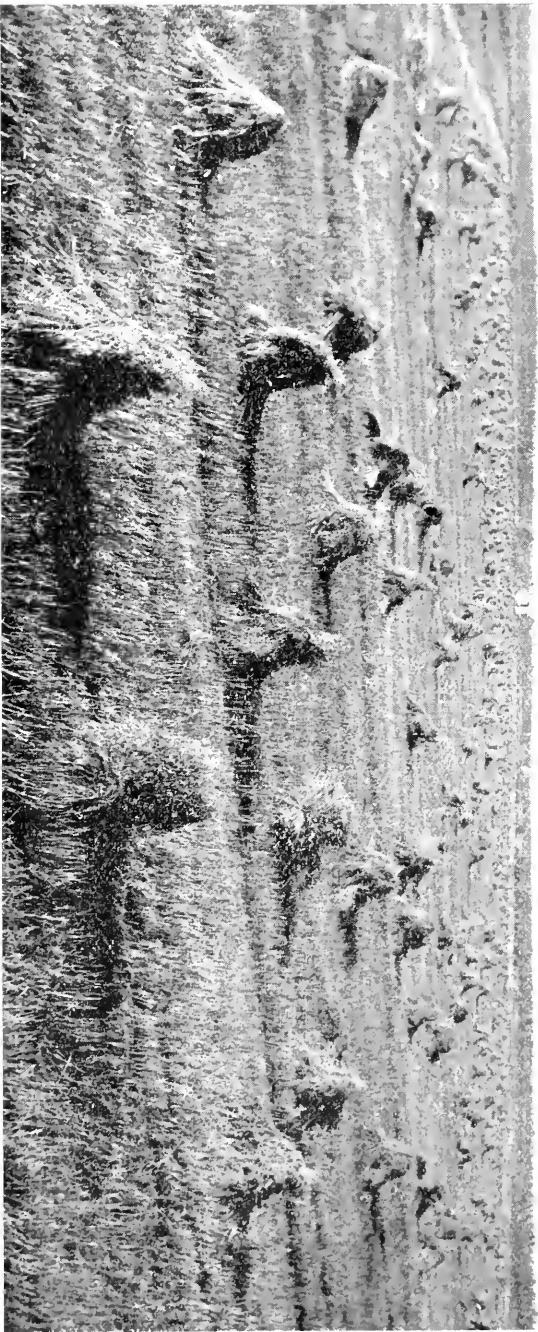
Farther to the south, where the cold winds of Hudson's Bay are no longer perceptible, there are wide expanses of country, which are destined to become vast wheat-producing areas, and to rival the fertile valley of Lake St. John. As in almost every other part of the country, there are of course large districts which are not adapted for agricultural purposes, but which may be made to yield large annual returns in the shape of timber and pulp wood, especially if a judicious system of cutting is practised. On both sides of the watershed between James Bay and



NORTHERN QUÉBEC—CHICOUTIMI



NORTHERN QUEBEC—FARM AT MISTOOK



NORTHERN QUEBEC—FARM AT ST. METHODE

Lake St. John there are very valuable limits of pine and spruce, the property of the Province of Quebec, and the best and largest reserve of pulpwood in America is doubtless that which covers thousands of square miles of the new territory of northern Quebec.

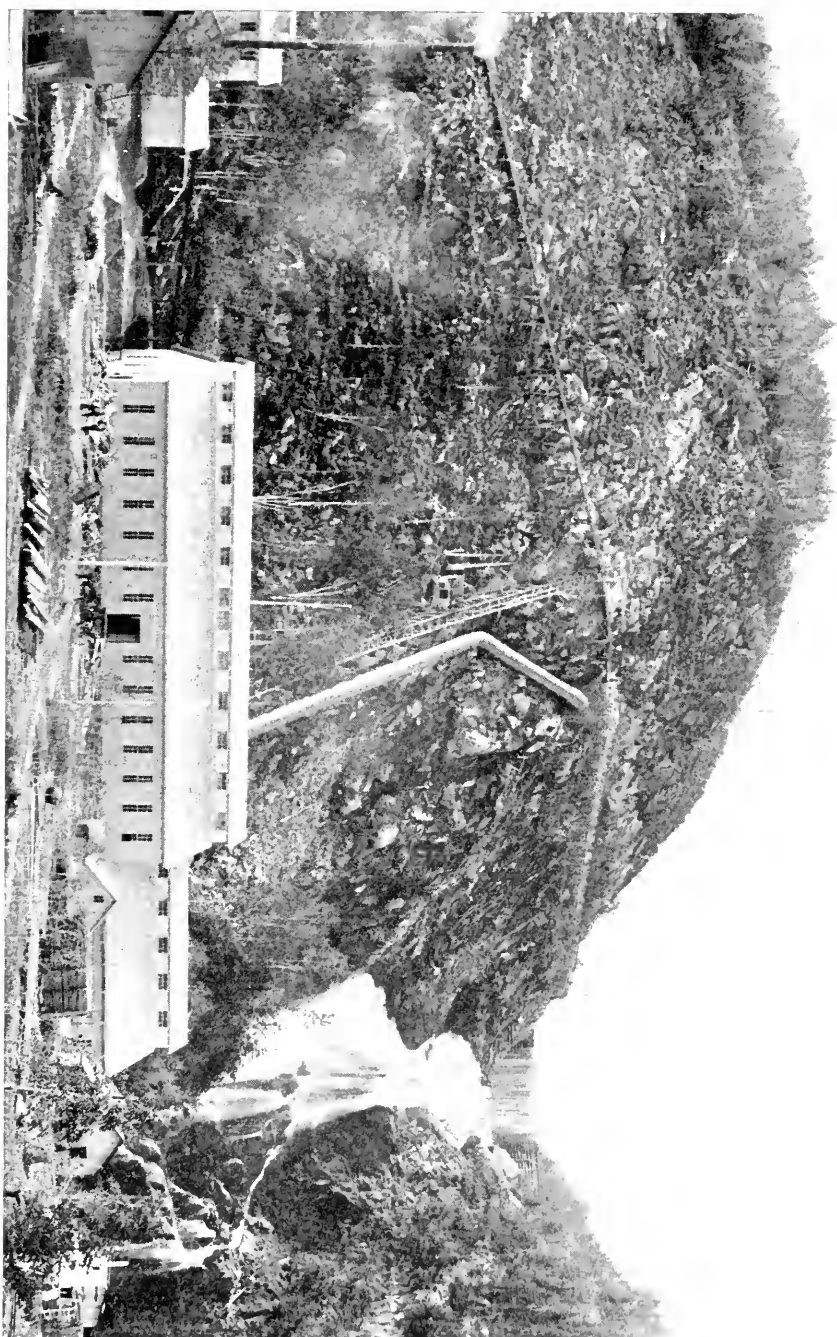
The water powers in this district, available for saw and pulp mills, are amongst the largest in the country. Mr. O'Sullivan reports that he measured one on the great Nottaway—a river as large as the Ottawa and in places a mile in width—which gave 400,000 horse-power, and three on the Rupert, another great river, that gave over 300,000 each, and one of them 350,000 horse-power. Summing up the supply of pulpwood in this territory, Mr. O'Sullivan says: "Pulp is the industry of the coming age, black spruce is the king of the woods for pulp-making, and this country is the home of the black spruce." Not, however, until the country is made accessible by a railway, can any development of it be looked for. There is now a proposition before the Provincial Government for the opening up of the territory, the offer coming from the promoters of the Trans-Canada Railway, who offer to run their road through the midst of the new North of Quebec in consideration of receiving a grant of a comparatively small portion of the lands which are now practically valueless to the Province, but which would be made immediately available for settlement and industry by the accomplishment of their project.

No better illustration of the development following the construction of a railway can be had than that furnished by the progress of the Lake St. John country during the last couple of decades. What was formerly looked upon as an inhospitable wilderness is now one of the gardens of Canada. There was never any reason, apart from the lack of communication, why it should not be so. It is situated in one of the most desirable parts of the temperate zone. Its choicest portion—that in the neighbourhood of Lake St. John itself—is situated between the

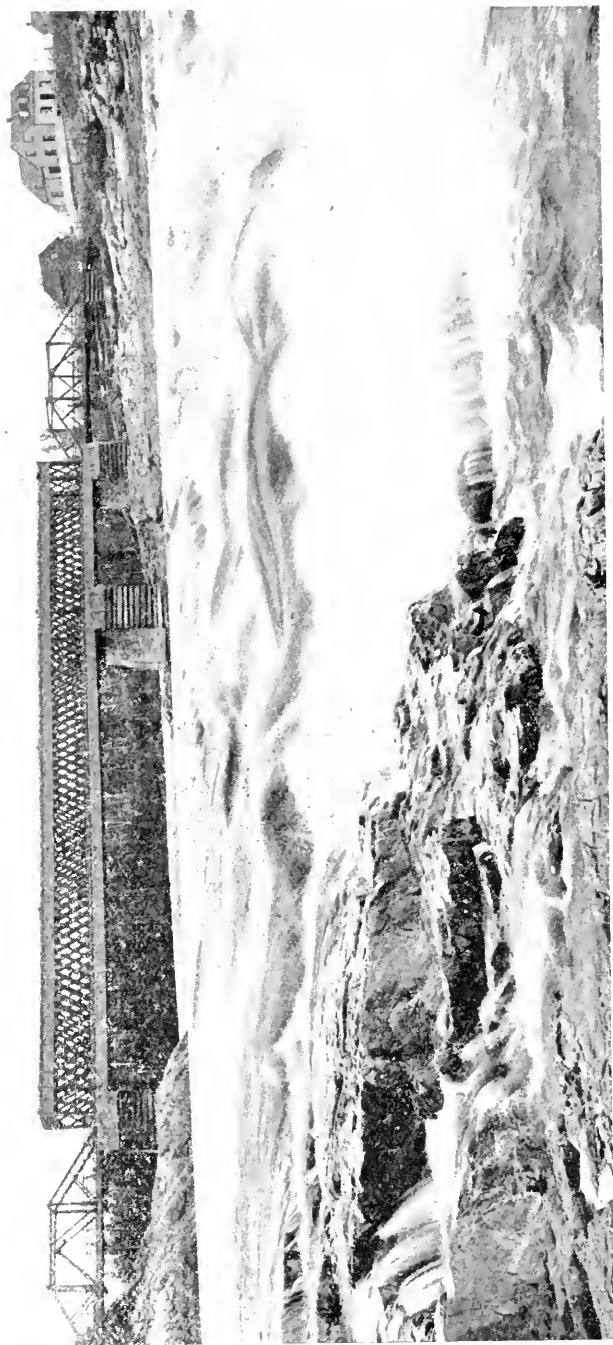
48th and 49th degrees of north latitude, which is identical with that of those specially favoured parts of France immediately surrounding Paris. The full significance of this situation will be made apparent when it is seen, by another reference to the map of Europe, that both Belgium and England are farther north than Lake St. John.

The soil of the greater part of the Lake St. John country is a rich loam, admirably adapted for both the growing of wheat and for pasturage, while the mean summer temperature is very similar to that of Quebec and Montreal. The production of wheat, oats and other grain is very large, and the yield of potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages and other vegetables, quite abundant. As compared with other parts of the Province of Quebec, the grain output of the Lake St. John country is exceptionally large. The best and richest parts of the Province of Quebec, agriculturally speaking, outside of the Lake St. John country, are the counties of Compton, Stanstead and Huntingdon. Yet a comparison of their yield of wheat with that of Chicoutimi, the most thickly populated county of the Lake St. John region, gives the following result: Chicoutimi, with a population of 32,409, produced in one year 154,589 bushels of wheat, or 4,800 bushels to every thousand of the population. In the same year, according to the official census returns, Compton, with a population of 19,581, produced 34,181 bushels, or 1,800 bushels to every thousand of the population; Stanstead, with a population of 15,556, raised 37,727 bushels, or 2,400 to every thousand of the population; and Huntingdon, with 15,495 people, produced 24,378 bushels, or 1,600 per thousand.

As an instance of the productiveness of the soil in the Lake St. John country, Mr. Euloge Menard, of Roberval, gives the following result of the sowing of two pounds of Manitoba wheat on his farm at that place, which it would be difficult indeed for any part of Manitoba to equal. The first season the two pounds of wheat sown yielded 207 pounds. The next year, these 207



NORTHERN QUEBEC—PULP MILL AT OUAJACHOUAN FALLS



NORTHERN QUEBEC—MISTASSINI BRIDGE

pounds produced 38 bushels. This product was sown in the following season and yielded no less than 742 bushels. Thus in three years, two pounds of wheat produced 742 bushels, weighing 70 to 71 pounds per bushel.

Dairying is rapidly becoming one of the greatest industries of the Lake St. John country, almost every parish having its butter or cheese factory and sometimes several of both. The cheese and butter output of the Lake St. John country runs in value from \$600,000 to \$700,000 annually, and the cheese, in particular, which is largely exported to England, brings the highest price on the market. Many of the farms are of considerable value, some being worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each; and this, in a country which, prior to the construction of a comparatively new railway, was considered too inhospitable for occupation.

The lumber, pulpwood and water

powers of the Lake St. John country are simply wonderful. Outside of the timber suitable for saw-logs, and there are many large saw mills in this territory, Mr. Langelier, a Government prospector, estimates that there are in the region over 97,000,000 cords of pulpwood. As for waterpowers, he claims that the Peribonca river alone, one of the feeders of Lake St. John, is capable of supplying 300,000 horse power from the succession of falls occurring within about ten miles of its course. Fully ten thousand men find steady employment in the lumbering operations, saw and pulp mills and other industries in the Lake St. John country.

When the iron horse makes his appearance in the New North, bordering on James Bay, it is the popular belief that the marvellous development which has been effected in the valley of Lake St. John will be repeated there, but on a much more gigantic scale.

A NATIONAL POLICY

By J. S. Willison

IT is quite clear that the Government of Canada cannot yet afford to withdraw its attention either from the question of the tariff or from that of railway extension. It is useless to deny that there is an ever-increasing body of protectionist sentiment in the country. There are some protectionists in the Government, protectionists among the Liberal contingent in Parliament, and protectionists among the Liberal party in the constituencies. The old Rouge party of Quebec was honeycombed with protectionist sentiment. It was the economic faith, or at least the political teaching, of Papineau and all his school. In that school Sir Wilfrid Laurier was reared, although he developed the steadiness of Lafontaine

rather than the radicalism of Papineau. His earlier speeches, both in the Quebec Legislature and in the House of Commons, have a strong protectionist flavour. He foresaw clearly that Mackenzie could not survive the National Policy campaign, and although we have no evidence on the point, it is likely that he sympathized with the desire of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright to increase the tariff from 17½ to 20 per cent. That desire, as we know, was blocked by the Liberal contingent from the Maritime Provinces, where free trade feeling was thought to be stronger than in Quebec and Ontario.

The Conservative party, then timid and uncertain, is now almost a unit for

protection. There may be a low tariff element among the Conservatives of Manitoba and the Territories, but it will loyally accept the general judgment of the party on the question. On the other hand, the Liberals of the West are pretty well united against tariff increases, and perhaps generally favourable to some reduction of existing imposts. Both political and economic considerations influence the attitude of Western Liberals. It is believed that tariff reform gives good fighting ground against the Conservative party, and there is likely a lively fear that the new forces represented by the Political Reform Union will make destructive inroads into the Liberal ranks if any general increase of the tariff is attempted. It is just as certain that the Government will lose ground in the older Provinces, and particularly in Ontario and Quebec, if the tariff is not revised so as to increase the protection of some important industries, and to meet a destructive competition from Great Britain and from certain of the great specialized industries of the United States.

National feeling reinforces the protectionist feeling. The general American tariff is much higher than that of Canada, and is deliberately designed to exclude both the manufactured articles and the natural products of other countries. It is further designed to admit raw material from Canada at low rates, and to encourage the production of the finished article in the United States. Naturally enough, this breeds irritation and resentment in Canada, and strengthens the feeling for increased duties even to the point of retaliation. It has also to be remembered that Canada is more sparsely settled, and that therefore local freight charges are higher, while the competition of the railways for American business at low rates still further prejudices the position of Canadian industries. Even if our tariff rates were equal to those of the United States, the greater specialization of American industry and the lower freight rates due to a greater volume of traffic would give American manufacturers

some advantage in reciprocal trade. Substantially it is the fact, at least in times of depression, that Canadian manufacturers cannot get into the United States, while the surplus goods of United States factories are sold at low prices in Canada.

All this does not mean that under any circumstances, or from either the economic or the national standpoint, the Canadian tariff should be raised at all points to an equality with that of the United States. That would be a tariff for spite rather than a tariff for Canada. It does not even mean that a general increase of the tariff would be necessary to meet established grievances. It may mean that in revising the duties the Government will proceed along the lines followed when the Fielding tariff was adopted. In order to the preparation of that measure Ministers made a careful and sympathetic investigation into the condition of Canadian manufactures, and as a general principle determined that, while no existing industry should be refused a fair chance to live, exorbitant protectionist duties should not be continued to the detriment of the mass of the community. It is generally conceded that a large measure of prudence and common sense was shown by the Ministers who had most to do with the construction of the Fielding tariff. At least the result of their work was well received by the country. Even the West tacitly agreed to treat the tariff as a national question, and to give fair consideration to the opinions and prejudices of older Canada. There is no reason to think that the West is more sectional than the East, or that if we eastern people were settled on the prairies we would show any more robust Canadian spirit than the West exhibits. We do not believe the West will reject any tariff revision that can be shown to conserve the national interest, or will demand the sacrifice of eastern industries which show enterprise, courage, and a sincere desire to serve the western settlers at fair prices.

We venture to think that the West

is burdened by high freight rates, and particularly by an inefficient railway service, rather than by tariff taxation. If the East will consider transportation as a national question, and the West the tariff as a national question, all differences can be measurably reconciled. With both, as we have said, the Government is concerned from the national standpoint. The through routes from the West to the seaboard are neither adequately equipped nor fully developed. There are still great unoccupied areas in northern and western Ontario, in northern Quebec, in the Saskatchewan and Peace River countries, and in British Columbia, and Governments must have much to do with the settlement and development of these great tracts of territory. They must be furnished with railways under the direction of Governments and with the assistance of Governments. That direction must be courageous, sagacious, and far-seeing. What form the assistance shall take is for Ministers to determine. They have all the lessons of the past for guide, and they should be able to devise a policy which will guarantee production under the best conditions, transportation at rates which will give the best prices to producers, and a service which private capitalists cannot adjust with a single eye to the dividends of shareholders.

Municipal and state initiative is an increasing characteristic of modern government. By this means the great docks and harbours of Britain were created. It is a marked feature of the policy of Continental countries. Railway development was an essential concern of governments during the pioneer era in the United States. It would be the dominant feature of American policy to-day if the States had to open up and settle such vast unoccupied and fertile areas as we possess.

The business, therefore, of Canadian Ministers is not to shrink from initiative, or to refuse to grapple with transportation projects, but to be alert, wide-minded, and courageous in planning for the development of the country and for the effectual safeguarding of its permanent interests. If they but reveal these qualities in their policy and outlook they may rest easy in the certain confidence that a thoroughly national policy will receive the support of the mass of the people. There are great common interests between the East and the West, and if we get rid of sectional appeals and the parish spirit, and preach a broad Canadian nationalism in all the Provinces, neither tariff adjustment nor railway extension should prove insoluble problems to any progressive and public-spirited government.

EASTER

A LONG the rocky hillside road,
 The Man of Sorrows meekly toils;
 A crown of thorns His brow encoils,
 He bends beneath His heavy load.
 The hilltop reached, by ruffian hand
 He on the cruel cross is bound;
 Then silence deep, darkness profound,
 Falls o'er that favoured Eastern Land.
 Men's hearts grow sad, gone Hope's young light
 And Death has conquered in the strife.
 Death? No! In radiance full and bright
 On Easter morn, the Lord of Life
 Bursts from the tomb! Sad hearts, Rejoice!

L. E. Horning



SOUL

WIND of the wide world's mantled thought,
About the vague vast blowing;
This truth my wayward heart hath caught,
That being hath more doors than thought,
And life is more than knowing.

That creeds of darkness or of mind
Are but the scaly bark
That slips from off the centuried rind,
While inward works the impulse blind,
Amid the crannied dark.

And deeper than the builded theme
Of priest or book or seer,
There lies that life, that subtle dream
That rules the sunny warmth and gleam
That wakes the upward year.

And greater than all thoughts that fall
From wisdom's page or poet's song,
That dim impulse behind it all,
Flame from the ages' granite wall,
That finds no written tongue.

But speaks alike to mighty throngs
Or alien life apart;
That lifts whole races from their wrongs,
Or gives to one poor ploughman songs
That sing the whole world's heart.

This impulse in each being rife,
Deep hidden in each man;
This inward, mystic flame of life
Behind the passion or the strife,
The blessing or the ban.

Behind that fierceness none can tame,
Behind the ego dense,
It stands in some dim cell aflame,
Beyond all human thought or name,
A part of the immense.

Though science reads the cabined mind,
The wheeling stars and sun,
This mystic, veiled flame behind
Its barriers dread, shows her more blind
Than winds of night that run;

And search the hollow hills of sleep,
And beat with phantom hands;
But know not of the dreams that creep,
Or of the haunting ghosts that sweep
Athwart the haggard lands.

It is the master of all thought,
All impulse and all dream,
And builds or ruins, base or not,
The fabric of the common lot,
The blackness or the gleam.

It gives through some weird inward need
The centuries' impulse birth;
And weaves in subtle dream or deed,
Of those who burn or those who bleed,
All tragedies of earth.

Behind the mighty mind of Greece,
The titan force of Rome,
It bade earth's battles rage or cease,
And reared those splendid dreams of peace,
In column, plinth and dome.

Behind the artist when he wrought
Earth's beauty's rarest dream,
Or nature's poet when he caught
The melodies of morning fraught
With summer's azure gleam.

It kindled Homer's golden song
Of elemental man,
And lurks behind the fateful throng,
That stairway dread, of earth's weird wrong
From Christ to Caliban.

It lured Columbus round a world
Of trackless demon foam,
To Shakespeare vasts of dream unfurled,
And stood with Luther when he hurled
Her thunders back at Rome.

It is that greater self behind
All earth's confused gleam,
That leads men up by stairways blind
Of blackness, where they grope to find
The heaven of their dream.

At all earth's altars it hath knelt,
Sought God 'mid stars and dew,
Wherever life by plain or veldt
Hath down the craving ages felt
The agony of the few.

All sorrows, passions, all delights,
 All hopings, all despairs,
 All earth's old splendours, all her blights,
 Her agony of wrongs and rights,
 Her ruined starward stairs ;

Her songs, her battles, her grim blades
 Forged in her caves of dream,
 Her woe that cowers or upbraids,
 Yea, all that glories, all that fades,
 Was cradled in its gleam.

And every hero heart who stood
 Alone in some dread hour,
 (When man faced man for ill or good,
 And history wrote her page in blood)
 Was governed by its power.

Greater than mightiest thought of mind,
 That measures life by rule,
 It soars by stars or crannies blind,
 In those dread dreams of God, behind
 The Plato or the fool.

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Wind of the wide world's mantled thought
 About the vague vast blowing ;
 Beyond our little "is" and "not,"
 Beyond the curtains of our thought,
 Life's mighty tides are flowing.

In every common hour of life,
 In every flame that glows,
 In every breath of being rife
 With aspiration or of strife
 Man feels more than he knows.

Earth's child of science counts the stars
 Upon God's garment's hem ;
 He plumbs the seas, the heavens' bars,
 Chains Jove's fierce thunders to her cars,
 Rebuilds her rarest gem.

But blind as night to that within,
 That demon, god, or elf,
 That weird impulse to soar or sin,
 That universe of dreams that spin,
 That heaven or hell in "self."

That something subtle that outweighs
 The mightiest lore of man ;
 That master of his dreams and days,
 Invisible in some weird haze
 Behind his bliss or ban.

Which lifted Shakespeare from the clod,
 Yet spake in Caliban;
 That god in man, or man in god,
 That dreamed all music from the sod
 Since melody began.

That outsoared Shelley's lark in flight,
 Beyond all dreams we know;
 That knew with Milton music's might,
 Or that exquisite dream delight
 Of Paganini's bow.

That same dim impulse Saxon, Celt,
 Mohawk or Tartar knew;
 Earth's mightiest power to move or melt,
 That in old Shylock's agony felt
 The tragedy of the Jew.

This demon force that moves a world,
 Hath breathed a simple flower,
 With tendrils milky-white upcurled,
 And with demoniac power hath hurled,
 Earth's might in one short hour.

Hath burgeoned beauty from the blind,
 Deep earthy woodland's heart;
 This inward flame that wings the wind,
 Great in comparison to mind
 As nature unto art.

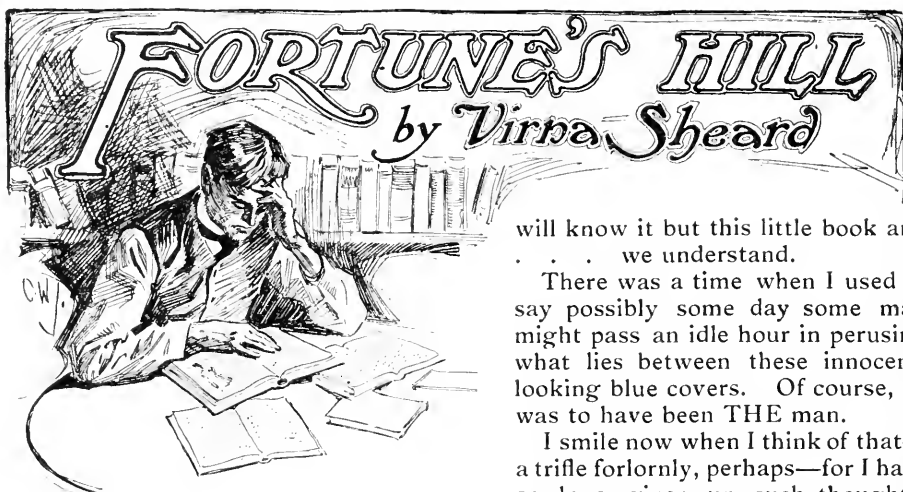
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Wind of the wide world's winnowed dream,
 About the vague vast blowing;
 Beyond our futile taper-gleam
 Of priestly creed and poet's theme,
 God's tides of might are flowing.

Man feels the present, feels the past,
 As one born blind may know
 The sun, the earth, the rain or blast,
 Or those dread phantom shadows cast,
 His brother men who go.

But round about the dreams we are,
 In caves of wind and fire,
 Where mind is cabined; soul afar,
 Doth rise eternal, star to star,
 To heights of God's desire.

William Wilfred Campbell



SYNOPSIS—This is a story of student-life. The rich man's son and the poor man's son—Teddy Darryl and David Trent meet on common ground. Darryl has a dread of surgery; Trent is stronger, older, and more brilliant. Darryl's cousin Margaret is in the background inspiring both. The blacksmith's son would cross the social gulf to meet her, and he is building the bridge as it is built in this country where the social gulfs are not too wide. Darryl is tempted by a wager to visit the dissecting room at night; faints in the attempt, and is rescued by Trent. Darryl's aunt and his cousin Margaret come to the boarding-house to nurse him. Thus Trent and Margaret are again thrown together. Eventually Darryl and Trent finish their courses, the latter graduating a double gold medalist. From Canada these two medical students go to London for post-graduate training; where both do well. Trent becomes assistant to Sir Wilfred Arnold, and Darryl secures a good private practice. At the beginning of the Boer war, Trent goes to South Africa, Margaret Darryl's uncle having refused him permission to pay addresses to his niece.

XXII.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY.

IT is June again, and two years since I entered Guy's Hospital. It is the time of roses—the time when all young things are glad—but in here that is hard to believe. It seems to me that I long ago gathered my roses, and it is many moons since I knew what it feels like to be glad.

One can live a great deal in two years, though that is not put quite as lucidly as it might be. Ah, well! Who

will know it but this little book and . . . we understand.

There was a time when I used to say possibly some day some man might pass an idle hour in perusing what lies between these innocent-looking blue covers. Of course, he was to have been THE man.

I smile now when I think of that—a trifle forlornly, perhaps—for I have so long given up such thoughts. There never was but one possible man, and he went out of my life long ago.

No, that is not the truth and here I can be literally truthful. He has not gone out of my life—he never will—but he is so far away, and between us there is an unbroken silence.

On the 14th October following the June I entered Guy's, Dr. Trent left with the troops under Sir Redvers Buller for Cape Town. He was drafted as assistant-surgeon.

Teddy came across to the hospital and told me that he had been down to the Waterloo Station to see him off. That is how I heard.

I have always hoped that I did not look the way I felt. It is hardly likely I did, as it is second nature for a woman to look about as usual whatever news she hears.

I know it came to me suddenly at the moment—that David Trent was the one possible man. Whatever Teddy thought about my looks he was exceedingly kind and good.

He kept on talking of Dr. Trent for quite a time in that light fashion that occasionally covers so much. Incidentally, as it seemed, he mentioned a meeting which had taken place between Uncle Edward and Dr. Trent, and where I was the unfortunate cause of trouble. He appears to know most of the details of what took place and had evidently heard both sides.

I had not dreamed of it and it put things in another light.

I wondered greatly many times, but never knew why David Trent did not come to see me after the night when the horses got away from Griggs. I was not accustomed to such indifference, and I had *asked* him to come.

It is perfectly clear now, however. Teddy has thrown on all the sidelights that are necessary, and I understand why he did not call, why he left Sir Wilfred, even why he is with the army at the front.

I can imagine what Uncle Edward would say and how he might say it, Words of that kind—I fear me—are never forgotten nor forgiven, and the remembrance of them but grows more bitter.

I do not think I am angry with Uncle Edward. It is a thing far past being angry about. It is as though he had wilfully spoiled everything—all my beautiful days that might have been—all my dreams.

Yet even if I had been angry at first I could hardly be so now, for Uncle Edward is altogether changed; he is old and worn and childlike. The past has just slipped away from his memory. One could not have a quarrel with a person like that.

Dear little Dolly takes care of him in the sweetest way, and he still fancies he does as he likes. But whenever I see him I think "How are the mighty fallen!" for amongst the clan of our blood he has been a power indeed. So many of us have gone his way, unwillingly often, unwittingly oftener, and he has made or marred many lives. It comes about therefore, by these ways, that I think much of David Trent.

I often say his name over to myself as I go through the wards, or in the evening when there is a quiet hour or in the dead of the night when life drifts to its lowest ebb tide, and I am called to the bedside of some soul that is waiting to set sail upon the unknown sea—some soul that God alone can comfort and make unafraid.

As for me, I think He has sent this love of mine that I may take heart of

grace to live and understand better the suffering that is on every side, for all suffer one way or another. I follow in fancy that far-off figure which has always so persistently drawn my thoughts to it, and there is no hour of any day when I forget him. His dark face, like a mask, under which passions and conflicts are hidden, comes before me in the still early morning hours when I have the watch, and out doors in the dewy grayness the birds are stirring among the leaves and piping to each other.

"I love him," I say to myself, this man who more than any other I have known, is master of his own will, "I love him."

He looks at me silently, at those times, and in the strange colour of his eyes there burns that light as of fire within.

There is much written small between the lines of life, and we cannot always read it. If we could we would understand why this or that has come to us which seems such a mystery.

There is, one has said it who knew, "There *is* a destiny which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." It is a thought to stay one's soul, and I have ceased to wonder that this man—apart from the people I have known, yet entirely of them—should influence me as no one else ever has or will.

We are very busy here at Guy's Hospital. The physicians who give their services to the poor, and the surgeons, are a continual wonder to me. The spirit that actuates them is so beautiful, and they are, almost every one, so gentle in word and act, so unmindful of self, so deeply charitable. It must be the calling makes them so. In such work, when a man does not grow *hardened*, he grows sympathetic and tender-hearted as no other can.

The Sisters are good enough to say I have "the gift" of nursing, whatever that may mean.

I like to be here, and in many ways have the full reward for what I do. Happily no dread possesses me of the things we have to see every hour of every day.

Perhaps Teddy has my share of that sort of thing as well as his own—I think his white thatch of hair proves it. His pitiful white hair, that always says so much to me, and under which his face looks so boyish! When he has time (for he is busy these days, and Uncle Edward was no false pro-

phet) he comes in to see me. No brother could be dearer, and he is my cousin of cousins.

He talks at great length of the war—which still goes on.

I fancy we have both learned to know what the horrible dread of a war bulletin may mean.



XXIII.—EDWARD DARRYL PROCEEDS

WHOM the gods love do not always die young. Jimsy and I are living proofs of this.

We have been here two years and a half, and our practice is growing in the same electrifying way the beanstalk did. I am sure in our wildest flights we never imagined people would flock to us the way they do.

Of course, we are not without personal attractions, either of us, but viewed dispassionately they hardly present sufficient reason why an innocent populace should place its life in our hands.

Some time ago Jimsy, who had been working upon the problem, came to the conclusion that there was only one solution to it. He affirmed that it must have leaked out and filtered through the community that we were seventh sons, and the element of superstition which is so strong in most natures (the Governor completely succumbed to it in my case) over-ruled any objections people made to our youth and inexperience.

This solution of the mystery did not appeal to me, and I assured him that even admitting he was right (which was out of the question), and allowing that the wretched story *had* got afloat, I had not floated it; that I stood or fell by my respect for Medical Ethics, and I hoped he comprehended it.

Upon which he rose in his wrath (exceeding red and puffy-looking), and said that he desired me to know that whoever told the — yarn, he had not. That, so far, he had never felt the necessity for peddling that variety of personal narrative around the coun-

try with a view to giving him a start in life, and that for Medical Ethics there were others, and so on.

All this went perilously near to dissolving the partnership, and we had it hot and unpleasantly heavy for some time, after which a cool wave set in, and we stiffened into attitudes of polite frigidity.

It was one of the most disagreeable periods of my life, and I look back at it with regret. It was such a fool thing to make a fuss over anyway, and we were such sample idiots to quarrel with luck of that kind.

By degrees this dawned upon us, and as work was pressing we gave over being dignified, and consulted with more or less freedom of speech.

This is of the past. I tell Jimsy now that undoubtedly our success is entirely owing to the hypnotizing effect of his name upon the neighbourhood. It is so resplendently dazzling on the brass doorplate that it simply throws mine out of sight. It reads as follows:

J. MORTIMER BEVERLY FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, M.D., M.R.C.S., ENGLAND.

He has a few other letters annexed in Edinburgh and Vienna, but we thought those were enough. No one in their senses would believe it means "Jimsy," or "Dr. Jim," as the hospital staff and sisters at the London called him. But it does.

I endeavour to be cheerful in my profession on the same principle that makes a little lad whistle when he goes through the dark.

However, by dint of keeping strictly

to the practice of medicine—for the surgical cases are all Dr. Featherstonehaugh's—I get through.

We are both serious when we need to be, and that is often enough. When in doubt we invariably call in a man who has had more than our experience, or a specialist, which shows that we recognize our limitations.

Since my fair cousin entered Guy's I have tried to see her often, for though there is small time to be lonely in a hospital, still she was away from her own people, and it was a bit hard for a girl.

She has never been just the same since I told her that story of my father and David Trent on the day he left for Africa. It was easy to see how she felt about it. He's the sort of fellow a girl might care a great deal about, and I didn't wonder. But I was cut up just the same, for it seemed so unlikely it would end the right way, and it was so absolutely plain the dear old Governor had made a desperate mistake.

He never took Trent's measure, nor Margaret's. They are of the unbendable but breakable variety of persons that are so abominably hard to do anything with.

Trent simply stepped out when London grew too difficult.

While as for Margaret, according to the family, she has buried herself alive, though I don't say so.

We have kept track of Trent steadily, Margaret and I.

We went with him over the ground, step by step, from Capetown to Ladysmith, and we two made all those five horrible attempts to cross the Tugela with General Buller's men, because Trent was with him.

He has written to me a few times, short characteristic letters that tell nothing of himself, yet are so like him in the brief, strong sentences, the firm clear-cut writing and the things he doesn't say.

His name has been mentioned in despatches for distinguished service, and he has been under fire many times with others of the ambulance corps.

Last week something occurred which may change events. Amongst the list of casualties at the War Office there was a line stating—in the cold-blooded way they say such things—that Surgeon-Major Trent was ill of enteric fever at Pretoria.

I went over to Guy's and told Margaret. She looked at me a moment in a queer little frightened way, unlike herself, and as though she saw something far off. Her face went white and her lips trembled, then she put up her hand and touched the lapel of my coat.

"I'm going out to him, Teddy," she said, "if you will help me. Perhaps they may not let me go as a Red Cross nurse. I do not graduate for three months, but oh! see if it cannot be managed, won't you?"

It has been managed with an infinite amount of red tape and simply because Sir Wilfred took it in hand.

Margaret started yesterday in company with some other nurses on a ship carrying supplies to the Cape.

I can only hope it will end all as it should. When one plays Providence, and interferes, he never knows.

Then, again, enteric fever is a beastly uncertain thing, and if anything happened to Trent before—but I will not think of the possibility.

These days I need all my nerve.



XXIV.—ACCORDING TO DAVID TRENT

THEY have left me in charge of this little hospital here on the outskirts of Pretoria, and now at midnight, having made my last round and finding all well as far as may be, I am free for a space.

It is a good thing to be able to step out into the night with one's pipe for company.

Afar off I see the flickering light where the garrison is stationed, and it is so still that if I listened keenly

doubtless I could catch the sentry's step across the stone flagging. Yes! now it comes, measured, firm planted.

There is a full moon of great brightness, and it turns the place into a city of silver that the shadows tarnish here and there. Everything is so defined that I can see the flag curling like a curve of smoke from the mast on the State Building. Now and again from away out on the open veldt comes the mournful baying of a dog, as he moves from place to place in a ceaseless search.

These dogs without homes, without masters, give me a heartache. To them the war means but the loss of one man, as perhaps it means to others.

They refuse to be friends with us, these lean, dejected beasts, and we meet them everywhere, in packs, by twos and threes and alone. They stare at a man with unforgettable eyes in which there is an unuttered question. They do not understand, they only suffer.

Yes, out of doors to-night it is almost as light as day, and there is a deceptive peace over this land where there is but trouble. The Southern stars that are still strangers to me, shine down with a golden mellowness, quite different from the brilliance of our stars of the North. To my mind there is nothing so beautiful as a winter sky at home. If there is, I have not seen it.

Down the road some Kaffirs are taking their way to their huts and they are singing. It is an uncanny sort of music, but not without melody. I like to hear them. They are a gentle people and serve us well about the hospitals. The nurses have found that a little kindness turns them into slaves.

Of late I have grown restless and a bit homesick. If I had anyone to write to I would write surely, but I got off a letter to old Jack Bowlby last week, while Darryl and Sir Wilfred Arnold, my only other correspondents, have heard from me sufficiently often. All the fellows laid up in the hospitals have innumerable relatives to send word to. The nurses are kept busy posting their next of kin or their sweet-

hearts regarding their condition, and even I turn scribe for some of them at a pinch, so I have come to regard myself as possessing fewer home ties than any man in South Africa.

We are all weary of the war, weary of the country and dissatisfied with the unsettled state of affairs, for here at the front we know less than those in England.

Lord Roberts has long gone home, and Lord Kitchener is a man of granite and as silent.

Peace has not come and yet our flag floats over the Transvaal. There are no more battles, no heart-sickening lists of dead, wounded, or missing, so long the people will not take time at their breakfast tables to read them over, and yet our men are dropping by twos and threes, picked off by bullets from the horizon, and they in turn are sweeping away the few scattered, embittered enemies who remain where so many were.

"The rest," I sometimes ask myself "where are the legions of them?" They are gone like last year's leaves, into the "limbo of forgotten things"—only a woman here and there remembers.

I have learned the ways of death since I left England. I who thought I knew them before.

I have seen them all die—men, women and little children—in this troubled country.

Somewhere I read "the red cross and the white flag alone have any right to fly above an hospital, and beneath them there should be but two classes, those who suffer, and those who serve."

I think we have held to the spirit of this as well as the letter, both in the field and under cover.

Since quartering here at the Capital there has been comparative comfort for all of us, the sick and the well; before that I can only remember events following each other swiftly, always in a confusion of wretchedness. Not that I, individually, have reason to complain, for I seem to be made of an indestructible material that nothing hitherto has wasted or worn, but the men of the rank and file have suffered

many things. They have marched day in and day out, led by a pillar of cloud, which was dust, a fine impalpable dust that turns silver in the sun and chokes a man and brings him a deadly thirst.

And they have bivouacked at night with a pillar of fire rolling away in the distance where the dry grass of the veldts, having caught ablaze by the sun, burnt on and on till it was stopped by sand and rock.

There never was a country so destitute of beauty; the very colours are bleached out of it and it is a place of sad half-tones and monotonous outlines. The eye aches at the reaches of land covered only with coarse grass, rocks and scrub oaks. It has exhausted itself or nature has tired of it and given it back to the outcast wild creatures, and the small things that creep and fly and have withal infinite power to torment.

The troops have suffered untold misery from these insects of endless variety, and they have made sleeping under the stars a test of human endurance.

Never could I have believed that there was such patience in men, such silence under all forms of provocation, such heroism that looked for no recognition. I have watched them under every condition, and I know. I have been with them when they were hungry, thirsty, worn and homesick, and yet they have pressed on with a good courage, many of them to certain death.

Our soldiers, moreover, are not fighting for home and country as are the Outlanders, they are but upholding principle—and there is a difference.

I have seen them trying to ford an almost impassable river sewn back and forth in mid stream with barbed wire, and they crossed it—the Dublins, the Connaught Rangers, the Innis-

killens, the Borderers. I was near them at Colenso, and I looked at "the red river of men" at Spion Kop, for we went in and out with the stretcher-bearers among England's six hundred dead, doing what we could in God's name.

Ah! and I saw the trenches afterwards, and those who filled them lying as they had died, stiffened into all the shapes that agony could take, though some there were, one here and one there, who lay easily and smiled.

The sight of it is branded upon my brain.

No harm of any kind comes near me; there are men out here who bear this charmed life, and I have thought, seeing them, they were the ones who least cared whether they lived or died.

It may be I will be needed till the end of the campaign, but afterwards I may go back to Canada, my own country that I love. The Canadians have held their own, shoulder to shoulder, with the flower of the army.

They will be known henceforth. Many will be left here, those who have fallen by Mauser bullets, by shot and shell and cannon ball, and those who have gone by slow heartbreak in prisons and by fever.

But I will stay to the end and then go home. Old Jack Bowlby would give me welcome and Pat.

These years have set a gulf between my old life and the future, and hope lies on the other side. And yet I still think of Margaret Darryl though against my will.

It must be I am of a slow unchangeable nature, totally lacking in versatility, that for so long I remain "true to a vision, steadfast to a dream." What else has it ever been?

If she had cared—in some way I would have known. Darryl does not speak of her when he writes, nor do I.



XXV.—MARGARET DARRYL'S DIARY

THE bell of the State Building has tolled one, and the other clocks through the town are following like an echo.

From the small hallway beyond that I can look into from an open door, comes the faint smell of newly-cut tobacco, for one of the convalescent

soldiers has offered to watch with us to-night as we have no resident physician. I am on duty in this little ward where there are four men recovering from fever—and Surgeon-Major Trent.

There is another, indeed, but he is no longer counted upon the roll of His Majesty's soldiers. He died this afternoon and they bury him in the morning, but to-night he lies on his cot at the end of the ward, and we have just drawn a screen about him. Poor lad, if those at home only knew.

I am watching beside David Trent, and because he needs all the quiet we can give him there is a screen around his bed also. It is a screen one of the nurses must have made, for it is covered with pictures cut out of the English papers. The King's face looks at me from the centre of it with those great eyes that hold so much of melancholy. He brings a sense of security, of protection, even here to this lonely place.

There is a bird-cage hanging above the door, and a tiny bird of a kind I do not know is ruffled up into a ball of yellow and black feathers on the perch.

Beside me on the window ledge there is some mignonette growing in a shell—a shell that they tell me fell and exploded not twenty yards from the hospital. It is so strange a thing to hold flowers, and yet they grow there sweet and strong, all unknowing.

I will write for a while to keep my heart up and just to be doing something definite. The pencil makes no sound across the paper, nor does it disturb the one I watch.

It is a week since he knew anyone, and we, that is the nurse and I who have come to relieve those so long in charge, reached Pretoria but two days ago.

It is like a dream within a dream, but I know it is reality, and that it is here I belong—*here* out of all the world.

He thinks I am Nurse Maud, one of the Sisters who has just left, and yet he is puzzled, and through the far wandering of his mind is seeking the truth.

"He will not die," I say. "He will not die. He must not die."

It may be a sort of prayer, God knows.

I cannot find the right words to say when I kneel down beside him, and I only watch his eyes that are so wild and bright, and his lips that never are still, but move incessantly in their effort to disentangle his thoughts.

It is strangely against his nature, for he was always so silent.

The years of the war have changed him more than the fever, I think. The little waves of hair around his temples are white as though frosted, and there are many lines about his mouth and eyes. He is the wreck of so strong a thing that I only see him through my tears.

Sometimes I speak his name, but he does not listen and then I lose hope and cannot say "He will not die," but only "He will not *know*." He will never, never know.

Now he is talking clearly and by bending over I catch the words.

"The ice is a sheet of burnished steel beneath the moon," he says, "and the sky is a purple wilderness set with golden stars. They glitter as though cut into a thousand little points. There is nothing like a winter night in the North. I like the wind and the little flakes of snow against my face, and the sound of my skates. Darryl doesn't care for this sort of thing, but it tires one and brings sleep."

Then he watches me curiously, steadily. "Do not leave me, nurse," he says, smiling. "You remind me of some one at home, some one I may not see again."

"Well, that is best. One must climb alone to the top of Fortune's Hill. I will never reach it, I fear me. You are strangely like her, Nurse Maud. Only she is of the gay world and does not wear so sober a gown as yours of gray with the red cross."

"What would she be doing in such a garb? But you are like her. Her hair is of an auburn flecked with gold. It dazzles a man, and her face is a garden 'where roses and white lilies grow.'"

Oh! let me write it down so it will always tell me that he thought so—and I cannot ever say I deceived myself.

If he would only sleep.

Something troubles him now and his mood is changed.

I will call the orderly, or no! perhaps it would disturb him more.

His voice is rough and broken. "Will the guns never stop!" he cries. "My God! there will not be a man of them left. No! the stretchers are done, but the blankets will serve.

"It is the Middlesex men and the Light Infantry who are suffering most. What hell it is. Down the hill. Do you not see them coming?

"They are staggering, crawling, slipping, where the grass is wet with blood! The horror of it! Some are drunk, though they've had neither wine nor water for hours, and some are singing and cursing and some are crying like lost children. Yes! and hark!

there are the pipers playing. The lanterns are blurred with smoke—turn them up—turn them up—and trim them again. It's damnable light to do such work by. Pray?—I am not given to praying much, but—pray—*the rest of you*—pray that the anæsthetics hold out. So! there's room here—don't jar him—gently, my men—gently."

His voice is gone but his lips move yet.

It must be Spion Kop he thinks of, and he is living it all over again—Spion Kop.

I lay my hands over his to quiet him and sometimes I kneel by the iron cot, and again I write, that I may not lose all hold on thought and go mad.

I will not leave him until it ends, one way or the other, and if it be that he dies, then life will be over for Margaret Darryl, and if he lives it will be God who gives him to me.



XXVI.—EDWARD DARRYL CONCLUDES

I AM arrayed as for a festal occasion and shall take one day wherein to be glad. There is, this morning, a wedding in South Africa, where I am in spirit best man, and these togs of joy are the outward and visible tokens of an inward and invisible delight.

Jimsey has also donned a tie of merry hue and breaks forth at inappropriate times into snatches of light, very light opera.

The last letter from my adorable cousin informed us that Trent had turned the corner and was going to pull through, though it wasn't put so clearly as that, being as short and incoherent an epistle as it is in the power of a girl to write.

However, after some lost time I made out the gist of it.

Following this—many weeks following this I may say—during which there was a silence that could be heard and that jarred one's nerves, there came a letter from Trent himself.

He had certainly been through the war, to judge by the writing, but his ideas were lucid, except in one particular. He seemed to fancy he was under some desperate obligation to me. That, doubtless, is a slight mental aberration following the exhaustion of prolonged fever.

It was a near thing for Trent, but he's not the kind of man that would mind going along the highroad to death if it brought him his heart's desire.

Sir Wilfred has written to offer him the position he left, or even more, for he tells me that if Trent takes it at the end of the year, when he is established, the whole practice shall pass into his hands, and he, Sir Wilfred, will retire. He agrees with me in every particular regarding Trent, and he knows a story about a Victoria Cross that was won in India by Trent's grandfather on his mother's side.

Trent never told me of it, nor even

that he had a grandfather on his mother's side, and the story rather gave me a shock.

He could have so completely spiked the Governor's guns with it.

Of course, I always knew that he had fighting blood in him; it is impossible to mistake the breed, but however was I to know where it came from? That point is settled now for all time.

The dear old Governor raises no more objections to anything we of the family do or say, and by dint of a score of letters I have laid the situation before the others of the clan, so when Surgeon-Major Trent and his bride arrive in London, they will be received with open arms. I really can

think of no less hackneyed expression.

The inner circle of relations will meet them in a body, that is Lord and Lady Brandon, Dick and Maud Travers, great-uncle Felix, and my beloved Aunt Marshall, who has run across to look me up in her old sweet way; also my brothers Robert and Douglas, who by luck, are in port, and Dolly. I think they'll all agree Trent falls no whit behind us in point of *looks*, and that's *something*.

So all's well that ends well, and it is a happy world and a good; for when I listen I fancy there is a sound of wedding bells, and they come from over the sea, from a land of many tears, but where joy may be some day again.

THE END

TWO LOVES

LAST night I dreamed, my love, that you and I
Were young again. I saw the shining gold
Above thy brow, unlined, and in thine eye

I saw that blessed light, that once controlled
All my life's purposes, and made me bold

To meet the cares of earth when'er they came.
Across my heart once more Hope's blessing rolled

As in thy virgin breast Love lit its flame,
And there, bound up in sleep's strange mystery,
My joyous youth, long dead, came back to me.

Far through the vale of love's own fairyland
We wandered long; our pathway everywhere
With blossoms strewn. The mellow-throated band

Of feathered songsters filled the perfumed air
Again with tuneful greeting. Here and there
The light played hide-and-seek with arching sprays;
Requital's smile again seemed matchless fair.

And in the bliss of these youth-hallowed days
Which wizard Sleep snatched back from Time for me,
I thought my love could never greater be.

But when I woke, my love, and saw you there,

In thy ripe sweetness by the window-pane,
The gold all gone from thy now whitened hair,

Youth's glory flown to never come again—
I thought of how thy soul, through joy or pain

Had intertwined with mine in melody!
Ah, then I knew my heart did not contain

An atom of my dreamed-of love for thee,
But love more deep and sweet, by angels given,
That love which is the first foretaste of heaven.

T. C. Dean



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—BRITISH WAR-VESSELS RIDING AT ANCHOR

COLONIAL NAVAL RESERVES

By P. T. McGrath



ANADA'S determination to establish a naval reserve as the complement to her militia, gives vitality to an issue of prime import both to the Dominion and the Empire. The problem of the hour is that of Naval Defence. Not alone is Britain grappling with it, but all the other maritime nations likewise. It is the price of Imperialism; an oversea appanage requires that the ocean be policed so that safety may be assured for the homeland and the colony in the day of peril. Therefore, until "the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flags are furled," the nations keep on vying with each other in increasing their navies, building larger and more powerful ships, devising new armaments and defences, and diversifying the types of vessel from ironclad to submarine, until the supply of men available to crew all these fabrics is becoming exhausted. The technical knowledge, too, which is required in every branch, accentuates the difficulty of providing an adequate

personnel. In Nelson's time a war-craft was a stout wooden hull, moved by sails and manned by sailors alone; to-day she is a box of complicated machinery, and half her crew are specialists—engineers, electricians, artificers, torpedoers and the like.

Thus it arises that, when the annual programme for the British Navy demands the completion of 62 new ships it means that several thousand more men must be found to crew them, and the obtaining of these is no easy matter. Last year the effective *personnel* of the navy was 154,875: of these 118,625 made up the crews of the ships in commission; 28,650 comprised the reserve of sailors, fishers and coastfolk; and 7,300 the coastguard, or second reserve, of time-expired bluejackets. But even this immense force proved inadequate to the Navy's needs, and the sources of recruiting are being sapped. The chief of these is the gathering into training ships of orphans and waifs who are converted into excellent naval material, this supply being augmented by



NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A NOVEMBER DRILL

recruits from the fisher-hamlets. But owing to the military demands during the Boer War the naval enlistment fell off, and in the west of England, which bred the men who crushed the Armada and swept the Spanish Main, the sailor-element has been so depleted that the training ships have been moved round to Harwich, on the East coast, to draw recruits from the fishing fleets that ply in the North Sea.

Bearing such a burden, then, Britain looks to her colonies to provide an auxiliary force. She cannot weaken her own Naval Reserve, because in war-time this will be required—partly to augment the crews of the warships and converted cruisers (ocean liners) and the remainder to man the freight-boats which must keep the sea if the British Isles are to secure their requisite food supplies. The British Navy is declared by an expert to safeguard a total annual movement of tonnage amounting to 50,000,000 by water and 30,000,000 by rail, and if its efficiency were to be impaired in any way the commercial supremacy of the Empire might be struck a shattering blow. The average citizen too rarely realizes what the Navy represents to the Empire as security for its commerce; and the colonial, while he shares in the security and credit, prestige and prosperity, which the navy stands for, has been lax ere

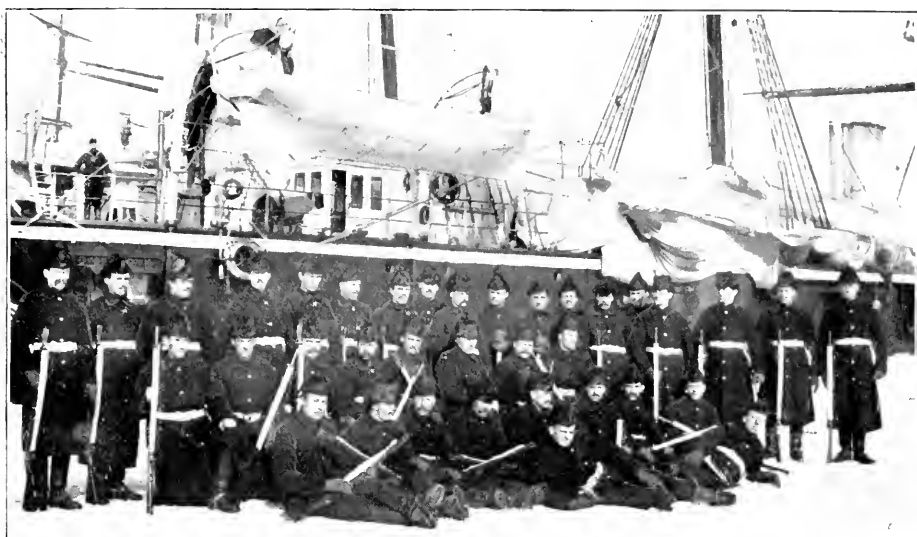
this in responding to the implied obligation to contribute to the strengthening of this right arm of the Empire.

However, at the conference of colonial Premiers during the Coronation-time, the matter of colonial contributions to the navy was discussed, and the subjoined self-governing dependencies agreed to provide annually the sums stated :

Australia	£200,000
New Zealand.	40,000
Cape Colony	50,000
Natal	35,000
Newfoundland. . . .	3,000

The latter colony had already undertaken the establishment of a branch of the Royal Naval Reserve among its fishermen, and stipulated for the maintenance of a force of not less than 600 men. Canada alone of the autonomous colonies, declined to co-operate in this general scheme, though intimating her intention of establishing a colonial naval reserve of her own, as now proposed.

Canada's naval reserve will be independent of Imperial control, but available in aid of the Empire when such is necessary. Legislation to this end is to be introduced into the Dominion Parliament at the present session. Commander Spain, R.N., who is in charge of the Dominion cruiser service, has



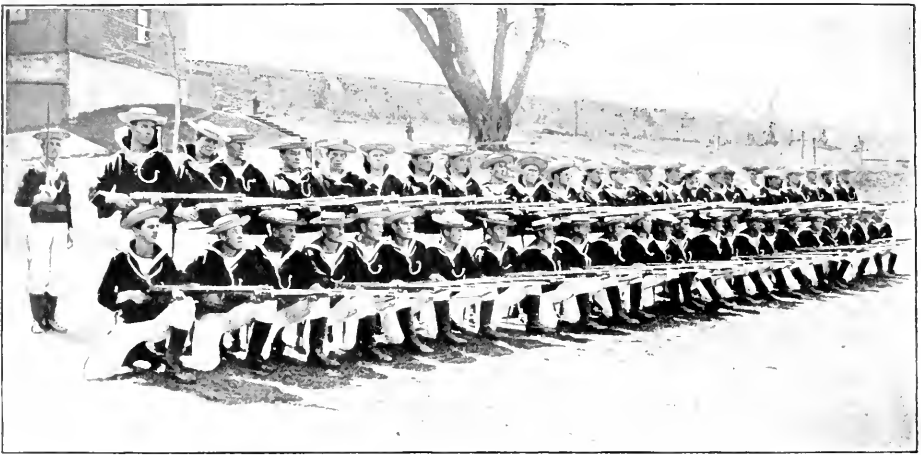
NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A GROUP IN WINTER DRESS

visited Newfoundland, where the Admiralty has already established a naval reserve among the fishermen. This is to be taken as a model for the contemplated Canadian body, except that the Newfoundland reserve is an Imperial force controlled by the Imperial authorities, whereas that of Canada is to be subject to no outside direction. The experiment has been so successful in Newfoundland that a cognate scheme should give equally good results in the Maritime Provinces, where the fisherfolk are of the same stock and their pursuits are almost identical.

It is noteworthy that the three nations—Great Britain, France and the United States—which control the deep sea fishery on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, should be developing the possibilities of that industry in augmenting their naval establishments. Of the 10,000 men who cross the ocean from France every spring to fish on these ledges, every one is enrolled as a naval conscript, and the enterprise is bolstered up by bounties to the men, the ships and the outfitters so that there shall be every inducement to the inhabitants of the Breton and Biscayan seaboards to continue in the avocation, the State thereby securing a large body of trained sailors who would be

of immense value in filling the gaps in the navy in the day of peril. It is this fact which makes France so unwilling to settle the French shore question and relinquish St. Pierre-et-Miquelon—the knowledge that by so doing she would bring about the decay of this fishery and the loss of a potential naval auxiliary. The importance of this to her is becoming more and more evident each year as her hold on our coast line is lessening and the Breton fish merchants curtail their outfits, owing to the unremunerative character of the industry.

The New England fishermen are relied upon to provide a large proportion of the projected United States naval reserve of 20,000 men, and the Grand Banks are their great training ground. The British fishermen who correspond to them are those of Eastern Canada and Newfoundland, who obtain their livelihood in the same waters. The Newfoundlanders are *par excellence* the finest seamen of all, because fishing is their only pursuit, and they are as much at home on the treacherous icefloes off Labrador, where they hunt the seal, as among the billows of the banks where they catch the cod. The remoteness and isolation of the island, coupled with its lack of diversified industries, have kept generation after



NEWFOUNDLAND NAVAL RESERVE—A FINAL DRILL IN MAY

generation harvesting this ocean crop, and to-day the Newfoundland coast-folk are in physique and fearlessness the equals of any men of maritime callings. They are bred to the sea from their early youth. Inured to every hardship of floe or wave, careless of any danger the storm begets, they cannot be surpassed for naval purposes.

Accordingly this colony suggested itself to the Admiralty as the most fitting one for the initiation of an over-sea naval reserve, and the experiment was undertaken here so that it might have the best prospects of success, and if results warranted, the movement could in time be extended to the whole colonial Empire. The reasons operating in favour of Newfoundland were the ones above given as to the peculiar fitness of our fisherfolk, together with the moderate scale of wages, more nearly approaching the British rates than those of the other colonies and making the reservists' stipend an acceptable item to the seafaring population. The distance of the colony from the United States and the broken communication lessened the risk of leakage thereto, and the fact that all the men required could be got during the winter when the fishing is at a standstill around the coast, owing to the ice blockade, and the training of the recruits could be carried on without, in any way, interfering with the regular avocations of the people,

but, on the contrary, really serve to supplement their earnings during the fishery season.

The reservists are drawn from among the young fishermen of 18 to 21 years of age, and the period of enlistment is for five years. The men are required to put in a month's drill each year, and during the whole term to spend six months at sea in a warship learning the actual work among the regular crew. At the close of this sea service an examination is held, and the reservists who pass it are promoted to the "qualified seamen" class, which means an increase of pay and allowances. After the first five-years' term a second may be taken, and then a third if desired, and any man who has served for this period is eligible for a pension of \$58 a year if incapacitated on attaining the age of 60. It is not obligatory to begin with the sea service, though this has been the practice so far followed in Newfoundland, because it offers a greater inducement to the recruit in giving him the longer period in which to learn his work, and it yields the best results for the same reason. The recruit, on enlisting, must pass a medical examination and display his familiarity with compass, lead, log-line and oar, and if he passes he is formally enrolled, and is allowed 66 cents a day while drilling, besides being paid a retaining fee of \$16 a year and a full kit of uniform on the first and third

years of each enrolment. On promotion to "qualified seaman" his pay is raised to 75 cents per diem and his retaining fee to \$30 per annum. To provide him with bedding and coverlets for the six months at sea he is allowed an extra \$20, and his pay is increased 7 to 10 cents daily. Except when putting in his enrolment time, he is free to attend to his ordinary pursuits, save that he is liable to be called out at any time by Royal proclamation if war is imminent or actually in progress. This is, of course, the real value of a naval or military reserve, that it is available in such emergencies, and in regard to the naval auxiliary each man will be rated and paid as a regular during the time he serves, receiving a war fee of \$5 a month, also an allowance of \$17.50 for equipment on joining, and a full supply of clothing. If the period of service is over two years a man is paid 5 cents a day extra.

Such are the conditions under which the first contingent of Newfoundland fishermen embarked on H.M.S. *Charybdis* in November, 1900, fifty strong, for a six-months' cruise in the West Indies. On their return, in May, 1901, 44 of them were promoted to qualified seamen, and Commodore Giffard, in charge of the ship, made a most flattering report of them to the Admiralty and the Colonial Government. In sailorly tasks they could outdo the regulars; in rowing they beat the crack boats of the fleet; in physical strength they excelled. They acquired a knowledge of the *technique* of the service — gunnery, shooting, cutlass and other drills with surprising rapidity, and the Commodore

declared they would be a valuable addition to the naval *personnel*. The second contingent, another 50, proved equally capable in similar service the ensuing winter, and last spring 47 of them gained the higher class. This winter the contingent is increased to 80, and the lads are seeing active service in Venezuela, the *Charybdis* being the British flagship there, with Commodore Montgomerie, who succeeded Commodore Giffard, in charge, and the Newfoundlanders forming an important portion of his ship's company. He has commended them highly for their work in the bombardment of Puerto Cabello on December 16th, 1902, and in the blockade of the Venezuelan coast, and all reports indicate that their "regular" shipmates have the highest opinion of the courage and capability of the colonials.

While these records are being made at sea the drilling of the other men is being carried on, for a month at a time, aboard the training ship *Calypso* in St. John's Harbour. She is an old-style corvette, and was selected by the Admiralty to be stationed permanently in these waters for the perfecting of the reserve. She is housed over and steam-heated, and the men are taken



OVERHAULING THE NETS OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS—
THIS IS THE LIFE WHICH MAKES MEN SUITABLE
FOR NAVAL RECRUITS

in classes of twelve, one of "seamen" and another of "recruits" being worked together. For there is a constant enrolment of the latter all the winter through, and the popularity of the scheme is steadily growing among the youth of the colony of the fishing class.

The task of defending the St. Lawrence route will be imposed, to a greater or less extent, upon Canada in the event of a naval war, and therefore the duty of promptly enlisting an adequate naval defensive arm is one not to be lightly disregarded. At the present moment there is absolutely no protection for shipping via that route, especially east of St. John's. One of the most serious economic and strategic situations arising out of the Atlantic Steamer Trust is the risk to the Dominion of having her whole waterborne commerce tied up in the day of war. It is true that Halifax is fortified and has a naval squadron there in summer, but there is no defence for ships plying through Belle Isle Strait, or which may be on the Grand Banks. The Admiralty realizes the seriousness of this, and the fortifying of St. John's with a view to making it an outpost and a shelter is in contemplation as a further development of our Naval Reserve scheme. Sydney, because of its position near Cabot Strait would, doubtless, be a centre for the Canadian Reserve, with Halifax and other

suitable ports also. These linked defences could be made part of the Imperial chain of secondary bases, and at the least could be used in the providing of a Canadian policy of naval development. To be made really effective they will need to be administered in conjunction with St. John's, as its prominent location, thrust out into the Atlantic and dominating the ocean trade route, makes it a specially important factor in planning a naval campaign.

The working out of Canada's naval defence plans will be a matter of no slight moment, and will represent a long step onward in the march towards a fuller national status. If the Canadian naval contingents do as good work in future as her military contingents did in the past, the Empire will have cause to welcome the establishment of this naval arm, but there are many warm Imperialists who think that there would be more assured results for Britain at home and abroad if Canada were to do as her sister colonies, and tender her contribution towards the maintenance of the one common navy for the defence of motherland and colonies alike. The matter is really, however, one for Canada herself to determine, and in adopting the course she does the disposition of all outsiders will be to wish her the greatest possible success in her undertaking.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLII.—THOMAS BARNARD FLINT



HOUGHTFUL and studious; a pleasing conversationalist; amiable, gentlemanly and diplomatic,—this briefly describes Mr.

Thomas Barnard Flint, the new Clerk of the House of Commons.

Like his notable predecessor, Sir John Bourinot, Mr. Flint is a Nova Scotian. Like Sir John, too, he brings to his position not only a first-class university education, but that wider

and more practical knowledge of men and affairs which is gained by years of experience in writing for the newspaper press.

Mr. Flint was born at Yarmouth, N.S., on April 28th, 1847. He is a descendant of the original settlers, Puritans who came from New England while that country was still a loyal British colony. The community was one made up then, as now, largely of people who were connected directly or



THOMAS BARNARD FLINT, CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

indirectly with shipping. Ship-owners and ship-masters, they were a people who travelled and observed. The importance of education was strongly impressed upon them early in the life of the place, and by the time Mr. Flint was old enough to go to school, Yarmouth had such an academy as few other places in British America could boast. There Flint received an excellent elementary training.

He was afterwards sent to the Wesleyan Academy and College at Sackville, N.B., and in 1872 graduated M.A. of that institution. He also attended Harvard and graduated LL.B. in 1871.

He was admitted to the bar of Nova Scotia, and practised his profession in his native place, being also engaged for a time in the then prevailing craze for ship-owning. In fact, at that time

the man or woman who did not own "a piece of a ship" hailing from Yarmouth was hopelessly out of the fashion.

Early in life the charms of politics seemed irresistible, for we find him, the year after he graduated from Sackville, in the field as a candidate for the House of Assembly. In those days party lines in Yarmouth were less clearly defined than they became later, factions rather than parties fighting each other, but in most instances the candidates were supposed to be Liberals. Thus the fact that Mr. Flint in this first election was the special candidate of the Temperance people did not mean that he was not a Liberal. There are those in Yarmouth who have been bad enough to say that in his first election young Flint (he was then but twenty-six years old) was

really elected; but his opponent was declared elected, and as the result of a "scrutiny," a very questionable kind of election trial carried on by a Committee of the House, was sustained in the seat.

In 1878 he was again in the field, this time in a federal contest and as an Independent Liberal, but was defeated by the other Liberal candidate. In the House of Assembly election of 1882 he was again the candidate of the Temperance party. It was a contest in which the candidates were numerous and issues somewhat mixed, but again Mr. Flint was among the unsuccessful.

In 1883 he was appointed High Sheriff of the County of Yarmouth, and held this position until 1886 when he resigned to take the stump on behalf of the Liberal candidate for the House of Commons. In 1887 he was appointed Clerk of the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia and continued to hold the position until 1890. Then he resigned, and in the following year accepted the straight party nomination of the Liberal convention. This was the first time he had been in the field with the nomination of the Liberal convention, and party lines had by this time become very closely drawn in the county. He was elected by a large majority, and was re-elected at the two succeeding general elections, holding the seat until he resigned a few months ago to accept the position he now holds.

In a community where the people go in for serious reading, where the "Magazine Club" gives its readers the leading magazines and reviews of the world, where "Shakespeare Clubs" and "Browning Clubs" devote more attention to real study than to cake and coffee, Mr. Flint was recognized as an exceedingly well-read man. While possessing a wide range of knowledge, his choice has always been biography as being entertaining reading and presenting human life as it really is and has been. He is probably among the most thoroughly inform-

ed readers of biography in Canada.

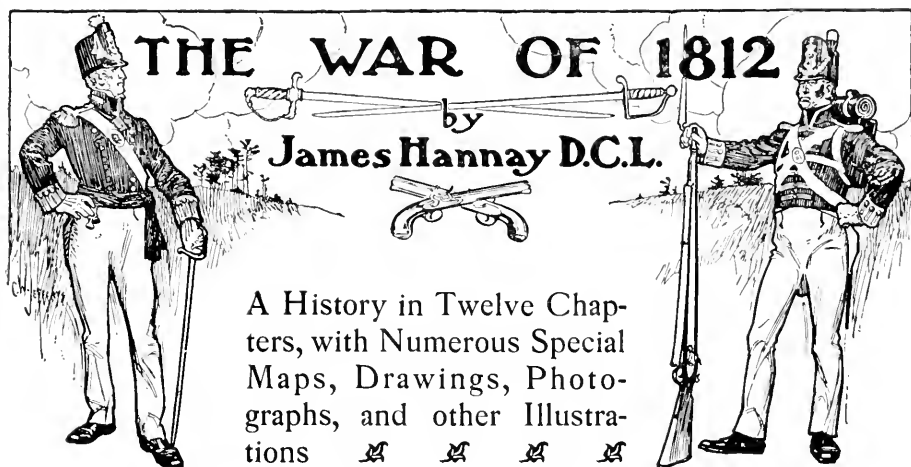
He has long been a most active and prominent worker in Freemasonry. His election to the high position of Grand Master of the Order in Nova Scotia was a distinct recognition of certain special work on behalf of the Order which had been done with much ability.

Mr. Flint's literary experience has been confined principally to the work of political editorial writing. He was the chief editorial writer on the Yarmouth *Herald*, one of Canada's oldest papers, for nearly twenty years. He is a vigorous writer, with a pleasant and gently cynical style, but has never been an abusive or scolding essayist. As a public speaker he has always been the possessor of an easy and fluent diction, a logical method of arrangement, a quiet delivery, rising at times to the slightly dramatic.

While he has taken part in most of the larger debates in Parliament during his time, his name has been especially identified with the Temperance cause, for he was the leader of the Temperance party in the House of Commons. Too often the advocacy of any special reform is accompanied by a narrowness of spirit which serves to make the advocate disliked by those who do not take such advanced views as he does on the reform in question, but this charge could never be justly made against Mr. Flint. He was personally most popular with all parties at Ottawa.

It has been said with undoubted truth that no sketch of any man's life is complete without a word as to his wife, if he be married. Mr. Flint was married in 1874 to Mary E., daughter of T. B. Dane. The family was one enthusiastically devoted to music, and was one quite numerous enough and talented enough to give a complete concert by themselves. This they often did, devoting the proceeds to public or charitable objects. Mrs. Flint possesses a soprano voice of great strength and sweetness.

Percy St. Clair Hamilton.



CHAPTER V.—NAVAL AND OTHER ENGAGEMENTS IN 1812

FOR the purpose of completing the narrative of the events of the year 1812 it is now necessary to go back somewhat and relate the occurrences on Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, and the frontier from St. Regis to the head of Lake Champlain. When the war broke out the British force on Lake Ontario was stronger than that of the Americans, and had Sir George Prevost been endowed with correct military instincts he would have seen to it that this state of affairs continued. But he apparently did not understand that the safety of Canada depended on the naval ascendancy of the British on Lake Ontario; so the Americans, by greater diligence at the beginning of the war, were able to dispute the ascendancy, and occasionally wrest it from us, although fortunately not for long enough at any one time to produce a fatal result. In June, 1812, Commodore Earle, who commanded on the Lake, had five small vessels in his squadron, the *Royal George*, *Prince Regent*, *Earl of Moira*, *Simcoe*, and *Seneca*, mounting altogether about 50 guns, chiefly carronades and long sixes. This squadron formed no part of the Royal Navy; the vessels were undermanned, the men were untrained, and Earle himself was not a competent teacher. On the

29th of July, with this force, Earle undertook to capture the American armed brig *Oneida*, then lying at Sackett's Harbour, under the guns of a battery, but, after a cannonade which lasted for about an hour, hauled off without having suffered or inflicted any particular damage. The Americans, after this attack, displayed great vigour in the purchase, equipment, and construction of vessels for their fleet on Lake Ontario. Captain Isaac Chauncey was sent from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to superintend the work of forming a fleet, and before the end of the season he had accomplished much.

In the early summer, eight American schooners had been chased down the St. Lawrence, while attempting to escape from Ogdensburg, by a flotilla of boats manned by Canadians and commanded by one Jones. Two of the vessels were captured and burnt, and the remainder driven back to Ogdensburg. There, a few days after Earle's attack on Sackett's Harbour, they were joined by the armed schooner *Julia* from the latter place, with a large body of volunteers and a rifle corps. Their object was to protect the vessels until they could be armed and enabled to fight their way into the Lake; but the armistice which shortly followed

made this precaution unnecessary, and during it they made their way unmolested to Sackett's Harbour, where they were converted into vessels of war. They were named the *Hamilton*, *Scourge*, *Conquest*, *Tomkins*, *Growler*, and *Pert*. These, with the *Madison* and *Julia*, formed a powerful squadron, mounting 54 guns, 23 of them of heavy calibre, and manned by 500 sailors and marines. Some American writers try to make this squadron appear weaker than that of the British by stating that, exclusive of the *Oneida*, these vessels mounted only five guns each, but they dishonestly conceal the fact that 30 of the 38 guns they carried were long guns, that six of the vessels had a 32-pounder long gun on deck on a circle, so that it could be fired in any direction, and that the seventh had a 24-pounder mounted in a similar manner. The importance of this will be better understood when it is known that no frigate afloat at that time carried a long gun as heavy as a 32-pounder. The American squadron was greatly superior to the British for fighting purposes, and as a result of this preponderance, was able to blockade Earle in Kingston during the last three or four weeks of the season. Chauncey even ventured with his squadron to the mouth of Kingston Harbour, and undertook to attack the *Royal George* there, but he got such a warm reception from the batteries that he became convinced that discretion was the better part of valour, and retired with the loss of six or eight killed or wounded. The British suffered no loss whatever.

Turning once more to the military events of the year, we find General Dearborn, the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States in the Northern Department, with a large force of regulars and an unlimited number of militia at his disposal, with orders to capture Montreal. This city, from its situation at the head of ocean navigation, with very inadequate means of defence, and situated not more than 40 miles from the American frontier, seemed not only a most desirable prize to the invader, but one that might eas-

ily be gained. An American army could advance by way of Hudson River by the west side of Lake Champlain to Plattsburg and Rouse's Point, and be within striking distance of Montreal, without encountering an enemy. It was to provide against such an invasion as this that Sir George Prevost had been most anxious to guard, for he was never found wanting in energy when his own safety was involved. A line of posts was formed along the frontier of Lower Canada from Yamaska to St. Regis, consisting of Major De Salaberry's regiment of Canadian Voltigeurs and part of the embodied militia. At Lacadie, 25 miles from the frontier, a brigade of the regular and militia forces was formed, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Young, of the 8th Regt. It consisted of the flank companies of the 8th, 100th, and 103rd Regts., the Canadian Fencibles, the flank companies of the 1st battalion of embodied militia, and a detachment of Royal Artillery with six field-pieces. The road to the frontier was cut up and rendered difficult to an army by abattis formed by trees, so that any sudden irruption in that quarter was guarded against. The people in the Lower Province showed a zeal in the defence of their country which was very disheartening to those Americans who had hoped for a different result. In order to relieve the regulars and enable them to take the field at any moment, the militia of Quebec and Montreal did garrison duty, and continued it as long as the necessity for the employment of their services existed. In September a fifth battalion of militia, afterwards known as the Canadian Chasseurs, was embodied, principally from the Montreal militia. The North-West Company raised a corps of Voyageurs and the merchants and tradesmen of Montreal belonging to the 1st battalion of sedentary militia organized themselves into four companies of volunteers for garrison duty and field service, in case of emergency. But all these unusual efforts seemed to be necessary, for the enemy

was in formidable force upon the frontier. As early as the beginning of September, when the armistice was brought to an end, Brigadier-General Bloomfield had collected about 8,000 men at Plattsburg—regulars, volunteers, and militia—besides advanced parties at Chazy and Champlain. This American army, therefore, it will be seen, was the most formidable of any in point of numbers, and for that reason the most to be dreaded.

If there had been a master mind at the head of this strong force, which became still stronger before the end of the year, it certainly would have been heard from in connection with some important movement. But it seemed then, and also to a large extent throughout the war, as if the minds of the American commanders could not rise above the idea of a series of raids, which, however annoying they might be to the British, could have no influence whatever on the result of the contest. Of this character was the enterprise of Capt. Benjamin Forsyth against Gananoque on the St. Lawrence. This officer, with seventy of his own riflemen and thirty-four militia, crossed over from Cape Vincent on the night of the 20th of September, and landed a short distance west of the village, which they entered while the inhabitants were asleep. There were forty or fifty militia in the place, whom they encountered, and they succeeded in killing one man and taking four prisoners. Forsyth's party had one killed and one wounded. Perhaps to the British wounded should be added Mrs. Stone, wife of Colonel Stone, who was shot through the window by an American soldier as she lay on her bed. In Stone's house were found two kegs of fixed ammunition and a few muskets, which were carried off. In some American histories, this petty raid figures as a desperate conflict in which sixty British regulars were engaged, although there was not a regular within twenty miles of the place.

A more legitimate operation of war was the attempt of Adjutant D. W. Church to capture a number of British

bateaux, laden with stores, that were ascending the St. Lawrence in charge of Major Heathcote of the 49th Regt. A gunboat and Durham boat filled with men went down the river and encountered the British near Toussaint Island, but were beaten off with the loss of one killed and five wounded. The Durham boat was lost in the fight, and the gunboat also came near being taken. The expedition was a disastrous failure.

On the 4th of October Colonel Lethbridge, who commanded at Prescott, made an attempt upon the American fort at Ogdensburg. He took with him 340 men, of whom about half were militia, and embarked them in two gunboats and a number of bateaux. These were assailed in mid-channel by a heavy fire, and obliged to turn back with the loss of three men killed and four wounded. Ogdensburg was too strongly garrisoned at that time to be successfully assailed, for it was held by more than 1,200 men under General Brown.

On the 23rd of October a party of American militia numbering about 300, under command of Major Young, surprised the guard of the Indian village of St. Regis, which consisted of a detachment of the Canadian Voyageurs already referred to. Lieut. Rototte and seven others were killed and the remainder, 23 in number, captured. Montigny, the Indian agent, and the Catholic priest were also made prisoners. In this case there was no fighting, the guards were simply surrounded in their houses by ten times their numbers and shot down. The Americans in their plunderings found in the Indian agent's house a British flag, which that official was in the habit of displaying on Sundays and holidays, and this was heralded all over the United States as "the first flag taken during the war." Major Young not only had the impudence to represent this stolen piece of bunting as a regimental colour, but carried his audacity so far as to present it to the State of New York at a public ceremonial in the following January.



COL. ZEBULON PIKE, WHO COMMANDED THE UNITED STATES TROOPS AT LA COLLE, FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST HIMSELF

This St. Regis affair led to a speedy retaliation. Captain Tilden, one of the St. Regis heroes, commanded a company at French Mills. On the 23rd November, Lieut.-Col. McMillan with 140 men, half regulars and half militia, surprised this party, which took to a blockhouse, but, finding themselves surrounded, surrendered prisoners of war. Captain Tilden and the whole of his command, 43 in all, were taken, with 4 batteaux, 57 stand of arms and other spoil. An Indian interpreter named Gray, who had guided Young to St. Regis, was also captured and carried to Quebec where he died. As the sequel showed, the Americans would have done better to have missed this "colour" and left St. Regis, its priest and its flag alone, for most of the St. Regis Indians joined the British and did good service during the war.

While these petty operations were going on along the line of the St. Lawrence, General Dearborn's large army was inactive at Plattsburg. By the be-

ginning of November it numbered about 10,000 and of this force 5,700 were regulars. It was not until the sixteenth of that month that Dearborn made a forward movement. On that day with three thousand regulars he advanced almost to Odelltown, which is a short distance across the boundary line of Lower Canada. Major De Salaberry, who commanded the frontier posts, received early information of Dearborn's movement and strengthened the position of La Colle, which was six or seven miles from the American camp at Champlain, by two companies of Canadian Voltigeurs, three hundred Indians and a small body of militia volunteers from the neighbouring parishes. As an invasion was now considered certain, 1,900 men, consisting of 600 militia and 1,100 of the Eighth and Glengarry regiments, were sent across the St. Lawrence and marched to Laprairie, so as to be ready to meet the enemy from whatever quarter he might come.

These timely precautions turned out to be quite unnecessary. On the 30th November Col. Zebulon M. Pike, with 600 of his regulars, crossed the La Colle between three and four o'clock in the morning. The enemy was seen by the Captain of the day as he was making his rounds, and he heard them cocking their muskets in the woods. He had barely time to apprise the picket of their danger when the enemy surrounded the guard hut on every side, and discharged their pieces so close to it that they set the roof on fire. The militia and Indians escaped from the building without loss, but the Americans, who had divided into two parties, commenced firing on each other, each party being under the impression that the other was British. This singular contest was continued for about half an hour and no doubt prodigies of valour were performed. By the time they had discovered their mistake De Salaberry was upon them, and, as soon as he approached, Col. Zebulon Pike and his 600

regulars ran away in such haste that they left five of their number dead and five wounded on the field. These numbers and losses are given on American authority, but current report at the time placed the American force at more than double the figure named above. This display of stupidity ended the operations of Dearborn's army which had been so much dreaded. That General immediately returned to Plattsburg where three of the regiments of regulars went into winter quarters. Three others were sent to Burlington to winter; the artillery and dragoons went to Greenbush and the valiant militia were sent home, where by their own firesides they could relate the story of their heroic deeds on the Canadian frontier.

Although the main object of this history is to give a truthful account of the operations of the war in Canada, some notice of the engagements at sea, from which the Americans professed to derive a full equivalent in the way of consolation for their defeats on land, cannot be omitted. When the war commenced the United States possessed seven ships that were rated as frigates and a number of smaller vessels. As the plunder of the British merchant marine was one of the advantages which the Americans expected to derive from the war, they were naturally prepared to pounce upon their prey at a moment's notice. In June, 1812, Commodore Rodgers, with his flagship the *President* 44, *United States* 44, *Congress* 38, *Hornet* 18 and *Argus* 16 was waiting at New York ready to put to sea the moment he heard that war had been declared. On the 21st of June, within an hour of the time the news of the declaration of war reached him, he put to sea with his squadron. His object was the capture of the British homeward bound fleet which had left Jamaica some time before, convoyed by the frigate *Thalia* 36, and sloop *Reindeer* 18, and which, all unconscious of danger, was then proceeding northward somewhere in the latitude of New York. This promising scheme, by which Rodgers and his men hoped to be enriched, was spoiled in a

very unexpected fashion. When 36 hours from port the British frigate *Belvidera*, 36, Captain Richard Byron, was sighted. Capt. Byron had not heard of the declaration of war, and when he saw the squadron he stood towards it. But when he observed that three of the ships were frigates, and saw them suddenly take in their studding sails and haul up in chase of him, he suspected hostility and stood away, going north-east by east, the wind being fresh from the west. The chase lasted until midnight, the American vessels firing on the British frigate and shots being frequently exchanged between the *President's* bow guns and the *Belvidera's* stern chasers. The latter finally escaped and got into Halifax where she gave the first information of the war. The *President* lost 22 killed and wounded, sixteen of them by the bursting of a gun; the loss of the *Belvidera* was seven killed and wounded.

The first frigate action of the war was that between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* which took place on the 19th of August in lat. 41° 30' north and 55° west. As this contest was a type of



MAJOR DE SALABERRY, WHO COMMANDED THE CANADIANS AT LA COLLE

the three engagements in which Americans captured British frigates, it is proper to explain the causes of so singular a succession of defeats. At this time the British had 900 warships on the ocean, manned by 146,000 sailors and marines. The supplying of men for so prodigious a fleet out of the population of the British Islands, then much less than half what it is at present, was a most difficult task and impressment had to be resorted to. This system brought into the navy many good and also many worthless men, and even then did not provide a sufficient supply, for the British ships were nearly always short of their complement. Moreover, in consequence of the French fleets having almost disappeared from the ocean, and the exercise of a false economy on the part of the Government, gunnery practice was almost entirely neglected. The Americans, on the other hand, had no difficulty whatever in overmanning the few ships they sent to sea, and in their crews were many men who had been trained in the Royal Navy and had deserted from it.

But a more potent cause of the British defeats was the size, armament and power of the large American frigates as compared to the British ships they were matched against. The *Constitution*, *United States* and *President* were sister ships and were the largest and most powerful frigates afloat. The capture of the *President* by the British in 1814, gave them an opportunity of comparing her with frigates of the class encountered by her sister ships. These American frigates, in addition to their superior size, had timbers, planking and masts as stout as a British 74-gun ship. The *Constitution* when she fought the *Guerriere* carried 32 long 24-pounders and 22 short 32-pounders. Her broadside weight of metal was 736 pounds. The *Guerriere* carried 30 long 18-pounders, two long 12-pounders, 16 short 32-pounders and one long 18. The weight of her broadside was 556 pounds. The comparative force of the ships was as follows:—

	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Constitution	1,576	736 lbs.	456
Guerriere	1,338	556 "	272

Yet Lossing, the author of a book on the war of 1812, in the face of these figures, has the assurance to say that the contest was "not really an unequal one," and to add that the weight of the respective broadsides of the vessels "could not have varied very materially." Mr. Roosevelt, now the President of the United States, who has written a tolerably honest account of the naval operations of the war, admits that the disparity of force was as 10 to 7, that is to say that the American ship was superior by nearly one-half. The difference was really much more, as any candid reader can perceive, the *Constitution*, when weight of metal, number of men, size and staunchness are taken into account, being doubly superior to the *Guerriere*. The result might easily have been foreseen. After a stubborn battle which lasted a couple of hours, the British frigate was reduced to the condition of a defenceless hulk by being dismasted, and was compelled to surrender. She had lost seventy-nine men, of which twenty-three were killed or mortally wounded. The *Constitution* lost seven killed and seven wounded. The *Guerriere* was in a sinking condition when she struck her flag, and had to be set on fire and destroyed.

The two other frigate actions of the year, as regarded the force of the combatants, resembled that between the *Guerriere* and *Constitution*. The second in point of time was fought on the 25th of October in lat. 29° north and long. 29° 30' west. The combatants were the British frigate *Macedonian* and the American frigate *United States*. The comparative force of these vessels was as follows:

	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
United States	1,576	846 lbs.	478
Macedonian	1,325	547 "	301

Here the American vessel was superior by 59 per cent. in number of men, by 55 per cent. in weight of metal, and by 19 per cent. in tonnage, so that the American frigate was really more than double the force of the *Macedonian*, when all the elements of strength are

taken into account. After a contest which lasted an hour and a half, the British vessel was obliged to strike her colours, after losing her mizzen-mast, fore and main topmast, and most of her rigging. She had 43 of her crew killed and 61 wounded. The American ship lost six killed and five wounded.

The third and last action of the war, in which a British frigate was captured, was fought between the *Constitution* and *Java* on the 29th of December, in latitude $13^{\circ} 6'$ south and longitude 31° west. The *Constitution* had made a slight change in her armament since her battle with the *Guerriere* by leaving on shore two of her 32-pounder carronades. The following is a comparative statement of the force of the combatants :

	Tonnage.	Weight of Broadside.	Number of Men.
Constitution	1,576	704 lbs.	476
Java	1,340	576 "	377

The *Java* carried a number of supernumeraries, intended for other ships on the Bombay station, and her crew was a new one and wholly untrained. The odds against her were about 70 per cent., apparently not quite so much as they were against the *Guerriere* or *Macedonian*, but really more when the untrained condition of her crew is taken into account. The *Java* was desperately defended, and did not strike until she was a riddled and dismasted hulk. She lost in the two hours' engagement 48 killed and 102 wounded, and was so badly damaged that she had to be destroyed. The *Constitution* had 12 killed and 22 wounded.

In October the American 18-gun ship-sloop *Wasp* captured the British

18-gun brig-sloop *Frolic* in lat. 37° north, long. 65° west. The American vessel carried two long 12-pounders and 16 32-pound carronades. The broadside weight of metal of the *Wasp* was therefore slightly superior, and she had a crew of 135 men against 110 for the British vessel. The latter had lost her mainyard and sustained other damage in a gale, and therefore went into the action in a disabled condition. Nevertheless she was not surrendered until she had become totally unmanageable and had lost 90 of her crew, of whom 30 were killed outright. When the Americans boarded her the only unwounded man who stood on deck was the grim old tar at the wheel. Captain Whinyates and his lieutenant, Wintle, were both so severely hurt that they could not stand without support. The same day the British ship *Poictiers*, 74, recaptured both vessels. The *Wasp* had ten killed and wounded. Certainly the British lost no glory in this affair, which would probably have had a very different result had the *Frolic* been in a fit condition to meet an enemy. Mr. Roosevelt thinks the loss of the *Frolic's* mainyard was no detriment, as it had "merely converted her into a brigantine." On the same principle the loss of a ship's mizzen-mast would not impair her efficiency, as it would merely convert her into a brig. Suggestions of this sort can well be left to the reader's contempt.

This ends the story of the first year of the war, in which the Americans, in their land operations, had reaped nothing but disasters and humiliations. Four different attempts had been made to invade Canada, and all had failed.



CHAPTER VI.—THE OPENING EVENTS OF 1813

THE attempt of Hull on the Detroit frontier, which had been so disastrously defeated by the promptitude and energy of Brock, was but a part of the movement against the Western Peninsula. The people of Kentucky

and Indiana, as well as of Pennsylvania, were not behind those of Ohio in their eagerness to reap glory in an easily won campaign. Kentucky alone, before war was declared, had 5,500 militia and volunteers in the field,



A SERGEANT OF THE GRENADIER COMPANY OF THE 49TH REGT., PRESENT AT QUEENSTON—BROCK'S AND FITZGIBBON'S REGIMENT

which were intended to co-operate with Hull in the conquest of Canada. This number was increased to 7,000 in October, 1812, for Hull's surrender, while it was a humiliation to the people of the Union generally, filled the inhabitants of the Western States with terror. It caused the Indians to flock

to the British standard, and gave the frontier settlers reason to fear that they would seek a bloody revenge for the injuries they had received from the white men.

Before General Brock left Detroit he gave instructions to Colonel Procter to send Captain Muir with a detachment of regulars and Indians to reduce Fort Wayne, which at that time had a garrison of only 70 men. But this enterprise, which must have succeeded, was prevented by the receipt of orders from Sir George Prevost. The Governor-General expressed his desire that, although the armistice did not extend to General Hull's command, it should be acted upon by Colonel Procter. That officer was also instructed to refrain from every hostile act, and to restrain the Indians by every means in his power. After the armistice was ended, when Captain Muir advanced towards Fort Wayne, he found that post had been heavily reinforced and that General Winchester with 2,000 men was in the vicinity. Under these circumstances any attack had necessarily to be abandoned. He returned to Fort Defiance, at the junction of the Maumee and Au Glaize Rivers, intending to give battle there, but three-fourths of his Indians at this time deserted him, and he had to

retreat 20 miles farther down the Maumee. The Indians, who are unstable as children, had become disgusted with the restraint put upon them by the armistice, and they were alarmed by the reports of the mighty host that was coming against them from Kentucky and Ohio. For this state of affairs

Sir George Prevost was directly responsible, for there was no reason why he should have insisted on his lieutenants on the Detroit frontier observing an armistice that was not regarded by the enemy.

Governor Harrison of Indiana, "the hero of Tippecanoe," was appointed Commander-in-Chief of all the Kentucky forces. He was also made a Brigadier-General of the United States Army, and assigned to the command of the North Western Army, which, in addition to the rangers and troops in that quarter, consisted of the volunteers and militia of Kentucky and Ohio and 3,000 from Virginia and Pennsylvania, and made his whole force 10,000 men. His instructions were to provide for the defence of the frontiers and to retake Detroit with a view to the conquest of Canada. These instructions were received on the 24th September, but all that could be accomplished during the next three months was the destruction of a few Indian towns that had been deserted by their inhabitants, and the burning of their winter supply of provisions. This was the method the Government of the United States took to conciliate the Indians, and when the unfortunate red men retaliated after their own fashion, the American people were amazed and horrified. They did not seem to appreciate the fact that to turn an Indian family out of their own hut at the beginning of winter, and to destroy the food they had stored up for that inclement season, is equivalent to a sentence of death. It would have been more merciful to kill these poor people outright than to leave them to perish of hunger and cold.

Towards the end of December Harrison had about 7,000 infantry, and a body of cavalry and artillery, under his command in the Northwest. He had his headquarters at Sandusky, where he had collected an abundance of ammunition, stores and provisions for the invasion of Canada at Amherstburg. General Winchester, who commanded the left wing of the army, was on the Maumee about six miles below the Au

Glaize when he received a despatch from Harrison ordering him to press forward to the Rapids of the Maumee. He was directed to commence building huts, so that the British might be deceived into the belief that he intended to winter there; but at the same time he was to prepare sleds for an advance towards Amherstburg, but to conceal from his troops their intended use. Winchester was also informed that the different wings of the army would be concentrated at the Rapids, and would proceed from there against Amherstburg, as soon as the ice was found strong enough to bear them. Winchester had his entire army established at the Rapids on 10th January, 1813. A day after this he received a message from Frenchtown, on the Raisin River, asking him to send a force there as the inhabitants feared an attack by the Indians. He called a council of officers which decided that troops should be sent to Frenchtown, and Colonel Lewis, with 550 regulars and Kentucky Volunteers, was entrusted with this duty. Lewis started for Frenchtown, which was 35 miles distant, on the morning of the 17th January, and he had not been gone many hours when a reinforcement of 110 men under Colonel Allen was sent after him. Lewis had instructions to attack and beat "the enemy," and to seize Frenchtown and hold it.

Frenchtown, which contained at that time 150 inhabitants, was held by 36 men of the Essex Militia under Major Reynolds. They had with them a three-pounder and were accompanied by a band of 200 Indians. This force was encountered by Colonel Lewis at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th and attacked. The American accounts of this affair are very absurd, for they magnify the little force of Canadian Militia nearly tenfold, and give detailed accounts of desperate charges and counter charges which never took place. The truth was that Major Reynolds, after resisting the enemy as long as he could, and inflicting as much damage upon them as possible, retired to Brownstown, 18 miles from the

scene of action. He had one militia-man and three Indians killed; the Americans, by their own account, had 12 killed and 55 wounded.

Colonel Lewis encamped at Frenchtown and sent to Winchester for reinforcements. The news of his affair with Major Reynolds' detachment, which was magnified into a great victory, made Winchester's Kentucky soldiers fairly wild with excitement. To quote an American writer:—"All were eager to press northward, not doubting that the victory at the Raisin was the harbinger of continued success until Detroit and Amherstburg should be in possession of the Americans." Winchester, who was not well pleased at Harrison being placed over him, was anxious to bring on an engagement before his superior could reach him. He hastened to Frenchtown with a reinforcement, which brought up the strength of the army there to 1,000 men, encamping on the right of Lewis's forces on the evening of the 20th of January.

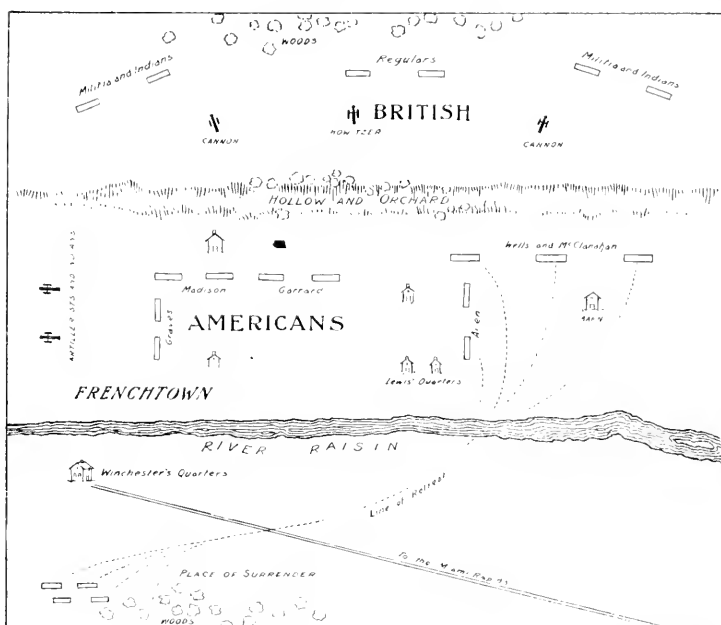
The moment Colonel Procter heard of the occupation of Frenchtown by the Americans, he set out from Amherstburg with all his available force. This, when joined to the detachment at Brownstown, comprised about 500 white troops and 450 Indians. The former consisted of 140 rank and file of the 41st, 40 of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, a few men of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, enough artillery to serve the 3-pounders and a 5½-inch howitzer, a number of Canadian sailors, and parts of the 1st and 2nd Essex Militia. This was the army which General Winchester in his report calls "greatly superior in numbers." Between four and five o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of January, Procter attacked the United States camp. The weather was severe so that no pickets were posted far in advance on the roads, and Procter's sudden assault was almost a surprise. The United States right was fiercely assailed and driven in until the troops in that part of the field gave way entirely, and fled to the farther side of the Au Raisin River, where they sought the

shelter of the woods. But there was no safety for them there, for the Indians, who had gained their flank and rear, cut them down. The slaughter was great, for the Red men who had seen their houses and provisions destroyed by Winchester's men, could hardly be restrained. General Winchester, who was with this section of the army, was taken prisoner, as was Colonel Lewis who led the advance to Frenchtown. The left and centre of the American army were posted in a picketed camp which afforded a strong defensive position. This was attacked by the British regulars, but the Americans, who dreaded the vengeance of the Indians, defended themselves with the courage of despair. Colonel Procter, anxious to stay the further effusion of blood, told General Winchester, to quote the language of the latter in his official report, "that he would afford them an opportunity of surrendering as prisoners of war." The American General accepted this offer and sent a flag to his beleaguered men ordering them to surrender, which they did. It was impossible for them to have escaped, and had their resistance been prolonged it would have been difficult to protect them from the Indians.

In this affair the British loss was very heavy, amounting to 24 killed and 158 wounded, a full third of the number of white troops engaged. Of this loss 38 fell on the Canadian Militia and sailors. Of the small detachment of the 41st present, 15 were killed and 97 wounded, and the losses of the few men of the Newfoundland Regiment engaged, were equally severe, amounting to 19 killed or wounded. Eleven British and Canadian officers were wounded, one of them, Ensign Kerr of the Newfoundland Regt., mortally. The American army was entirely annihilated, and of the whole force of about 1,000, only 33 escaped. The killed and missing numbered 397, the wounded 25 and the prisoners, wounded and unwounded, 536. The total loss was, therefore, 958. These figures are from American authority and are, no doubt, correct. The force thus destroyed com-

prised the greater part of Col. Wells' 17th United States Regt. of infantry, the 1st and 5th Regts. of Kentucky infantry, and Col. Allen's Kentucky Rifle Regt. The day of the Raisin was a dark and bloody day for Kentucky, and hundreds of its homes were in mourning, for many a youth who went from his father's house with a light heart in search of glory, was buried in an unknown grave.

Colonel Procter had now fewer white troops left than the number of his prisoners, and there were rumors that General Harrison was approaching with the other wing of the army of the Northwest. For these reasons, and also because he wished to put his captives in a place of safety, he set out on his return to Amherstburg on the day of the battle, taking all the prisoners with him that could be moved, and also the main body of Indians. A few wounded prisoners had to be left behind until a conveyance could be sent for them. They were placed in charge of Major Reynolds and the interpreters of the Indian Department, and two of their own surgeons were left with them. On the following day a report that was current of the approach of Harrison caused some of the guards to desert the wounded prisoners, and a few of the latter were killed by straggling Indians who were looking for some person to be revenged



THE BATTLE OF FRENCHTOWN

Frenchtown, in what is now the State of Michigan, was a small village containing 150 people. The British garrison of 36 regulars were driven out of the village on the 18th of January, 1813. Hearing of this, Colonel Procter marched from Malden to recapture it. He attacked the United States camp on the 22nd, and inflicted a severe defeat on the enemy under General Winchester.

on for the destruction of their own homes. This unfortunate affair for which Procter was certainly not to blame, has given unscrupulous authors like Lossing an opportunity of writing violent tirades against the British and the people of Canada. According to these writers the deaths of the men thus slain were deliberately planned by Procter, who by the same authority is denounced as a coward. There was certainly nothing of the latter shown in his prompt attack on the superior army of Winchester, but that, perhaps, is as good a name as any to throw at a British officer whom some Americans can never forgive because he defeated them, cutting to pieces or capturing their entire army, and adding another to the list of British triumphs.

Among those who lost their lives was Captain Hart, a Kentucky volunteer officer whose wife was the sister of Henry Clay. This fact, no doubt,

had a good deal to do with the violence of the American press in dealing with the Frenchtown affair. Captain Hart was in a place of safety at the house of a Frenchman in charge of a friendly Pattawatomie Chief. There he might have remained without molestation, but he became so much alarmed that he offered the Chief \$100 to convey him to Malden. Hart was placed on a horse and was passing through a village when a Wyandotte Indian came out and claimed Hart as his prisoner. The Pattawatomie attempted to defend Hart but was overpowered, and the American was shot and scalped. As Henry Clay was so powerful and eager an advocate of the war that he may be fairly regarded as its author, it is somewhat remarkable that his own brother-in-law should have been one of its first victims. Mrs. Clay must have been something more than human if she did not occasionally remind the gifted Henry that but for him her brother would have been living. Capt. Hart was not a military man but a prosperous merchant, and there was no special reason why he should engage in the invasion of Canada. Men who undertake such warlike enterprises must be prepared to face their risks.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the Indians cannot be taught to appreciate the beauties of the rules of civilized warfare, for, being children of Nature, they think the right way to deal with an enemy is to kill him and be done with him for good and all. Yet in their dealings with the Americans in the war of 1812, they were far more merciful than the latter were to them. They took prisoners and spared the lives of the wounded, although the Americans never took any Indian prisoners, but killed and scalped all who fell into their hands. The spirit of the Americans towards the Indians is shown by Hull's proclamation in which he said:—"No white man fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner—instant destruction will be his lot." It is shown also by General Smyth's address to the "Army of the Centre," in which he informed his soldiers that he would order

"forty dollars to be paid for the arms and spoils of each savage warrior—who shall be killed." This is simply rewarding his men for giving no quarter to the Indians, and the latter doubtless thought that it was proper to reciprocate in kind. That they did not do so, but spared Americans wounded and prisoners, was due to the influence of the British commanders whose only reward for their leniency has been the violent abuse of every hack writer from the time of the war down to the present day. Instead of assailing Procter, American writers should honour his memory, as but for him not one of the Kentuckians who were defeated at the Raisin would have escaped; the Indians were bent on their destruction.

The defeat of Winchester completely deranged Harrison's plans of invasion and put an end to further offensive movements until more troops could be brought into the field. The American general retired to the Rapids of the Maumee, where, on the high ground on the right bank of the river, he established a fortified camp, which, in honour of the Governor of Ohio, was named Fort Meigs. Before spring it had become a regular fortification, covering about eight acres of ground and mounting 18 guns, chiefly 18 and 12-pounders. From this point Harrison was able to keep open communication with Ohio and Kentucky, and to operate against Detroit and Malden.

As Procter had information that Harrison was to be heavily reinforced in the spring with a view to the invasion of Canada, he deemed it advisable to attack Fort Meigs before the American force had become too powerful. Accordingly on the 23rd of April, 1813, he embarked at Amherstburg with 461 rank and file of the regular troops, comprising 27 of the Royal Artillery, five of the 10th Veteran Battalion, 374 of the 41st Regt., and 55 of the Newfoundland Regt. and also 406 rank and file of the militia. The whole number of white troops, including staff and other officers, was 983, and they were accompanied by 1,200 Indians under Tecumseh. Fort

Meigs had at this time a garrison of 1,300 men, consisting of two regiments of regulars besides volunteers from Kentucky and Ohio. They were under the command of General Harrison, and reinforcements were daily expected from Kentucky, under General Green Clay, which would make Harrison's army far stronger than that of Procter, Indians included.

Procter, who had been made a Brigadier-General for his Frenchtown victory, reached the vicinity of Fort Meigs with his little army on the 28th of April, and batteries were at once commenced on the opposite side of the river. Rain delayed the work, but on the first of May two 24-pounders, three 12-pounders, an 8-inch howitzer and two 5½-inch mortars were mounted and opened fire on the fort. Very little damage was done, however, as a traverse had been erected by the besieged which protected its front. On the following day another battery of three 12-pounders opened on the fort. The same night a detachment of British crossed the river and mounted two 6-pounders and a 5½-inch mortar on the south side of the Maumee behind Fort Meigs. That place had been so completely protected by traverses of earth that the fire of the batteries produced but little effect, the guns, with the exception of the 24-pounders, not being heavy enough to make much impression on earthworks.

On the evening of the 3rd, General Clay was at the head of the Rapids of the Maumee with a reinforcement of 1,300 men from Kentucky, who were embarked in 18 large scows with shields on their sides to protect them against the bullets of the Indians. Harrison received the news of Clay's approach on the evening of the 4th, and at once sent out one of his officers, Captain Hamilton, in a canoe to meet Clay and direct him as to the plan of operations he was to adopt. Clay was to land 800 of his men on the north side of the river at a point a mile and a half above the British batteries opposite Fort Meigs. These

batteries were to be taken, the cannon spiked and the carriages destroyed, and then the troops were to return to their boats and cross to Fort Meigs. The rest of Clay's command were to land on the south side of the Maumee and march directly to the fort. Harrison then intended to make a sortie, destroy the British batteries in the rear of the fort and disperse or capture all the British on the south side of the river. The American general was very sanguine of the success of this fine plan and, as he had been stimulating the courage of his troops with a series of stirring addresses, it was to be presumed that they would not fail him. In one of these he said to them, "Should we encounter the enemy, remember the fate of your butchered brothers at the River Raisin—that British treachery produced that slaughter." This sounded very much like an invitation to grant the British no quarter. In another Napoleonic general order he said: "Can the citizens of a free country who have taken arms to defend its rights, think of submitting to an army composed of mercenary soldiers, reluctant Canadians, goaded to the field by the bayonet, and of wretched naked savages?" This Bobadil general should have known that the only troops who during the war had to be "goaded to the field by the bayonet"—were the American regulars and militia, as witness the orders of Colonel Miller before the battle of Maguaga, of Colonel Van Rensselaer at Queenstown, and of General Wilkinson at La Colle. General Harrison had the modesty to say at the conclusion of this general order that, although he did not presume to compare himself to the "immortal Wayne" he boasted of being "that hero's pupil."

On the morning of the 5th of May General Clay's army reached the vicinity of the fort, and Colonel Dudley with 866 men landed on the north side of the Maumee at a place pointed out by Captain Hamilton. They ascended to the plain unobserved by the British and marched straight to the batteries which were manned by only a few gun-

ners. Dudley's men got behind the guns and captured and spiked them without any loss, the main body of the British being at the camp a mile and a half down the river. Dudley now left the larger part of his force under Major Shelby in the captured batteries, and with the remainder advanced against a body of Indians in rear of the fort who had attacked some of his riflemen. Shelby was soon assailed by two companies of the 41st and a company of militia, the whole numbering less than 200 rank and file. This gallant little force, which was led by Captain Muir of the 41st, speedily recaptured the batteries, driving the American troops before them and making most of them prisoners. Harrison's Kentucky heroes, "citizens of a free country," were not able to stand for an instant before Muir's "mercenary soldiers and reluctant Canadians," Dudley was not more fortunate than Shelby had been; he was drawn into an ambuscade by the Indians, and the whole of his command cut to pieces. Dudley himself was killed, and of the 866 men who had landed with him only 150 escaped.

The remainder of Clay's force, consisting of about 450 men, landed on the south side of the river, and reached the fort after a sharp skirmish with the Indians. General Harrison ordered a sortie to be made by 350 men, nearly all regulars, under Colonel John Miller, of the 19th United States Regt. These fell upon one of the British batteries, which was defended by the two flank companies of the 41st Regt., numbering 130 rank and file, under Captain Bullock. The small British force was defeated, the battery captured, and the gun, a six-pounder, spiked, 40 men of the 41st, including two lieutenants and a sergeant being made prisoners. Colonel Miller did not enjoy his triumph long. At this moment two companies of militia, numbering 130 rank and file, advanced with 300 Indians. These, with the help of the remnant of the 41st, instantly recaptured the cannon and drove the Americans back into Fort Meigs.

The total loss of the British and Canadians in this affair was 14 killed, 47 wounded and 40 made prisoners. Captain Bandy, of the militia, was wounded mortally and died on the day of the battle. The Americans acknowledged a loss of 81 killed, 270 wounded, and 485 of them were made prisoners, making a total loss of 836. Of this number 696 were lost under Dudley on the north side of the river, 87 in Clay's advance to the fort on the south side of the Maumee, and 53 in the sortie. Of General Clay's reinforcement of 1,300 men only about 500 got into Fort Meigs, yet even this limited accession of strength gave Harrison a total of more than 1,700 men, or more than double the number of Procter's white troops. This fact, and other circumstances over which he had no control, made it necessary for General Procter to raise the siege of Fort Meigs. The militia desired to go home to put in their crops, and the Indian chiefs sent him a deputation counselling him to return, as they could not prevent their people, as was their custom after a battle, returning to their villages with their wounded and their plunder, of which they had taken a considerable quantity from the boats of the enemy. "Before the ordnance could be drawn from the batteries," says Procter in his despatch, "I was left with Tecumseh and less than 20 chiefs and warriors, a circumstance which strongly proves that, under present circumstances at least, an Indian force is not a disposable one or permanent, though occasionally a most powerful aid." Procter was destined to experience the truth of this observation still more pointedly at a later period.

The British General withdrew his force from Fort Meigs on May the 9th, taking with him all his cannon and stores of every kind, and leaving absolutely nothing behind. Lossing attempts to convey a false impression to the minds of his readers by saying that "Procter attempted to bear away from his batteries his unharmed cannon, but a few shots from Fort Meigs made him with-

draw speedily." Here, without absolutely stating it and telling a direct falsehood, Lossing leads the reader to believe that Procter's cannon were left behind, the truth being, as that General states in his despatch: "I have, however, brought off all my ordnance; and, indeed, have not left anything behind. Part of the ordnance was embarked under the fire of the enemy." The American General had not the courage to interfere with Procter's de-

parture, except by an ineffectual fire from his cannon. The British retorted in kind, and the last shot they fired from one of their vessels killed half-a-dozen of the soldiers in the fort; with this emphatic farewell they sailed away. Procter had failed to capture Fort Meigs; but he had so demoralized the enemy that they were effectually prevented from engaging in a spring campaign against Detroit.

TO BE CONTINUED

PRECISE JUSTICE

By E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," etc.



ANDREW GEMMILL left the Lanark County Fair in a cold rage because Rab Young's bull had won the first prize of thirty dollars and the blue ribbon. Time and again as Andrew drove home with his wife through the pleasant, cool September weather of the Ottawa Valley, he muttered aloud, "Ay, yon's the end 'twixt Rab and me!"

And as often Janet replied, "Think well, man. Think well first."

If she had persisted to the last in this judicious counsel, the events which I have to relate might not have occurred. But in getting down from the spring waggon at her own back door, she seemed to disclose a wish to do for her husband some of the thinking that she suggested to him.

"Us and them's been thick since twenty years before ever there was a Lanark County Fair," she remarked.

"Woman, have ye no pride in ye? And yourself taking notice of the leer of him at me when yon daft judges put the blue ribbon on his creature."

"Me? I said no word like leer. 'See the smile on auld Rab,' says I to you. And why should he no smile?"

"At me? Me that sold him the creature as a two weeks' cawf for bare four dollars!"

Janet knew she had said too much already, and she regretted that she had not thought to flatter her husband about his breeding of Rab's prize bull. So she choked down her desire to remind Andrew that he had, when selling the calf to Rab, entertained strong doubt of its surviving.

The dam had died at the calf's birth, and no other milky mother of the fine Gemmill herd was at the right stage to be deceived into adopting him. He had not seemed to thrive on nutriment taken by sucking human fingers submerged in warm milk. It was not until Rab Young had bought the calf and succeeded in inducing his adoption by a cow that had just lost her own two weeks' old infant that the little bull had begun to reflect honour on his progenitors.

Without mentioning these galling facts, Janet was waddling silently into the farmhouse when her husband called after her fiercely: "Ay, woman, it's the end of all! In the morn I'll go in to Perth for Crummell."

Janet threw up her hands in despair.

Andrew's tone put his resolution beyond doubt. He would employ Cromwell, the surveyor, to run his eastern sideline, that between his farm, Burnside, and Rab Young's farm, Kilspindie.

This was what Janet had long feared, for she surmised Andrew's suspicion that the line fence lay all on his side, instead of zigzagging equally on his and Rab Young's. The suspicion had begun when Cromwell's survey of Andrew's western boundary had given him a gore or triangle of twelve foot base and half a mile long, that had previously been fenced in by his western neighbour, Jock Scott.

This suspicion had hardened to conviction before Rab Young's Gemmil-bred bull captured the blue ribbon, which for eight previous years had always been taken by some of Andrew's bulls. Yet up to the moment of the judges' award, Andrew had felt that he and Janet could not risk a breach of friendship with Rab and Nannie Young—no, not for twice the land involved!

Jock Scott had bitterly resented the Cromwell survey, more especially after he had brought a rival surveyor, young Brabazon, "all the way from Ottawa to go over Cromwell," and had gained nothing for his money except the confirmation of Cromwell's accuracy. On that occasion Andrew's bearing had not pleased anybody in the Scotch Settlement.

"Didn't I tell ye, Jock?" he had exulted before all the neighbours. "Man alive, I tell't ye that Crummell ran a true astronomic line by the right ascension of Poolaris; ay, and he tell't ye himself! Him? Crummell was never the surveyor that anyother could fault."

Then Andrew, in the name of "precise justice," had formally notified Jock to remove the fence from "Burnside" land, and from that day forth the Gemmills and Scotts were no longer neighbours.

When the settlement learned that Andrew had again gone into Perth for Cromwell, all foresaw as clearly as Janet that the long friendship of the

Gemmills and Youngs was in jeopardy

"It's a peety!" was the general comment. "But what else could come after Rab taking the thirty-dollar prize with Andrew's ain cow's cawf?"

"Ay, and mair than that," was added. "Wasna it Andrew himself at the director's meeting of the fair that pushed up Peter Frazer to move that the first-prize Durham bull should get thirty dollars this year, when only twenty was the prize of old? And Andrew himself seconded the motion, and him sure he must win the money. Nae wonder he's sore vexed at Rab pouching it! Ou, aye, Andrew's a human-like body."

"I'm noways sure but what he will be worse vexed after he brings out Crummell this time," squeaked the schoolmaster.

"Vexed? What for?"

"What for no? It's like enough that the old side-lines were nigh to parallel. Andrew's got it into his head that Crummell is his own man, but he's a sworn surveyor, and must do precise justice. And if he moved Andrew's western side-line west over on Jock Scott, what more like than he will move the eastern side-line west?"

"Over onto Andrew himself!"

"I'm no predicting anything. It's possible. That's all I'm saying," for he was a cautious schoolmaster.

"Ma conscience, but that would put Andrew clean out of his senses!" It was spoken not without sympathy, for the Scotch Settlement knew things about Andrew Gemmill that more than offset his fits of "nearness" and petulance.

Great was the curiosity in the settlement when the schoolmaster's view was bruited about, and great the gathering about Cromwell's theodolite on the Wednesday when he came to run the line between the farms of Burnside and Kilspindie.

When the surveyor had measured the angle and peered through his telescope, he looked a trifle more serious than before, and called Andrew to the instrument.

"You will lose land," said Crom-

well, indicating the direction of the telescope.

"Me? How can that be?" Andrew stooped and squinted at the line of the glass.

"It's so. The fence is on Rab's land about as far as Jock Scott's fence was on your's."

Andrew gaped, staring about the wide three-quarter circle of neighbours, who had already suspected the truth, those standing right behind the telescope having sighted from their distance along its line. Just then Rab Young, already beginning to be called "auld Rab," came forward to Andrew with a good-natured visage.

"I'm well contented with the old line, Andrew, man," said he. "If you're willing, we'll even let the old fence stand where it is. What if I have a bit of your land or you have a bit of mine? It's a trifle onyhow—not worth the moving of the old fence."

But Andrew's heart was stony—he to be cutting a ridiculous figure when he had hoped to be in a position to show *his* magnanimity!

"It's a fine offer of ye, Mr. Young," he said. "And a douce, good-natured, magnanimous body the settlement will see in ye. But we will see what we will see, and the surveyor can run off the line and earn his money. Maybe he'll be giving ye a strip of Burnside and maybe he'll be giving me a strip of what ye'd thocht was Kilspindie. Yourself maybe thinking ye can take land off of me as easy as your bull of my own breeding took the blue ribbon. It's a great man ye're getting to be, Mr. Young, making naught of arable as ye do. But there's more surveyors than Mr. Crummell in Canada, I'm thinking.

"And I'm able to pay for precise justice," he went on, hotly; "me that's wanting no better, nor never did!"

So the imperturbable Cromwell ran the line, took his two days' pay, with travelling expenses, and departed for Perth, having allotted to Rab a gore or triangle of half a mile long and some fourteen feet at the base. Then the settlement solemnly awaited for a week

the next development of human nature in Andrew.

"He'll be scorning the thought of bringing young Brabazon to go over Crummell," said the schoolmaster. "It's Wilson all the way from Toronto he'll be for this time, I'm thinking."

And once more the dominie's prophetic powers were proved. When Wilson had confirmed Cromwell's work "as abjectly," said Andrew to Janet, as Brabazon had confirmed it before, then the settlement fell into complete puzzlement as to what Andrew would do next.

"I'm fearin' there'll be great law play betwixt him and Rab," said Janet, meeting the schoolmaster on the road some days after Wilson had gone back to Toronto with fifty dollars of Andrew's cash.

"Is it Andrew that says so, Mistress Gemmill?"

"Na, not a word has he tell't me of what he's glowering over all the time. But I'm fearin'."

"I'm thinking ye needna fear law play. There can be no lawin' if there's no ground for a suit. Bab says he'll never take possession of the gore. And how can Andrew get Rab sued to make him take land that he's not wishful to take? Na, na, Mistress Gemmill. But there'll be worse than law play, I'm thinking, maybe."

"Dominie! How could that be?"

The schoolmaster scratched his head and looked extremely bewildered. What could Andrew do with Rab? The dominie thought that what puzzled his wits must quite disorder Andrew's. But he could not say that to Andrew's wife, and the effect of his dark words was to send her speedily home and thence out to the cedar swamp, where she found Andrew and his two hired men making posts and splitting rails.

"Andrew, my own mannie," said Janet, tearfully, after he had gone with her beyond the men's hearing, "I just canna endure it longer. What's the awfu' thing ye will be going to do to puir auld Rab, and him never done ye a stroke of ill-will in all your born days?"

"Poor, silly woman, what fule's been talkin' to ye?"

"The dominie."

"Him? The creature looks into his ain heart, and I'm feared it's black by what he thinks he sees in mine."

"And ye mean Rab no harm?"

"I'll tell ye nae thing—neither yes, no, nor perhaps. Go back to your kitchen, woman! When I consider of ye, and of me that's living with ye twenty-two years come May, and of ye kenning the soul of me no better than ye do, I'll be doubting but maybe the Mohommedan was no far wrong in holding weemen to be without souls themselves for the dealings of eternity."

"Ah, well," said Janet, relieved by something in his tone, "I'm fine and pleased ye are in no doubt about eternity and having a soul to save your ain self," and away she went toward home.

Another week passed by before the settlement found that Andrew's teams were rapidly transporting post and rails to the line between Burnside and Kilspindie. A new fence! Then of course Andrew intended to put it on the old line in place of the old fence. He meant to take auld Rab at his word, who had said over and over again, "I never will claim the gore."

And was this Andrew's "precise justice?" He would keep Rab's land with Rab's consent! Not so kindly had Andrew dealt with Jack Scott! And of Andrew and Rab a new opinion began to form, an opinion less favourable to Andrew and even more favourable to Rab than had been entertained by the settlement before.

It was still not a hardened opinion when Andrew destroyed it by beginning to build the new post and rail fence straight on the new Cromwell-Wilson line.

Its completion would set between the two fine farms a narrow gore, useless while fenced on both sides.

No sooner had Andrew fairly begun the new fence than Rab came nigh, in hope that his life-long friend would give some sign of amity. As he saw none, Rab came nearer.

"Burnside, it's mair than justice

ye're doing," he said, giving Andrew the name of his farm as a territorial title, a bit of subtle flattery signifying that he was addressed as a laird. "I'm thinking myself should be at half the charges of the grand new fence," concluded Rab.

"For your good opeenion I'm thankin' ye, Mr. Robert Young, but him that bred ye yon blue-ribbon bull was aye able to pay for his ain undertakings. And I'm no dune with ye yet, ye'll see!"

Had he responded by calling Rab "Kilspindie," his farm's name, Rab would have felt that his advances were taken in good part; but the "Mr. Robert Young," the reference to the bull, and the apparent threat deepened the gulf. Rab walked away in some dudgeon, the more so as he was conscious that opinion in the settlement was turning to something like admiration for the costly rectitude of Andrew, which, so the schoolmaster told Janet, was regarded as "a maist improvin' exawmple of the innate justice of the Scottish mind."

Rab knew how curiously human sentiments shift, and he rather suspected that the settlement would soon be entertaining a vague notion that he had ill-used Andrew. The effusive rectitude of his opponent was beginning to make him feel like a good fellow wronged.

So things remained for a week or more after the new fence had been completed, and then auld Rab's wife, Nannie, surprised him by a most unexpected communication.

"Janet Gemmill was with me the day," said Nannie.

"Janet! With her man's consent?"

"I'm doubtful. It was on the queen's highway I met her, and nothing would do the poor body but I should go aside among the bushes and hear to the word in her mouth. Andrew's no done with ye yet, she says."

"What now?" asked Rab, angrily.

"He wants to pass over your land for a day or two."

"Did I ever bar him?" cried the farmer.

"But you have the power to deal with it as trespass."

"Trespass! Ma conscience! Who ever heard the like in Lanark County? Was she asking ye to get my word that I'd no sue him for trespass?"

"Nay. What's bothering him is that he will take no favours from ye, but wants to pass over yere land as a matter of his ain right."

"The name of sense, woman, what are ye sayin'?"

"He'll be for taking away the old fence, and running plough and harrow over the gore so it will be fit for yere seeding."

"The creature's clean daft!"

"Na. Janet says, and she's aye weepin' over it, that he's possessed, no less, with the whim to show himself the very figure of precise justice, and maybe mair."

"He'd be heaping coals of fire on my head before the settlement, eh?"

"Janet says that's no his idea exactly. He's had a strip of your land this eighteen year back, and he's thinking precise justice is that he shall give it back to ye cumbered with no fence and ploughed and harrowed."

"That's no the way Jock Scott gave back Andrew's gore."

"Nay; but is Andrew Gemmill the man to be contentit unless he's seen' himself a fine exawmple alongside of Jock?"

"Ou, I see! It's Jock he means to read a lesson! 'Deed, then, he just sha'n't! I'll no consent to his trespass, and I'll never claim the gore—ye can tell Janet that."

"But he's no asking yere consent. He's been in to Perth asking Judge Malloch if himself has not the right to do ye precise justice, let you deal as you may."

"And what did Malloch tell him?"

"He tell't nae word of it to Janet."

"Na, for Malloch would tell him he was a plain fule."

"Janet's thinking that's it. But he's set, all the same, to make ye take the gore intil Kilspindie."

"Then I'm set no less. I'll no take the gore. If he ventures on my land

I'll have the law on him. Ye can tell Janet that."

"Take pity on her, Rab. The poor body's nigh distracted."

But for once auld Rab hardened his heart against Nannie's pleadings, so she had to tell Janet of her man's decision. When Janet related this to Andrew a queer gleam came into his eyes.

"He'll take the law on me, will he? Then he'll be claiming the gore," he said exultantly.

In the dead hour of that very night, when all the Youngs were asleep, Andrew went on the gore with his men and teams, removed the old fence, piled it, to the last rail, on Rab's pasture, and ploughed and harrowed the debatable strip.

The next morning while Rob was at breakfast, one of Andrew's hired men came with this note:

To Mr. Robert Young of Kilspindie.

Sir: If you will take the trouble to cast your eye on the gore the two surveyors gave you, you will see it in fair order, considering the difficulties of tillage by moonlight. I'm hoping you will find the rails piled convenient to your use. It was myself that committed the trespass necessary to precise justice, and I'll bide your suit at law with pleasure. Bring it, and you'll be claiming the gore to my heart's wish, and clean against your pledge. If you do not bring it, I'm giving ye the land in fine shape, to the satisfaction of my feelings. And whatever ye do, the settlement will not fail to see that I used your fine, blue ribbon and all notwithstanding. Never your ill-wisher.

Andrew Gemmill of Burnside.

Auld Rab laid the letter on the breakfast-table and stared at it. He felt completely trapped. The settlement would think him crazy with hatred if he should bring suit for trespass against Andrew, and moreover Judge Malloch would laugh the case out of court. If he should not bring an action for trespass he would break his vow, which he had made to more than his wife.

He thought of putting back the old fence, but saw that to do so would make the settlement laugh at him as a man sulky under the generosity of Andrew. Auld Rab was in a sore quandary until he discussed the situation

with Nannie, who knew Andrew's weak side better than Janet herself did. With Nannie's counsel in his ear, auld Rab put on his hat and walked straight across the gore to where Andrew was harrowing for fall wheat.

"Burnside," said Rab, "ye've clean beat me. My wits is but wool compared with the inside of your head. And for precise justice King Solomon himself was na mair than your equal. I canna but seed the land ye've given me all ready for seedin'. And mair magnanimous-minded than ye've proved yerself how could ony be, unless maybe your ain self by takin' the hand that's extendit to ye in admiration for your pairts and for the sake of the old friendship, if ye'll honour me with it once mair?"

"Kilspindie," said Andrew, quite melted by this flattery of Nannie's prescription, "ye're a decent, honest man of some perception, and it's no disgrace to ony if God has made him with wits a wee thick on some points. There's my hand; and with it I'm forgivin' ye about the cawf."

And so Nannie's sly counsel healed the breach. To this day the Scotch Settlement gravely discusses the question whether Andrew's magnanimity or Rab's was the greater, always with a leaning to the opinion that Rab showed himself "an auld-farrant chiel," and had a trifle the best of it.

"Not but what Andrew Gemmill gave a grand exawmple of the innate Scottish sense of precise justice," the dominie, now very old, continues to say.

DR. DOROTHY TREHERNE

AN EASTER LOVE STORY

By Jean Blewett



HE name ran in big gilt letters across the plate-glass window. It also, with all the added flourishes the local artist could bestow, garlanded the lamp hanging outside the office door:

"DR. DOROTHY TREHERNE."

The brown-eyed, brown-haired slip of a girl who was owner of the name, and of the office (opened that very day in a thriving Canadian town), spelled out the name, ticking each letter off on a slim forefinger.

"It's enough to make the dead and gone Dorothy Trehernes, grandmother, great-grandmother, and the spinster aunts, turn in their graves, Lesley." She smiled down on the child stretched out on the rug before the grate, but got no smile in return. Lesley, whose

imagination was a vivid one, was busily picturing all these dames making evolutions in their coffins. Ugh! She drew a little closer to the pretty young woman.

"Aren't you glad you're a doctor, a really doctor?" she asked, at length. "Then, if you are," in answer to the other's emphatic nod, "what makes you turn up your nose at that?" pointing to the window.

"My name is on the bill-board, first appearance before the public. I am wondering how I'll take. It's either bouquets or hisses, and so—" she broke off with a sigh.

"But you are not going to act in a play," argued the child.

"Yes, I am. Behold in me," rising and curtsying low, "the leading lady in that most realistic drama, 'Earning Her Bread and Butter.'"

"Your picture should go in the

window too," laughed Lesley. "What am I?"

"You? Oh, you're the angel of the wings, Little One."

"The angel with the wings, you mean." "Little One" pushed back her yellow curls and waited for applause. She often said smart things to sister, but not to Aunt Jarius. Sister was appreciative, and had a sense of humour. But sister was grave and unresponsive to-night. It seemed queer. Now that she was through with colleges, through with hospitals, through with cross old aunts and fault-finding friends, now that she was monarch of all she surveyed, why in the world was she gasping, and sighing, and knitting her brows?

"You act, to me, as though you were scared of something, or somebody," said Lesley, with a pout.

The other caught the injured tone, and slipped down on the rug beside her. "Scared? No. At least I hope I'm not," she said. "It has just come home to me that I may have made a mistake in electing to be a doctor in the face of so much opposition. I had to do something. I couldn't live in idleness and see you dependent on the whims of rich relatives. We must have a home of our own, you and I. Oh, baby," going back to the old pet name, "you don't know how brave I can be for your sake! That's right, hug me close. I'm not afraid now. This is the beginning of real home life for us. 'It's all the world and we two, and heaven be our stay.'"

Lesley was unused to hearing a tremble in that resolute voice; she did not approve of the serious trend the conversation was assuming.

"How would it be if you and I were to take a little stroll up and down in front of our place, and see how the window looks from the street," she suggested, artfully. "It's so dark nobody would notice us."

The four years' hard study at a medical college, and the one spent in post-graduate work, had a necessarily sobering effect on Dorothy, but there was still a lot that was pure girl about

her. "The very thing," Dorothy cried, jumping up. "I'm in sore need of some diversion—good, stirring diversion."

It came. A lamp swung lonesomely at the end of the street, but its rays did not come as far as the office. This was well, for it gave them opportunity to saunter and gaze at will. And because Dr. Dorothy was engrossed in pointing out to Lesley that one or two of the letters were below the line, and Lesley engrossed in arguing that they weren't, they both collided with an elderly gentleman hurrying along at break-neck speed.

"Here, here, one at a time," he cried, "or I'll have you both up for assault and battery."

"We beg your pardon." It was Lesley's shrill voice. "We were looking across the street, and didn't see you coming."

"Just so. I don't wonder you had eyes for nothing but the new-comer's premises. A woman doctor! What's the world coming to, I'd like to know. One good thing," the elderly gentleman grew confidential, "it isn't going to take her a lifetime to find out that she's not wanted in a quiet country town like ours. Oh, no."

"What do you think of that for a welcome?" questioned the child, indignantly, as they walked on.

Dorothy's reply was characteristic. "I'm glad I came," she said, with a burst of laughter, soft and sweet, which followed the elderly gentleman, and rang in his ears pleasantly; "very glad I came, dear."

They kept out of the way of people after that. It was fun to watch the passers-by pause to notice the legend in the lighted window across the way. Presently they saw that Harriet, the grim-featured but kind-hearted housekeeper—Harriet, whom they loved because of many things, but most of all because she had left Aunt Jarius' comfortable, nay, luxurious home, to cast in her lot with them—had come into the office. They could see her moving about, putting things to rights. By-and-by she took up her post beside

the uncurtained window and stood looking out.

"She's wondering where we are," said Lesley. "It's just like her to think we are lost. If you like—"

"Hush!" whispered Dr. Dorothy, someone is coming. We will go in as soon as the coast is clear. I don't care to be seen, and, later, recognized. We shall stand here in the shadow a moment."

Two men passed them but almost immediately halted.

"The woman doctor, as I live!" exclaimed one, "and homely enough to stop a clock! I'm disappointed." This was pleasant for the girls in hiding, but there was no help for it. "Expected something different. Thought she'd be—well, not exactly pretty, but pleasant and bright."

"How can a woman look either pretty or pleasant who quarrels with the fate which did not make her a man?" returned the other.

"She looks," with a parting glance at the impassive Harriet, "about as I thought she would. I'm against the woman doctor on principle; she makes the profession ridiculous. It seems—"

Dr. Dorothy heard no more. Grasping Lesley's hand tightly in hers she fled down the side street, and by a roundabout way reached her new home.

"They took Harriet for you," gurgled Lesley, as she was being tucked up in her bed that night. "Oh, my!" what fun you're going to have! and how surprised some folks are going to be—eh, Dorothy?"

"I hope so." The nervous depression which had marked the young woman for its own early in the evening had gone. The light in her eyes, the smile on her lips were alike radiant. She meant to win out—the scent of battle had brought courage, not dismay. "I hope so, little one."

Things did not go well with Dr. Dorothy. The first week brought her only one patient, and that a charity one. People refused to take her seriously, and disapproved of her boldness in quartering herself among them. The

men did not care for women with advanced views—evidently she was the newest of the new; and the women tossed their heads. The idea of a chit of a girl entering the lists with such men as old Challoner of the east end, and young Gordon of the west end!

It was Dr. Gordon, the man who had most deeply resented her coming, who brought about a different state of affairs. Not that he did it purposely. In fact many of his friends were ready to take oath that had he fully recovered from the shock of the accident he would never have consented to send for—but I am getting ahead of my story.

The doctor's favourite driver, a splendid roan, bolted one dark night. The road was rough and hard, the buggy a light one, and almost before the doctor knew what was happening he was thrown out. He held fast to the reins, knowing that a runaway would spell ruin to the horse. Now, to be dragged swiftly over frozen ground is neither a pleasant nor safe proceeding. He came into violent collision with some obstacle, and when next he opened his eyes he was in his own house, with frightened people about him.

He was hurt, he knew that, in fact everybody knew it. His right arm hung limp at his side for one thing, there was a cut on his forehead for another, and his face was the colour of chalk.

"Phone for Challoner," was his terse command.

"Dr. Challoner has just left for Bethel; may not be back before morning; woman very sick. I phoned as soon as I saw them bringing you in." It was the sister who lived with him who spoke. She was extremely proud of him, and of Waverly, his handsome driver. "What shall we do?"

The doctor mused. "Britton is only nine miles from here, but I don't want him. He's no good. How long," turning to his man, "would it take to get Dr. Harrington here?"

"It's twenty-two miles of a drive, sir. With the roads what they are, neither wheeling nor sleighing, it would

take three good hours for him to drive here. Will I phone?"

"No, I must get this arm attended to in less time than that," impatiently. "It can't knit too quickly. I have to perform one operation and assist at another in the near future."

It was Miss Gordon who made the astounding proposal that Dr. Dorothy Treherne be asked to come.

"No, I don't want her," he answered, but later his stubbornness gave place to reason. He must have some one.

"I'm sure she'll be useful," urged his sister.

"Humph! she ought to be. Certainly she's not ornamental; a great dragon of a woman! Well, call her up. Stay, John will go for her."

A Scotchman does not like to change his opinion; it goes against the grain to own, even to himself, that he has been in the wrong. But the doctor had to do it. This was no dragon, this woman with the air of culture and refinement, and the clear brown eyes, full of thought and interest, which met his so quietly and yet so bravely.

She laid aside her heavy ulster, furs, and gloves, but kept on her hat. The hat was a gold-brown velvet toque, trimmed with bands of mink fur, and a big crimson velvet rose, and was mightily becoming. Assuredly, Dr. Dorothy Treherne was not the woman he had thought her. The knowledge made him unreasonably angry.

But she had no skill. Anyone, to look at her slim fingers, would know they were fit for nothing but piano-playing, fancy work, and all such foolishness. What did she mean by that calm air of knowledge?

She soon let him see what she meant by it. The thorough way in which she went about making the examination daunted him, the quickness and clearness of her conclusions left him cowed.

"Nothing serious," she was saying cheerily; "a dislocated shoulder and fractured arm, that's all. The cut on the brow and slight injury to the back of the head are not worth mentioning. We shall have you around in no time."

He threw a helpless glance toward

his man. His man never got it, being busily engaged in looking admiringly at Dr. Dorothy. The doctor's glance went over to his sister. She, also, was gazing at Dr. Dorothy. And all the while the girl was going on with her preparations. When she began her work he felt new confidence; when she ended he was fain to confess that he himself could have done no better and having a great opinion of his own skill this meant a lot.

There were those, Dr. Dorothy among them, who felt certain he would ask her to look after his patients during the time of his enforced idleness. They were disappointed. He must needs send some fifty miles for a man to come to the rescue. Dr. Gordon had changed his opinion in regard to the qualifications of Dr. Dorothy, but not in regard to women doctors. He was as far from approving of them as ever.

But the fame of her began to go abroad. Dr. Gordon's man gave his friends a glowing description of her presence of mind and mastery of the situation. These passed the tale—with embellishments—on to their friends, and these, again, to another circle. People began to take an interest in the newcomer. This was the beginning of the change in affairs. After she had performed the miracle on poor Ralph Burk there was no questioning of her rights. Instead of looking on her as an interloper who had quartered herself on an unwilling populace they had a pride in claiming her. It was "our" new doctor instead of "the" new doctor, as formerly. They felt that she had displayed taste and judgment in casting in her lot with theirs. It showed faith in their penetration, their genius for discovering true worth.

Lesley claimed the glory. Had she not, as she pointed out to her big sister, discovered Ralph sitting on the sidewalk one bright but chilly day? And had she not asked him why he didn't run home and warm his toes, and been told, with a burst of tears, that this was his bad day and that he had broken his crutch and couldn't walk, let alone run.

"If Bruno and I hadn't brought him home and told Harriet to give him his dinner, and you to make him well, he'd be a poor lame boy yet, very likely. It was the new electric machine and I that did the business," she ended up with.

Ralph was the son of a washer-woman. From the effects of a fall he was paralyzed—one arm and leg being limp and useless. His features were beginning to be affected, and his eyes to take on a heavy, unintelligent expression. His mother grieved over his affliction, and had small hopes that he would ever be better. Everyone told her the case was incurable, the doctors owned that they could do little. Then came this girl with the soft touch and kind eyes who was willing to undertake his cure. During her post-graduate work at a famous Baltimore hospital she had watched just such a case. She did not consider the boy hopelessly afflicted. Moreover she was well equipped for treating such. The upshot of it was, Ralph came to Dr. Dorothy's home and lived in it for six long months. How much of his recovery was due to Harriet's wholesome meals, how much to Lesley's fun and brightness, how much to the electric battery.

I do not know, but 'twas Dr. Dorothy got the credit at the end of the six months. The boy was no longer pale, puny, almost helpless, but healthy and alert, a boy that laughed and ran and played with the best of them. They still speak of the cure as a miracle in that country town.

The board of lady workers in connection with the Home of the Friendless waited on her and invited her to be physician to the institution. Patients grew numerous, she began to be called to the hospital on the hill quite regularly. She was on her mettle, for all through that hard first year she had to meet the open opposition of Dr. Challoner, and the chill unfriendliness of Dr. Gordon. Neither gave her the right hand of fellowship, neither showed her any act of courtesy. She did not mind—much. It was only natural

that Dr. Gordon, with his prejudices against women taking their place alongside men, should think her bold and assertive. Meeting him on the street she fancied she could detect a stern disapproval of her personality. She was not far wrong. The big fair man's ideal woman was a timid clinging creature, with no ideas beyond her home. This tall, self-possessed girl who held her head high, and walked with a swinging step, had something decidedly mannish about her. When he thought of her—which was often, despite his disapproval—his brows lowered grimly. She was the opposite of his ideal, the very opposite. Dr. Dorothy went her even way. The cozy flat over the office was a paradise, with Harriet for guardian angel and golden-haired Lesley for cherub. Here she was happy.

It was just after her conquest of Dr. Challoner that trouble came. There had been a boiler explosion in a saw-mill ten miles away, and she and the old doctor, after spending the whole day with the injured, had come home together in the twilight, sworn friends. Dr. Dorothy had a way of winning people. "I never knew you until to-day, never let myself know you. God bless you for a brave little woman." This from fussy old Challoner as he helped her from the rig at her office door, and she had gone in with a face warm with gladness to find Lesley in a high fever and racked with pain. She fell on her knees beside the bed, trembling like a leaf. Where was her courage now? "Ask Dr. Gordon to come immediately," she told Harriet. What did it matter that he disliked her, and misunderstood her? He was a better doctor than the other and Lesley must have the best.

Inflammatory rheumatism was his finding, and Dr. Dorothy's heart sank. Six weeks of suspense and watching followed. Certainly she found no lack of attention to complain of in Dr. Gordon. He worked hard to save the child, was at his post morning, noon, and night. Dr. Challoner was not behind-hand in his attentions either, and

shared many a vigil with the watchers. Slowly but surely the danger passed and one early March day when a few belated snowflakes were drifting hither and thither in a vain attempt to keep out of the sun's rays a meagre, big-eyed Lesley remarked with the old saucy smile which sat oddly on her white, pinched face:

"Getting well in spite of three doctors. I must be tough, eh?"

The two men laughed delightedly, but Dorothy, who all along had been so strong and steadfast, broke down and ran out of the room.

Dr. Gordon following, found her in the office crying as though her heart would break. Most men have a horror of tears, but not so Dr. Gordon judging from the expression in his eyes as he stood watching her. The sternness was gone. There was pleasure and something akin to tenderness in the voice with which he said: "Surely not in tears; I expected better things of you. Come, stop crying, and look up, Dr. Dorothy Treherne."

"Oh, you don't know how glad and thankful I am!" lifting swimming eyes to his, "she is so near and dear to me—I studied for her, I work and plan for her—just her. If I had lost her!"

"But you haven't lost her," touching the ripples of brown hair gently, "she is doing well, very well."

"You have been good to us," Dr. Gordon. I cannot tell you how grateful I am." She held out both hands, and he took them in his. "I am so happy," with a fresh flood of tears, "so happy that the danger is past. You don't know what it means to have one little pair of hands hold all your happiness and hope in their grasp."

"I—I am not so sure of that," with a long steady glance which thrilled her strangely. "It would grip my heart hard if you were in danger." He dropped her hands abruptly, and left her sitting alone in the dusk with the tears still wet on her hot cheeks, and a strange, new thrill of pleasure mingling with the gratitude and gladness in her heart.

She did not see him again for a whole month. He came in one April

day with a bunch of yellow dandelions in his hand.

"The little lady's favourite flower. I found them in a sunny part of my garden," he said, delivering them over to Lesley, who sat on the hearthrug nursing Bruno's head. "Smell like spring, don't they. The meadow at Waverly will soon be full of them."

"Oh," cried the child, "Waverly is just the loveliest place. I wish I lived there, and had a whole field of grass instead of a little backyard." He left her making a crown of the dandelions for Bruno and went over to the still figure beside the window.

"Dr. Dorothy Treherne." She did not look up, but he could see the colour flooding her neck and brow. "Dorothy," impatiently, "speak to me."

She lifted her eyes then, but dropped them before he looked in his. "I did not expect you, Dr. Gordon," she said stiffly.

"You did," he contradicted; "you knew I couldn't keep away. Knew my heart was so full of you it would draw me here in spite of myself." "But, you hated me once," she began, but he rudely interrupted:

"What of that? I love you now. No, don't draw your hands away. You gave them to me once." "It was when I was worn out and overcome," was her weak defence. He took no notice of it.

"When you were struggling for a foothold here I admired, but did not like you; when you grew into a high-headed, successful practitioner I was out of sympathy with you; but when you were just a woman, sweet and broken, and tearful, I loved you with all my heart. Care for me a little," he urged.

"But I cannot go through life weeping, not even to keep you a lover," she said with a smile which warmed its way to his heart.

"No need, the charm has done its work. Having begun to love you I shall never leave off." He had her in his arms by this time. Oh, it was a fair old world with the glorious April sunshine flooding it, and robins already singing saucily in the bare twigs! It was good to be young, and glad, and to have each other.

"There's Lesley, you know," came a murmur. "She must always come first with me." "With both of us," cried Gordon heartily; "I wonder what she will say?"

There was a laugh behind them, a full, delighted burst of merriment. "She says come out of the window," cried Lesley, dancing about them. "'Tis a

pretty play, but you don't want the public to see it, eh?"

There are those in the place mean enough to hint that Dr. Gordon married his wife because, like the canny Scot he was, he deemed it safer to have Dr. Dorothy Treherne for a partner than for a rival in the field. But these do not know.

OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

By Norman Patterson



Each session of the Dominion Parliament approaches there is much talk about new railways. Owing to the immense crop of grain in Manitoba and the Territories last year, the large influx of settlers which marked the year 1902, and the larger influx which, it is expected, will occur during 1903, there is even more than the usual talk about new railways from the West to the East. A considerable number of people are aware that the promoters and builders of the Canadian Pacific, the Calgary and Edmonton, and other railways made considerable profit out of the building of these roads. This was due to the large cash and land bonuses which it was customary to give when the possibilities of the North and West were more enigmatical than they are to-day. These same people are aware that the various Governments have granted charters, bonuses and lands to people who stand square with the leaders of the party and that there is great profit accruing to those individuals who during the past twenty-five years have been so favoured. They are aware also that the peculiar position of the Intercolonial, with its long record of annual deficits, is a bar in the public mind to Government ownership; that politics are in such a condition in Canada, that the system of public ownership is not favoured by leading men at the present time.

There is no doubt that the country needs more railways. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick require more lines to open up the forest lands and serve the coal-producing areas. Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario have been visited by numerous surveying parties who have returned to report that there are still untouched above the height of land forty or fifty million acres of valuable forest land which may be turned into grain-growing areas. Keewatin, Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta are destined to be the homes of a half million people who shall add materially to the wheat production of the world, and lastly, Northern British Columbia is a land of great possibilities. The tide of American migration is set towards the North, and Canada, the undeveloped, is in the early stages of a great expansion which requires thousands of miles of new railways.

Some of these railway promoters are genuine workers in the railway field; others are mere seekers after easily-won fortunes. It is the duty of Parliament and the press to sift these applications carefully and separate the wheat from the chaff; to examine most thoroughly the present needs of the country and decide how these needs may best be met. Charters, bonuses, land grants and government guarantees must be given only after the most careful investigation. Charters should not be granted to men of straw, since the same charters may be required by

those who are really engaged in the solution of the transportation problem. Bounties, land grants and Government guarantees should be given only where they are absolutely requisite to the solution of transportation difficulties of immediate concern.

The problem is a large and intricate one, and no one writer can hope to offer a full and adequate treatment of it. The press has been very chary of offering advice to Parliament, due no doubt to the natural modesty of journalists in the face of what they recognize is the greatest problem presented for solution since the fight over the Canadian Pacific Railway charter. The leading members of Parliament, provincial publicists and other acknowledged leaders of public opinion have also been strangely silent. Almost all that has been given out on the subject is the publication of the literature supplied or inspired by the various organizations which propose to ask Parliament for charters and aid. It is this knowledge which makes the present writer humble. He offers his study of the question with a full knowledge of its inadequacy and yet with the confidence which comes to one who has earnestly and honestly endeavoured to view the whole agitation from the standpoint of the average citizen.

DIVIDING THE PROBLEM.

The problem of supplying railways to the various sections may be divided into two parts, that which concerns provincial development and that which concerns dominion development. The Nova Scotian railways may be left to Nova Scotia and the New Brunswick to New Brunswick. In the Maritime Provinces the Federal authorities have done all that can be reasonably asked of them, by building and operating the Intercolonial. Northern Quebec may be left to Quebec and Northern Ontario to Ontario. If these Provinces desire to open up their northern districts let them, as Ontario is doing, build a railway into the wilderness. These Provinces own their own public lands, and can easily use these as a

basis for further railway building. So with Manitoba and British Columbia, although these two, being newer Provinces, might be slightly considered by the Federal authorities. The Territories have not yet been given provincial autonomy, and the Dominion Parliament still retains the Crown lands in these districts. Hence here the Federal authorities are burdened with responsibility.

In addition to opening up the Territories, the Dominion Government must consider itself responsible for the oversight of inter-provincial traffic, and that which connects with the waterways.

How far does this responsibility lay a present duty on the Dominion Parliament? Sir Wilfrid Laurier explained his view of it, and few they are who would disagree, when he said in the closing days of the session of 1902 that at the next session he would ask Parliament to consider the advisability of aiding another railway into the heart of the Northwest. That sums up Parliament's present duty. It outlines and limits that duty. It implies that the Government will not ask Parliament to aid a transcontinental line from Quebec via Moose Factory and Norway House to Port Simpson, or a transcontinental line from Quebec via North Bay and Winnipeg to the Rockies by a more southerly route, except in so far as these lines are requisite to the further opening up of the wheatlands of the Territories.

It is well that this has been clearly indicated by the Premier. If the newspaper editors who have been considering the possibility of enormous cash and land grants to the Trans-Canada and the Grand Trunk Pacific had read the Premier's remarks, and known the spirit in which they were made, they would have saved much of their argument against these. They would have recognized that Sir Wilfrid had clearly declared against any such extravagant policy, a declaration which must have had the sanction and approval of the then members of his Cabinet.

Nor have there been any develop-

ments since that statement was made which would show any reason for a change of attitude on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government. All the influx of settlers has been into the district which, in Sir Wilfrid's opinion, was the only district in immediate need of a state-aided railway construction.*

WHICH RAILWAY?

Having thus cleared our subject of all matters which are not immediately relevant, let us examine the needs which the Dominion Government must meet. Shall it grant bounties to the C.P.R. and Canadian Northern for further extensions in the West to the Trans-Canada or the Grand Trunk Pacific for their transcontinental routes, or shall it project and build a grain-carrying route of its own?

One of the first considerations affecting this problem is the pressing nature of the need for more railway accommodation in Manitoba and the Territories. In fact, so pressing is the demand, so great the congestion of grain in the West, that a Solomon-like Government would have already solved the problem, decided upon a course, and had the new roads and extensions under way. This, however, may have been too much to expect of any democratic Government such as ours.

While we discuss and argue and lobby, wheat and other grains are spoiling in the West for lack of facilities for carrying them to the world's markets. Thousands of cars of wheat were in January and February standing on the sidings of the C.P.R. in Manitoba and at Fort William. Thirty or forty million bushels of wheat were yet to be moved to the seaboard. Twenty million bushels of oats were awaiting cars. The congestion of traffic was causing many farmers to take lower prices than they should get for their produce and causing them inconvenience and loss in other ways.

* Since the above was written, the Speech from the Throne indicates that there will be a Royal Commission to consider the whole transportation problem, which Commission is to report during the present session.

What the West requires is an increase of facilities during 1903 and 1904, not an increase which will commence to be felt only in 1908. To wait another five years before increasing the shipping facilities between Winnipeg and Montreal or Quebec would be absurd.

At first glance this consideration puts the proposed Trans-Canada and Grand Trunk Pacific out of the running as a possible solution of present difficulties. It would take five years, at least, to run the Grand Trunk from Quebec to Winnipeg and to build the branches through Manitoba necessary to collect the grain which is to be hauled over this line. It would take even longer to build a line from Roberval, the present terminus of the Trans-Canada, to Lake Winnipeg. And what is the West to do in the meantime?

It may be wise to build both the Trans-Canada and the Grand Trunk Pacific for future needs. But this does not meet the problem of to-day, which is to supply additional facilities for the grain which has been grown during 1902 and will be grown during 1903 and 1904.

THE APPARENT SOLUTION.

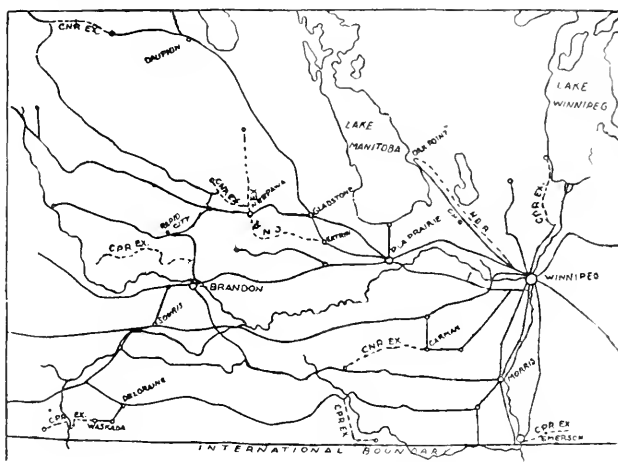
The apparent solution of the present difficulty in providing an outlet for the wheat grown in 1902 and to be grown in 1903 and 1904 is to improve the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific from Winnipeg to Port Arthur. The new wheat is ready about October 1st, and navigation closes on Lake Superior on December 5th. Between these two dates, in 1902, the Canadian Northern brought down to Lake Superior five million bushels and the Canadian Pacific about eighteen million bushels of wheat. When navigation opens in the spring, there will be plenty of traffic to keep the trains on both these roads employed from May to October, and even then all the grain will not likely be brought down. These roads should be double-tracked at once, either one or both. The double-tracking would take at least two years to complete, and by the end of that

period there will be plenty of work for two double-track roads.

Or it might be advisable to make the Canadian Pacific from Winnipeg to Port Arthur a four-track road, two for freight and two for passenger traffic, and give the Grand Trunk Pacific running rights over them. Then let the Grand Trunk Pacific build a new and more northerly line from Port Arthur to North Bay to connect there with their existing lines and ultimately with a direct line to Quebec or Gaspé.

The great point to be borne in mind is that the roads from Winnipeg to Port Arthur are the main arteries. Once the wheat is at Port Arthur it is safe, because the boats on the Great Lakes will be able to handle it.

Let us examine this statement more carefully. Port Arthur (which for the purpose of this article includes Fort William) is a harbour, and all wheat can be carried more cheaply on water than on land. A train of wheat consists of from 30 to 50 cars, each containing from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels, according to size. The average trainload now brought over the two roads running from Manitoba to Lake Superior is 40,000 bushels, although this may be increased with better ballasted roads, larger cars, and more powerful locomotives. A steamboat will carry from 175,000 to 300,000 bushels of wheat, or from four to eight trainloads. These figures before us, we need not stop to prove that steamboat transportation is much cheaper than railway transportation. A most excellent explanation of this whole subject, and a statement of the reasons why Manitoba wheat goes via Buffalo and New York, instead of via Montreal, is given by Mr. Edward Farrer in an article in *THE*



PLAN SHOWING RAILWAY EXTENSIONS IN MANITOBA DURING 1902

In all 200 miles were built last year, all by the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific. Every mile of the railways shown here have been built during the last twenty years.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE for September, 1898.

To return to our immediate topic, the improvement of the facilities for shipping from Manitoba to Port Arthur, let us emphasize the need for double-tracking the Canadian Northern and the Canadian Pacific. Down this narrow channel must come the major portion of all the wheat grown in Manitoba and the Territories. So far as the Grand Trunk Pacific will contribute to the facilities for bringing wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William, it should be considered. As the Trans-Canada does not propose to enter this channel, it is not a Federal proposition of much importance at the present moment. That it will ultimately carry wheat from Manitoba and Saskatchewan all rail to Chicoutimi and Quebec, its promoters claim. The claim may be good, but, for the present, Canada must focus its eyes on the Great Lakes.

Before passing from this part of the subject it may be well to point out there must be extensions of the Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific in Manitoba and the Territories. As a matter of fact, both these railways are rushing these extensions and making additions to their rolling stock as fast

as possible. As an incentive for them to cover as much territory as they can, it would not be a bad idea to allow the Grand Trunk Pacific to commence its Manitoba and Territorial lines at once, even if, for a time, the grain collected by them was of necessity handed over to the two existing roads.

FROM PORT ARTHUR.

Having got our wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William, what must be done to get it to Liverpool? A quotation from Mr. Farrer's article, already referred to, indicates his 1898 opinion. He says:—

"The best authorities, Canadian and United States, whom I have been able to consult, say the true if not the only way of recovering the Manitoba traffic for the St. Lawrence route is for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to put large grain steamers, with barge consorts, between Fort William and Owen Sound, running them in connection with the railway at Fort William and with a first-class ocean steamship line, owned by the Company, at Montreal so that the Manitoba shipper can get a through rate and through bill of lading direct from his elevator at Brandon, Morris or Indian Head, to Liverpool. This, it is believed, would give Montreal a pull over the United States route, which she can hardly hope to get in any other manner. What is of more moment, it would add to the value of all the grain annually produced in the Canadian Northwest by reducing the cost of transportation of the surplus for export. It would bring the Manitoba wheat grower, the Montreal or Toronto buyer and the English wheat-broker closer together, and enable them to handle the crop to better advantage all round. At the close of navigation grain stored at Owen Sound or Montreal could be shipped over the Canadian Pacific line west to St. John. The distance would be:—Owen Sound to Montreal, 460 miles; Montreal to St. John, 480; total, 940—a long rail haul, to be sure, but with this vital fact in its favour, that it would be merely part of a continuous rail-and-water haul in the same hands from Manitoba to the United Kingdom, a distance of 4,500 miles. As it is, the Canadian Pacific ceases to have any interest in the grain once it reaches Fort William. The transportation from Fort William to Montreal, and the transportation from Montreal across the Atlantic, are separate and distinct transactions."

Apparently the policy outlined by Mr. Farrer in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* in 1898 is the one which the C.P.R. is following to-day. It is improving its connections between the Georgian Bay

and Montreal, and with its new steamers is prepared to carry Canadian Pacific wheat to Liverpool.

Apparently the Canadian Northern is also following the C.P.R. or Farrer plan. It has purchased the Great Northern from Hawkesbury to Quebec, which connects at Glen Robertson with the Canadian Atlantic, which now runs to Georgian Bay. This will enable the Canadian Northern to carry wheat from Manitoba to Quebec. Arrangements with steamship lines will no doubt, be made, so as to carry Canadian Northern wheat from Quebec to Liverpool.

The C.P.R. and C.N.R. are working along the same lines to bring wheat to Port Arthur and Fort William by rail, by boat to Georgian Bay, by rail to Montreal and Quebec, by boat to Liverpool. The through bill of lading is a financial necessity. It would seem that the Grand Trunk Pacific must follow the same lines to succeed. To haul grain all rail from Port Arthur to Montreal has long since ceased to find favour with the Canadian Pacific, although it has always done more or less of it. During the past three months it has done more than it ever did. But it is not economical, and the man who bears the heavy expense of the long haul is the producer. The farmer whose wheat goes by that route gets much less for his labour than does the man whose wheat goes by the lakes to Georgian Bay or Buffalo.

The figures in the accompanying schedule, supplied by the Canadian Pacific, show how the managers of that railway disposed of the wheat brought from Winnipeg to Fort William last year.

GOVERNMENT AID.

When the Government and Parliament have decided what shall be done, what will be the best form of Government aid, if any is to be given?

With regard to the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific, it must not be forgotten that these roads were built mainly for political purposes. The I.C.R. was part of the Confederation bargain with the Maritime Provinces;

WHEAT SHIPMENTS BY LAKE FROM ALL ELEVATORS FORT WILLIAM AND PORT ARTHUR.

SEASON OF NAVIGATION, 1902 AND 1901.

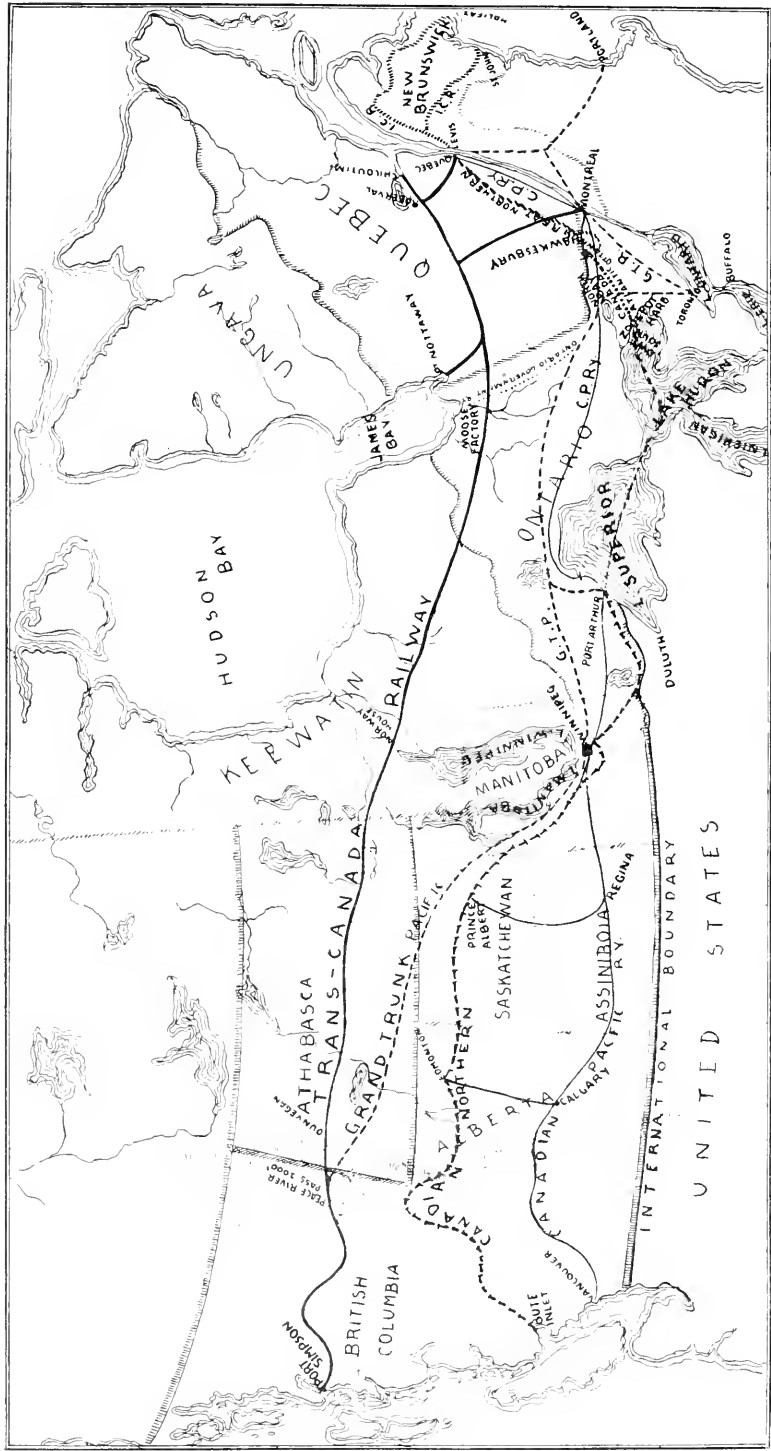
To Canadian Ports.	From April 11 to Dec. 5, 1902.	From April 30 to Dec. 5, 1901.	Increase.	Decrease.
Owen Sound.....	1,308,160	1,526,365		218,205
Midland	8,316,973	2,157,466	6,159,507	
Parry Sound	3,515,761	566,580	2,949,181	
Port Edward	192,904	682,838		489,934
Meaford	972,684	282,000	690,684	
Goderich	2,759,485	1,220,943	1,538,542	
Kingston	4,985,177	3,225,905	1,759,272	
Total Canadian ports...	22,051,144	9,662,097	12,389,047	
To U. S. Ports.				
Port Huron.....	1,553,678	722,087	831,591	
Buffalo	11,920,976	4,989,696	6,931,280	
Total U.S. Ports	13,474,654	5,711,783	7,762,871	
Grand Total.....	35,525,798	15,373,880	20,151,918	
	1902.	1901.	Increase.	
By Canadian vessels to Canadian ports.	22,051,144	9,662,097	12,389,047	
“ “ “ U. S. “	1,463,851	106,500	1,357,351	
“ U. S. “ “ “	12,010,803	5,605,283	6,405,520	
Total by Canadian vessels.....	23,514,995	9,768,597	13,746,398	
Total by U.S. vessels.....	12,010,803	5,605,283	6,405,520	

the C.P.R. was promised by an Order-in-Council of July 1st, 1870, to the people of British Columbia, a promise which included the completion of the road within ten years. These two railways were a part of the work of writing "Canada" across the Northern part of this continent. They were built too when Canada was small, when her capitalists were weak and not too numerous, when the country's resources were unknown and when the general credit of the nation and its citizens was none too great.

Now the situation is entirely different. Everybody is aware that the vast prairie lands are mines of cereal wealth, that coal, lumber, fish, furs, and grain are to be found everywhere north of the present fringe of settlement. The pulp lands of Northern Quebec and Northern Ontario are said to be, in themselves, of sufficient value to pay

for a transcontinental road. In the Territories land that could be bought five years ago for \$2 and \$3 an acre is now worth from \$5 to \$20. When the C.P.R. was built, the traffic returns were uncertain; to-day the builders of new roads can be tolerably sure of the revenues which will immediately and remotely flow from their investments.

Under these changed conditions, there seems little necessity for a land grant to the proposed new roads. To assist in building the G.T.R.P. from Winnipeg to Port Arthur, or to assist in making the C.P.R. between these two points a four-track road, the Government might reasonably invest some money. It might advance a loan of twenty-five millions to the G.T.R.P. or to the C.P.R., to be repaid in annual instalments of a million a year, commencing in five years after the date of the loan. To saddle a grant of that



OUR TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAYS

Winnipeg to Quebec via Canadian Northern to Port Arthur, boat (500 miles) to Depot Harbour, Canada Atlantic to Hawkesbury, Great Northern to Quebec 1,300 miles; to Liverpool 2,661 miles additional. Total 4,000 miles.

Winnipeg to Quebec via Canadian Pacific all rail to Montreal, to Quebec 1,370 miles; or via Fort William, boat to Owen Sound, rail to Toronto, to Montreal, to Quebec, 1,603 miles.

Winnipeg to Quebec via proposed Trans-Canada 1,410 miles, or to Chicoutimi on the Saguenay 1,284 miles; via proposed Grand Trunk Pacific about the same.

Winnipeg to New York via Canadian Pacific to Port Arthur, boat (924 miles) to Buffalo, rail to New York 1,850 miles; to Liverpool 3,130 miles additional. Total 5,000 miles.

size on the whole of Canada would be an injustice, although the interest might reasonably be borne by the consolidated fund.

Undoubtedly the day has gone by when large cash subsidies are necessary. The Government which grants them to all comers in future will be doing so for political purposes or because it is ignorant or incompetent. These were perhaps necessary in the past, but they are indefensible in future policy. The Dominion Government has condemned them by its action in refusing any last year; the Provinces have condemned them in several instances; the public has condemned them; and all economic writers agree that they are unnecessary and vicious in the present state of North American development.

If ever a loan or a guarantee of bonds and interest were permissible it would

be for a new road from Manitoba to Lake Superior. But the loans or guarantees for a transcontinental line such as the Trans-Canada or the Grand Trunk Pacific should not be large for the reasons stated and because these roads are not of immediate necessity and because they run mainly through territory which may safely be left to the tender mercies of the Provincial authorities.

Canada should be developed and that quickly and persistently. But that is no reason why we should be stampeded into perpetuating the unsound economic methods, which were rendered necessary at one stage of our political existence. The situation is now different and Canada need not resort to desperate methods to get capitalists to proceed with the developing process.

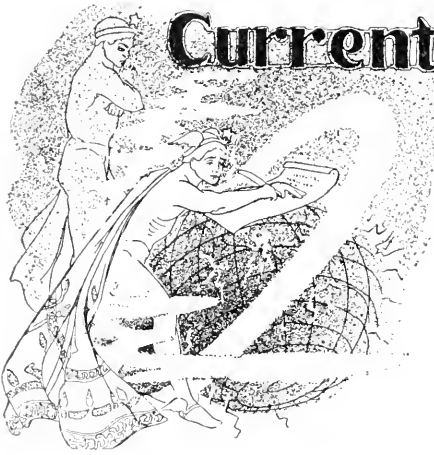


MY LOYAL LOVER

AS the dusk of the evening comes softly
 And gathers in shadowy gloom,
 To my side he comes stealing as gently
 As thistle-down drifts through a room,
 And two hands, oh, so trusting and loving,
 Are clasping mine closely and well,
 And a voice with the music of Heaven
 Is whispering my name like a spell.

Soon a tender, dear hand is slipped upward,
 Creeps round my neck lovingly, shy,
 A dear face with its dark eyes love-glowing
 Is laid against mine with a sigh.
 With a gentle, sweet touch of his fingers
 My hair he caresses with glee,
 And at last on my lips presses kisses—
 My loyal wee lover of three !

A. J. McDougall



Current Events Abroad

By
John A. Ewan

One is inclined to wonder if Colonel Denison has gained the ear of Mr. Stead and persuaded him that Great Britain's food supply in time of war depends on the development of Canadian wheatfields. At least, Mr. Stead seems to be coming around to that view. Will Mr. Stead now join the British Empire League?



IN our comments last month it was pointed out that the Venezuelan matter might not have been so gently handled by the United States if Great Britain had taken such action alone. This does not indicate the belief that the United States is anxious to humble Great Britain, but simply that it is still good politics to twist the lion's tail. There is a cognate phase of British-American relations to be considered.

Our dear old friend, Mr. W. T. Stead, having grown somewhat tired of slanging Mr. Chamberlain and printing eulogies of the sainted ex-President of the Transvaal, has undertaken to give the United States a better idea of their importance. He says that Great Britain dare not resist a United States demand which the United States might be willing to back up by a declaration of war. "Hence we have for the first time sunk into the position of a dependency of the United States. . . . We simply cannot help ourselves. America gives us day by day our daily bread, and until fresh sources of supply are opened we must always give way to her in the last resort." This is the reason, he believes, for the belated acceptance of the United States proposal to deal with the Alaskan Boundary Question by the appointment of a joint commission of six members, without an umpire. "The fact is, we have virtually ceased to be an independent Power, so far as the United States is concerned."

But is this true? Is Great Britain in such a position as Mr. Stead says she is? Does the United States control Great Britain's supply of foodstuffs to any alarming extent? Or is Mr. Stead playing the buffoon as usual?

In the first place, the United States is just as much interested in selling her foodstuffs as Great Britain is in buying them. If it is death to Great Britain not to get United States supplies, it is death to the United States not to sell them.

In case of war between the two countries, would the United States be able to control any part of the High Seas and prevent supplies from any one country reaching Great Britain? Could they prevent supplies coming in from Australia, India, Egypt and Russia? Could they close the St. Lawrence route via Belle Isle Strait? The United States navy will require to grow considerably before it can perform these miracles.

If Mr. Stead desires a cure for his present disease, he had better read the History of the War of 1812 by Dr. Hannay, now running in this periodical. He will there learn how well the United States navy succeeded on the High Seas, and how well the United States armies fought on land.



Let us hope that the possibility of war between the United States and

Great Britain is most remote, that the principles of Christianity to which both nations subscribe will point the way to a peaceful settlement of all disputes. Let us hope that the two nations will work together for the good of the world's people and the world's progress. But let us not admit that the British Empire is dependent for one moment on the forbearance of the United States. If the Empire is unwilling to preserve that attitude, if they are all as cowardly as Mr. Stead, then let them cut Canada adrift and they will find her preserving her independence in magnificent and self-reliant isolation. The Boers had 80,000 fighting men; Canada has 800,000 citizen-soldiers of whom, at least, 100,000 are equal to the Boers man for man. Canada has the men, but she hopes that they will never be called upon to speed the leaden missile against an Anglo-Saxon foe.

Great Britain has a War Minister whose schemes for defence re-organization have broken down, who has made a complete and abject administrative failure. What, think you, do they propose to do with him? What did they propose to do with Pitt when his usefulness was gone, what did they do with Canning when they wanted to get rid of him, with Lord Durham when he was troublesome? Sent him to the colonies. And so, Mr. Broderick is likely to succeed the brilliant Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India. Poor India! And yet one struggles to be thankful when the thought arises that it might have been Canada.

The English correspondents in China are warning the missionaries to send their wives and children to the treaty ports as the interior is unsafe. Of course, the fatuous missionary will not take the advice and we shall have another harvest of martyrs, when the anarchic dragon takes his next meal of foreign devils. The missionary will stay and sacrifice his innocent wife and

children in the name of a glorious fad.

General Tung Fu-hiang was condemned to death under the terms of the peace Protocol of September 1901. Yet this same General is one of the chief supporters of Yung Lu, the real ruler of China. He is not at Pekin, of course. He is in the wilds of Kansu training an army which is estimated to number 80,000 men. Pekin, which has promised to put him to death, is sending him regular supplies, stores and money. When he retreated from Pekin, he took along a splendid stock of modern arms, equipment and ammunition. Besides, the arsenals and powder factories of the Empire have been very busy ever since peace was restored.

The United States Senate has refused to ratify the Bond-Blaine Treaty,



DISILLUSIONMENT

1st BOER: "But, Piet, var are de horns?"
 2nd BOER: "And tail, and hoofs?"
 1st BOER: "Those skullums of Europe papers! This is not the Kamberlain they draw. As the Roomeks say, they pull our legs. A pack of stronts!"—*London Outlook*.



IT IS WHISPERED THAT THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA IS BOILING SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP THE POWERS AWAKE NIGHTS!—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

and Newfoundland is again disappointed. In his opening address in the House of Commons on March 13th, Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced that had the Treaty been ratified Canada would have had equal rights and advantages with the United States. The arrangement between Canada and the Imperial Government was that Canada should not be discriminated against.

With regard to the advisability of asking Newfoundland to enter Confederation, Sir Wilfrid was not sure that the time was opportune, at least it was necessary that the French shore question should first be settled.



Discussing the Alaskan Boundary Commission at the same time, Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that by accepting a Board of six Jurists the United States had receded from its former position taken in 1898 and 1899, which was that all towns and

settlements on tidewater settled under the authority of the United States should remain under the jurisdiction of the United States, no matter what the decision of the Tribunal. He thought this was a tangible gain. Even if the six Jurists could not agree on the proper delimitation of the boundary line, much would be gained by a full statement of the claims of each nation. With regard to the *personnel* of the Tribunal, the three British representatives will be the Chief Justice of England, Lord Alverstone (formerly Sir Richard Webster), and two members of the Canadian Supreme Court. There was some disappointment over the selection of the United States representatives, but he could not object to Secretary Root and Senator Turner. The Canadian Government had objected to Senator Lodge because of his already strongly expressed opinions.

While the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal will certainly not be what Canada desired, it should help to remove some of the mystery which surrounds the interpretation of the Treaty of 1825. It will bring up and apply some rules of International Law which have, up to the present, been overlooked by one or both parties to the controversy. It will also be a standing tribute to the good-sense of both nations and an expression of a belief that the Anglo-Saxon world should settle its difficulties by arbitration rather than by the sword.



Canada is not vitally interested in the trouble in the Balkan States, and very few Canadians ever look at the European map. They know where Rome and Paris are, and they have a faint idea that Berlin is about half-way between Paris and St. Petersburg, the latter being in a position to overlook the Baltic Sea and Finland. Why should

they worry themselves with the struggles of Macedonia to throw off the Turkish yoke?

For those who are faintly interested, it may be stated that the latest European information is to the effect that the agents of Austria, Russia and Great Britain in Servia and Macedonia have warned the revolutionists in these two states that no foreign help will be forthcoming just now. Hence it follows that there will be no uprising there for some months at least. In the meantime an Austro-Russian note embodying suggestions for reform has been handed to the Sultan, and accepted with thanks. This note relates to revenues, taxes, banking and similar fiscal and commercial affairs. It is hoped that the suggestions made will enable the Sultan to stave off the struggle for religious freedom by economic reforms which will alleviate the condition of the people who inhabit the northern Provinces of Turkey in Europe.



In the meantime, the Emperor of all the Russias has again startled the world with a message of Peace. He it was who fathered the movement which ended in the establishment of the Hague Tribunal which it was hoped would eventually arbitrate the international differences of the world. This time he has issued a manifesto to his own people, providing for freedom of religion throughout his dominions and making a beginning in local self-government. His objects, as declared, are to bring about greater religious peace and to improve the conditions of village life and of the peasantry.

Russia is hardly ripe for provincial legislatures and a federal parliament with the absolute and extensive powers given to such institutions in the British

Empire, France or the United States. It does, however, mark the dawn of a new era which within a half century may bring the Russian Empire into the position of a self-governing instead of an absolute monarchy. It will be a reform of administration rather than a reform of law. It will remove to some extent the absolutism of the police and the army. It will enable the people to speak their minds and to form opinions. It will enable the peasant, who was but recently a serf, to hold up his head, to reap what he has sown, to raise sons who may hope to become educated and cultured, to lay his head on his pillow without a fear that before the morning dawns he may be arrested and started on a long journey into Siberia.

All these reforms will not come immediately nor with equal speed in all districts. There must be a few more Tolstoys to preach the doctrine of liberty, a few more patriots to die for the freedom of speech and worship, before tolerance and justice prevail. The autocrats who surround the throne must die gradually.



THE QUESTION IN FUTURE WARS: "WHO IS KIPLING WITH!"—*The Chicago News*.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

APRIL

O winsome sprite, with violet eyes
Neath dewy lashes peeping;
With gay delight o'er sunny skies
Thy cloudy drap'ries sweeping—
We'll drink to Spring, the artful thing,
Who waked thee from thy sleeping.

Thy roguish face, so fair, so sweet,
My heart in bliss is steeping,
And Love—in truth, companion meet—
Behind the blossoms peeping,
Lo, I deserv'! But tell me why
Thus sudden thou art weeping!

Cease, cease, sweet one, I haste to come
With ev'ry art beguiling,
About thy feet the flow'rets sweet
In fragrant billows piling.
O gracious be! A laugh of glee!
The little witch is smiling!

Thus flits the darling of the year,
Caprice her charms enhancing,
With now a smile and now a tear,
In every mood entrancing!
A blossom there, a blossom here,
Her way through spring-tide dancing.

M. MacL. H.

IT is nearly two hundred years ago that the same subtle something that is pulsating in the air around us to-day poured its delight into the sensitive heart of dear old Leigh Hunt, inspiring him to write a charming little essay on "Spring and Daisies."

"Spring, while we are writing, is complete," he begins it, and to-day, while we are writing, the miracle is once again performed—and oh, the eternal beauty of it and unfathomable mystery!

Dynasties rise and fall, kingdoms

wax and wane, the great reach their zenith then turn downward into decay, empires uprear themselves in pomp and power only to sink again to the dust whence they came, and yet throughout all the ages, over and over again with never-failing regularity, Nature, unmoved, completes her cycle, season following season in due recurrence. Winter and summer, seed-time and harvest, they fail not, and year by year all living things are called upon to rejoice with the great Earth-Mother in her wonderful resurrection. With what lavishness of rich perfumes and rare flowers does she celebrate her glorious Easter-tide, and what exquisite harmonies she puts into the throats of her feathered choirs, singing their glad little hearts out in praise and adoration!

These are the days when it is good to be just alive, when the sweet rapture that fills the heart at the note of joy in the bird-songs, and at sight of the tree-branches dotted with the tiny swelling buds that foreshadow the wealth of foliage that is to come, is ample compensation for life's deepest sorrow.

All the weariness of body, mind and spirit which the long gloomy winter has engendered, all despondency and discouragement must pass now, banished by April's sunny smiles and that marvellous, subtle elixir with which it pleases Nature to invest the palpitating air.

As he walks abroad, with the blue sky above him and the tender, sprout-

ing grass beneath, surely even the most intense pessimist can give but one heartfelt answer to Arnold's passionate cry :

" Is it so small a thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have
done,
To have advanced true friends, and
beat down baffling foes ?"

One is glad to notice when on one's shopping tours that there is an ever-increasing tendency on the parts of both seller and purchaser to give prominence to articles of home manufacture.

Where, a few years ago, only "imported" things were deemed worthy of consideration, and the labels "Paris," "New York," "London" were important factors in making sales, now one's eye is attracted by such pleasant placards as "Our Own Manufacture," "Direct from Our Own Warerooms," etc., and there is a show-case in one of our largest shops containing the prettiest collection imaginable of dainty stocks and filmy jabots, all grouped around a card bearing the proud legend "Made in Canada."

We are often told that if it were not for the extremists no great movement would ever be fairly started or carried on to practical results. This may be true ; but on the other hand extreme extremists, if we may use such a term, frequently do lasting injury to the cause they champion, a truth which has been impressed upon me with new emphasis by the report of a lecture recently delivered by "an eminent American authority on homes and home-building," who a short time ago was brought over by the Household Economic Association of one of our cities, to air her views on "The Effects of the Higher Education of Women upon the Home." This subject, by the way, of Woman and the Home, has been the inspiration of more arrant rubbish, written and spoken, than any other

theme upon which the tongues and pens of contemporary faddists have been engaged.

It is, perhaps, not just to judge a lecture from the newspaper report of it, but if the report of which I have spoken was a fair one, the eminent lecturer gave utterance to a vast amount of great nonsense.

No one can deny that the place of "Woman in the Home" is a very important one, and that to effectively discharge her multitudinous responsibilities the modern Martha must be possessed of average intelligence, tact, judgment, common sense, and some practical rudimentary knowledge of hygiene and dietetics ; but surely it is adding unnecessarily to the white woman's burden to insist, as did this "American authority," that "to be a good home-builder"—I quote from the report—"a woman must have been educated mentally, physically and spiritually. She should, moreover, have a broad grounding in chemistry, physics, zoology and botany, in order to know throughout the science of cooking. In another part of her address the lecturer remarked that the reason for the decrease in the number of marriages was not that woman now cared less for the joys of matrimony, but that her education had made her more critical in her choice of a life partner. Perhaps, but I should think the average girl who is anxious, as are most nice, sincere girls, to faithfully and adequately discharge her duties as "a wife and home-builder," would indeed hesitate and draw back from matrimony when brought to realize all that such a state demands of her. It requires some time, strength and natural aptitude to acquire "a broad grounding" in half-a-dozen ologies and sciences !

Then there is a certain characteristic of these lecturers on Home and Home-building that always rouses my ireful indignation, and that is their very reprehensible habit of speaking in the most slighting and derogatory manner of their mothers and grandmothers.

"In the days ago," said our American lady, "in the days of the spit and the frying-pan"—by the way, is the frying-pan an obsolete utensil? I blush to have to confess that a certain pantry in which I have some interest contains three of them at this very minute—nice little iron pans which I have often used with great satisfaction! But I am interrupting the eminent lecturer!—"in the days of the spit and frying-pan there was no such thing as cooking. The wives of that time provided only 'filling' for the stomachs of their families. To-day tastes are so different, materials so many, that the modern lady requires as much judgment in the selection of the particular cereal to make her mush as her great-grandmother required in the selection of a husband. The cookery of the past was instinctive. For its results we have only to read the advertisements of patent medicines for indigestion."

To say that a generation or so ago there was "no such thing as cooking" is a libel upon our mothers and grandmothers too absurd to be considered seriously. There is no ardent graduate of a Domestic Science Institute to-day who is better versed in the practical knowledge of cooking and household management than was a certain little grandmother I know of, whose housekeeping skill and dainty, toothsome dishes were famous amongst her friends, and who brought up to healthy, hearty manhood and womanhood a large family of children, yet who never in the long course of her gentle life even heard of such a thing as household economics. As for the rich harvest being reaped by dentists and patent medicine proprietors, surely one must look elsewhere for the cause of the imperfect teeth and unsatisfactory digestions of the present generation than at the simple, wholesome food consumed by our forebears half a century ago!

Not for worlds would I discredit or attempt to discourage the efforts of those earnest, conscientious women who are endeavouring to elevate man-

kind through the medium of home influence, but one cannot help protesting against these constant, foundationless slurs upon a generation of women whose manners and methods in many things most of us could borrow with advantage. Nor is it possible to refrain from regretting that so worthy a cause should have uttered in its support so much meaningless and unworthy nonsense.



As a proof of my interest in the real development and improvement of the Home and the Home-maker, I have the greatest pleasure in commending to the attention of all women interested in these subjects the Household Science Course of the Canadian Correspondence College of Toronto. This course of study is comprehensive and of real practical value, the instructors have been carefully chosen, and a great advantage of this correspondence course is that the girl or woman who takes it can study at home and apply her knowledge as she acquires it, thus at once reaping the benefit of her work while performing her daily duties in her own home.



Another American lady who is looked upon as an authority on household economics and domestic science has recently contributed to a contemporary journal an illuminating article entitled: "Living on Fifteen Dollars a Week." I will confess that the title is not attractive, but I fear that those unfortunates who are tempted to try to accomplish the feat according to this lady's directions will find the reality even less felicitous.

After ponderously and somewhat superfluously remarking: "To live well on fifteen dollars a week the housewife must be a student of home economics," the writer proceeds to show how it may be done by a family of six. In the first place, three dollars a week is allowed for clothing for the entire family—one hundred and fifty-six dollars a year, which is just a trifle over

two dollars a month for each of them. Surely to be even decently covered on twenty-six dollars a year would require that one should be more than a mere *student* of home economics. I defy a pastmaster of the art to do it. Allowing for a suit one year and an overcoat the next, where is the toiling head of the family to obtain those other articles of clothing which are usually considered necessary to complete a gentleman's wardrobe? A neighbour's clothes-line would seem to afford the only solution to this problem. But we are led to believe that the student of home economics is well-attired; she takes ice, and expends fifty cents a week on fuel. The article was written, I acknowledge, before the coal strike, but even so—ah, yes, I am sure the neighbour's clothes-line must supplement this lack of warmth. Out of her fifteen dollars the extravagant housewife spends fifty cents a week on reading-matter, allows two dollars for insurance, and thriftily deposits two in the savings bank, though whether this last is a weekly or monthly proceeding, I cannot quite determine. Doctors' bills, which I should imagine would be rather large, as it takes a long time to overcome anæmia, malnutrition, and chronic colds, are to be paid out of the savings; and the food bills, milk, meat, and all groceries, "including ice," are fully covered by the sum of six dollars a week!

A list of daily menus for one week is given, with directions for making the various dishes suggested. Most of these are to be concocted out of what is "left over" from a previous meal, but I doubt if after six persons, possessing average appetites, had assuaged their hunger, there would be much left of food bought in the quantities directed by the writer.

For instance, five cents worth of peanuts serves as the basis for two satisfying meals, and this amiable family of six is represented as receiving with favour oyster soup in which twenty-five bivalves float drearily, that is four for each person, and one, I presume, "for the pot!"

Of course, I *may* be exceptionally extravagant, but it seems to me that if I had to keep my wardrobe in decent order on two dollars a month (which sum appears to be deemed sufficient to also cover such necessary expenses as postage stamps, stationery, car tickets, and similar incidentals), I should scarcely find time or heart to spend in the manufacture of such dishes as "beef hedgehog," "lentil rolls," or "nut-balls"—a curious mixture of "left-over" hominy, peanuts, and tomato; and I fear that if I did, my fastidious family would unanimously refuse to touch them.

Upon the day on which nut-balls are recommended for luncheon, the festive feast is completed by brown bread and a nourishing cream soup, simply made by cooking turnips in water in which mutton had been boiled the day before.

After giving the menus referred to, a little marketing list for the week is appended.

In looking this over one is struck by the fact that in the city in which the fifteen-dollar-a-week lady lives, onions and turnips are bought by the quart, and bulk oysters are sold at a cent each. It is also to be noted that the clever student of home economics can make soup for six out of half a can of tomatoes, and out of the remaining half can evolve a dish of scalloped tomatoes sufficient for the same number of people. Moreover, after buying only one dozen eggs, she can use seven of them in compounding various delectable dishes, and still have a sufficient number on hand to permit her to make eggs the *pièce de résistance* for two meals—beauregard eggs for Thursday's luncheon and poached eggs on toast for Monday's breakfast. Surely it is not supposing too much to imagine that each of the six members of the family will have at least one whole egg for himself on each occasion. Truly the egg basket of this fortunate housewife must be a veritable widow's cruise. When one hears of such achievements as this, one is certainly inspired to become a student of home economics without an instant's delay.

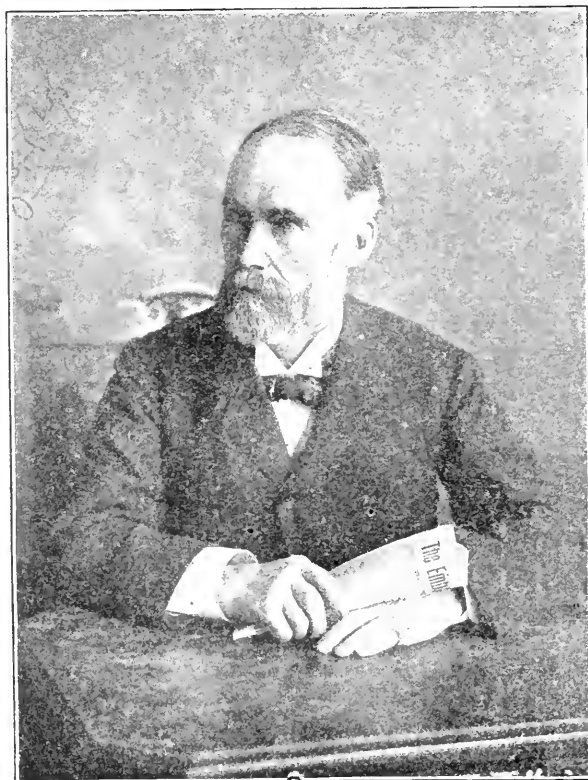
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



FOR some time the Province of Ontario has been struggling with a political condition exhaustive and demoralizing. The Liberal party has held the reins of Government for over thirty years, and the Conservatives have recently become clamorous and energetic. The result of the general election last June left the Liberals with a narrow majority. Since that time they have been endeavouring to increase it by unseating Conservative members or by winning



them over to the Liberal side. Two seats were won by the former process, and one by the latter. This member won over has, however, laid his thirty



pieces of silver on the table of the Legislature, and in a most dramatic manner declared that he took the bribe because he desired to show the general corruptness of the Government of the Hon. G.W. Ross. His charges are now being investigated. Whatever the result of that investigation, the good names of the Province and of Canadian political purity have been besmirched, although the friends of Mr. Ross hope that his Government will be able to prove themselves innocent.

The real trouble is that both parties in Canada, whether in Federal or Provincial politics, have been guilty of dishonourable election methods for at least a quarter of a century. The dishonest acts were performed by party-heelers, and winked at by those in foremost places. Political zeal has carried this dishonesty a long way,

THE HON. G. W. ROSS, PREMIER OF ONTARIO
FROM AN AUTOGRAPH PHOTO

and Canada may well hang her head in shame. Franchises are given to those who contribute to party-funds, offices are bestowed upon men whose chief qualification is their intimate connection with party politics or party chicanery, and contracts are awarded to those who are known to be among the faithful and generous. Even members of Parliament freely accept offices of emolument under the Crown.

Perhaps Canada is not worse than the United States and Great Britain. Nevertheless there is much to make the honest man ashamed. If the present explosion in Ontario warns our public men that they must set their faces steadfastly against this insidious evil some good may be accomplished, some of our better and stronger citizens may be inclined to take a more active interest in the governing of the country.



The victory of Mr. Tweedie in New Brunswick has its amusing side. Four years ago Premier Emmerson appealed to the people on the ground that Federal politics should not be an issue in Provincial affairs. Mr. Hazen, lead-

NEW
BRUNSWICK
ELECTIONS.



THE HON. JUSTICE ARMOUR, OF THE SUPREME COURT, ONE OF THE TWO JURISTS WHO WILL REPRESENT CANADA ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



SIR LOUIS JETTÉ, K.C.M.G., ONE OF THE TWO JURISTS WHO WILL REPRESENT CANADA ON THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

er of the Opposition, urged the contrary, and appealed to the Conservatives to vote for his candidates. Premier Emmerson was successful. This year Premier Tweedie, successor to Mr. Emmerson, appealed to straight Liberal support, and was backed up by all the influence of Mr. Blair, a member of the Liberal Administration at Ottawa. Mr. Hazen, this time, objected to a party appeal and asked the franchises of both parties. Mr. Tweedie has been as successful as was Mr. Emmerson, and New Brunswick has thus reversed its verdict of 1899. Now the question may be asked, "What does New Brunswick mean?"

The real solution of the mystery apparently lies in the fact, pointed out on previous occasions, that New Brunswick votes for the "Government." Mr. Blair represents the Government at Ottawa, and he found New Brunswick faithful. Mr. Tweedie was only a pawn in Mr. Blair's game.

That the result will work any evil to the Province is hard to see. The Tweedie Government seems to have fair administrative powers and has



THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, K.C., WHO WILL BE THE CHIEF CANADIAN COUNSEL IN CONNECTION WITH THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

recorded considerable progress during its regime. No doubt this will continue to be its record.



The movement to do away with the one-teacher country school is gaining ground. The great Canadian school system, the much-vaunted, the over-praised, is to be torn down, and a new structure erected.

The old log schoolhouse and the little red schoolhouse are to be forgotten together. The new country schoolhouse is to be larger, to contain three or four rooms, and to serve a half or a whole township. It is to be a graded school, similar to that in a village, town or city. It will have a furnace in the cellar, pictures on the walls, comfortable benches, good teachers, and a telephone. Eventually it will be lighted with electricity furnished from the nearest water-power producing station.

In a few short years it will not be possible for the city youngster to shout "hayseed" at the country boys, for the latter will have equal advantages with the former.

With these improvements will come an increase in the teacher's salary, and an improvement in his or her efficiency. In a speech the other day, the Hon. Mr. Tarte stated that the average salary of 4,000 female teachers in the Province of Quebec was \$111 a year, while in four counties, out of 164 teachers only two have diplomas. In rural districts the salaries are as low as \$68 a year and in Montreal as low as \$122. Domestic servants in Montreal are as well paid, while nurses are more highly rewarded. Quebec is probably the worst served of all the Provinces owing to her system of religious schools, but even there they are agitating for improvements. Better-trained, better-paid teachers, is the keynote of the educational reformers in that Province. None of the Provinces pay their teachers too well, none of them train them too well.

This improvement in the country-school system will mean more male teachers. The principal of the township school will be a man with a man's qualifications and a man's strong will. The female teacher will be allowed to develop in her proper position—at the head of the kindergarten and junior classes.

And to whom is this reform to be credited? To the various political superintendents or ministers of education whom the citizens of each Province have set on such high pedestals? No, indeed. The idea came from the United States, and has been disseminated here by the energy of Professor Robertson, of Ottawa, and the charitableness of Sir William Macdonald—the same sources from which have come our manual-training schools, now found in almost every city.



It is lamentable to notice the jealousy among journalists. If one newspaper takes up a public grievance, the other newspapers in the city or town are

rather inclined to belittle that grievance and pooh-pooh the agitation. When one journal gets warm on
 MUTUAL municipal ownership, the
 JEALOUSY. other journals are doubtful of the feasibility of such a reform. When another takes up the question of Government ownership of telephones, the others at once begin to point out that the Postmaster-General has enough to do, that his leading officials are slave-drivers and that the employees of the department are overworked and underpaid. If one journal comes out in favour of the abolition of railway subsidies, the others cry out, "Oh, yes! all your friends have received their shares!" or they cry to their converted neighbour: "That's right. Lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen."

It is hard to explain this jealousy. There is no class of men in the country who make such a profession of fair-mindedness as the journalists. The politician is frankly partisan. He tells you plainly that he is working for his party and his party only. The Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways, said so during the recent contest in New Brunswick, when he condemned the independence of Senator Ellis. With the politician it is "My Party, Right or Wrong." The journalists claim to be the guardians of the public interest, to be seeking only the public good. Yet too often they seem to be as much interested in the business end of the paper, as in the editorial which influences for good or evil. If the circulation goes up, the editor is like the friend of our nursery days of whom we sang:

Little Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner
 Eating his Christmas Pie.
 He put in his thumb
 And pulled out a plumb,
 And said "What a good boy am I."

If the advertising columns grow in number, the whole staff smiles and assumes a self-satisfied attitude.

To be sure there are signs of improvement. The epithets applied by one editor to another are much milder now than twenty years ago. Instead of referring to that "lying and pestiferous sheet," the phrase is, "the languid, old



THE HON. G. E. FOSTER, EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE, WHO WAS RECENTLY DEFEATED IN A FEDERAL CONTEST FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS IN NORTH ONTARIO.

PHOTO BY JARVIS, OTTAWA

Star," or "our well-meaning but badly-informed contemporary." Probably the increase in journalistic salaries and profits has caused this modification. A newspaper editor who twenty years ago got \$15 a week, was doing well; now he gets \$50 to \$100. The proprietor who made \$2,000 a year, two decades back, was opulent; now there are numerous newspaper owners drawing \$10,000 per annum in profits, and some who are making \$100,000 even in young Canada. Recently the owner of a daily paper refused \$300,000 for his plant and good-will which five years ago could have been bought for less than half that sum.

If all the newspapers of Canada were to join in an effort to put down political corruption, to establish Government and municipal control of natural monopolies and public utilities, to introduce higher standards of business morality, these reforms would come quickly.

John A. Cooper

BOOK REVIEWS



TRUTH AND THE PRIEST

THE great intellectual struggle of the past century, and probably also of this century, is that of Truth versus the Priest. The priest may be Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian or Methodist—the struggle is much the same. The priest gives out the catechism and says “Learn the Truth.” The thinking, educated man answers “That may or may not be the Truth: let me study it and think it out.” The priest replies, “No, you may not study, neither may you think. This is the Truth, because the Church says so.” Hence the struggle—the priest trying to retain his hold on the people, the people endeavouring to discover the Truth.

This is the essence of M. Zola’s newest novel, the last which he completed. Because he died before the volume reached us, “Truth”* may be taken as his last message to the world. It is a message to the world, although it is primarily an address to France. It is an appeal for truth, liberty and justice, founded upon liberal education, equality of opportunity, and moral living. It is an appeal for the abolition of gross superstition, gross ignorance, spurious miracles and religious exploitation. The energy of tomorrow is to be found in the masses, for in them slumbers humanity’s reserve force of intelligence and will. The children of the masses must be

educated in secular schools, that they may discharge the duties of freed citizens, possessed of knowledge and will power, released from all the absurd dogmas, errors and superstitions which destroy human liberty and dignity. The worth of the nation depends on the worth of the schoolmaster.

These are the lessons which Zola endeavours to teach in this book. Simon, the Jew schoolmaster, is accused of a murder committed by a Christian Brother. Perverted circumstantial evidence backed up by all the power of clericalism causes him to be convicted and sentenced, like Dreyfus, to penal servitude for life. For ten years his friends work to quash the conviction. Evidence of forged testimony is discovered and the conviction is quashed. A new trial is ordered. Again the Church exercises its influence and again Simon is condemned by a vote of seven jurymen to five. After the trial, all the jurymen sign a petition for pardon and this is granted. Fresh evidence of wrongdoing at the trials is secured and finally a new trial clears the persecuted Jew of the stain put upon his reputation. It is the Dreyfus case in a new form, and every reader knows how Zola stood firm in his belief in the innocence of Dreyfus.

Marc Froment, a schoolmaster and friend to Simon, is the persistent seeker after truth, who patiently seeks the release of his friend. For years he wages the battle single-handed, hated and persecuted by the religious orders which were anxious to discredit the secular schools in which there was no crucifix

*“Truth,” by Emile Zola. Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

and no teaching of the catechism. His scholars are enticed away from him, his wife turns against him, he is the object of suspicion and the subject of malicious tattle-mongering. But Truth prevails. His honesty and tenacity of purpose eventually bring triumph for himself and his friend.

The story is the more interesting coming as it does just after the expulsion of the religious orders from France. It must be taken as Zola's view of the one great question which has disturbed the Republic and which threatened for a time to plunge the nation into civil war. To a Canadian familiar with the work of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, the picture seems overdrawn. For example, an extreme Protestant, even in an ecstatic moment, would hardly dare or desire to pen such a statement as is made in this quotation (p. 148):

"And, in like way, the France of to-day is devastated and ruined by the warfare which the Church there wages against Revolution, an exterminating warfare without truce or mercy, for the Church well understands that, if she does not stay the Revolution, by which is symbolized the spirit of liberty and justice, the Revolution will slay her. Thence comes the desperate struggle on every field, among every class—a struggle poisoning every question that arises, fomenting civil war, transforming the motherland into a field of massacre, where perhaps only ruins will remain. And therein lies the mortal danger, a certainty of death if the Church should triumph and cast France once more into the darkness and wretchedness of the past, making of her also one of those fallen nations which expire in the nursery and nothingness with which Roman Catholicism has stricken every land where she has reigned."

True, Zola distinguishes between the two classes in the Church, the conscientious bishops and the bigoted, jesuitical orders. He seems to hope, though faintly, that the Church may be purified and may put away from itself the mediæval spirit of intolerance and revenge which all religions are endeavouring to suppress. He hopes apparently that the dream of Roman temporal power will be abandoned and that the Church will take its place with Protestant and other churches in working for the education and enlightenment of the world.

MRS. WIGGS AGAIN

"Lovey Mary,"* by Alice Hegan Rice, is a new volume by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Much of the humour in the book lies in the author's familiarity with the slang and verbal mistakes of the submerged tenth. It is not genuine humour, it is as unlovely as the lives of those who give it expression. The analysis of character is excellent. The pathos of the situations is often expressive. The situations are sometimes comical and just as often absurd. Those who have enjoyed "Mrs. Wiggs" will find much in this volume to interest them. The latter half of the book rings more true than the first half, and the patient, forbearing reader will find some reward in the closing scenes. Like David Harum, it is a book for the thousands rather than for the hundreds.



THE PUBLISHER'S HONOUR

How far is a publisher responsible for the character of the book he issues with his imprint? This is a question suggested by a hasty glance at "Life in Canada," by Thomas Conant, a volume which is certainly no addition to Canadian literature. In this case the publisher has apparently undertaken to issue the work at the author's risk and expense, since no business man could be expected to issue it on its merits. The publisher has, one must conclude, given his imprint for the profit to be derived from the work secured for his presses. If an imprint is worth anything it should be a recommendation for the book on which it appears. People buy books issued by certain publishers because they are led by experience to believe that such publishers issue good books. In this case they are to be sadly disappointed.

Mr. Conant has not the elementary knowledge required to prepare a grammatical and literary manuscript. He is not possessed of any great amount of good taste, and drags in his family

*Toronto: William Briggs.

history at every opportunity. He is not more careful of his facts, and he tells many tales about Canadian life which are manifestly absurd. His intentions, no doubt, are honest, but if his supreme desire is to publish volumes of his own writings, he should not be allowed to secure the recommendations of those publishers to whom the people are accustomed to look for honest guidance.

HISTORICAL REVIEWS

It is to be hoped that the High School principals and public librarians throughout Canada will cease their study of United States book catalogues for sufficient time to read Prof. Wrong's list of "Historical Publications Relating to Canada, for the Year 1902."* It is to be hoped that they will pause in their mad haste to fill Canada with United States prints and consider some of the excellent volumes there reviewed. Our High School libraries are full of the literature of all countries except our own, and so are the public libraries and mechanics' institutes. The Canadian poets, Canadian historians and Canadian essayists are scarcely represented at all. The professors of English in our Universities never discuss them.

This admirable volume of reviews mentions about 200 books, pamphlets and articles. At least, fifty of these works should be in every public and school library. Of course, they have not all been written by Canadians, nor all printed in Canada, but they all touch Canadian history at some point. There are Roy and Doughty's books from the presses of Quebec, Moreau's "Laurier" from Paris, works by Van Tyne, Flick, Fiske, Shimmel and others from the publication offices of the United States, and various works from London. The array of titles is extensive and indicates a growing interest in the history of the American continent.

One of the chief values to be credited to Professor Wrong's volume is that it enables the purchaser of Canadian historical works to judge which are most interesting and which are likely to be of permanent value. But in addition to this temporary use, Professor Wrong's annual will be placed by all students of Canadian affairs among the leading "books of reference." It indicates to the author and the journalist, as well as the student, where one may go to find information on any historical point.

NOTES

The Copp, Clark Co. publish this month "The Countess Londa," by Guy Boothby, and "Marty," a story of London life, by John Strange Winter.

Dr. Horning, of Victoria University, is compiling a "Bibliography of Canadian Fiction," which will be issued next summer. It will be a companion volume to Mr. C. C. James' "Bibliography of Canadian Poetry."

"A Coin of Edward VII," by Fergus Hume (Copp, Clark Co.), is an up-to-date detective story that will command a large sale. It is, in fact, this author's best book since "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and will be eagerly read by anyone desiring an absorbing mystery story.

T. G. Marquis has written a most entertaining volume on the "Presidents of the United States," from Pierce to McKinley (Vol. XXI; the Nineteenth Century Series). The most of the existing "lives" of these men have been written by their admirers and are not history in the true sense of the word. Mr. Marquis is not so vain as to imagine that he can arrive at a true view of the value of each career. What he has done is to make each President, so far as possible, speak for himself by quoting freely from their letters and speeches. The list of Presidents dealt with includes Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield,

*Toronto: The University of Toronto. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

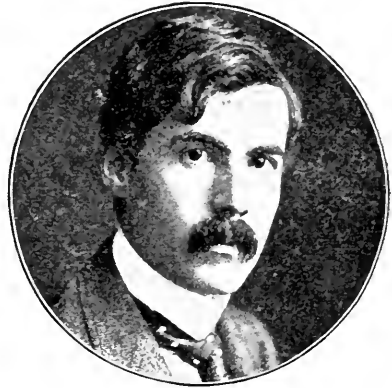
Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley.

Seldom has any young poet met with a heartier welcome than has Bliss Carman. "He is, indeed, so good a poet," says the *New York Mail and Express*, "that we question if his superior is now existing among us." His most important work is henceforward to appear in the series known as "Pipes of Pan," (Copp, Clark Co.) The first of this series, entitled "From the Book of Myths," is now ready.

"Izolda," a Magyar Romance, is from the pen of Captain J. W. Fuller, of London, Ont. (New York: The Abbey Press). It gives a picture of Magyar life which indicates the oppressions due to the extreme landlordism and clericalism of Hungary about three centuries ago. It is a painful tale, because of the vividness of its tragedy. Yet it is so well written that one wonders why the author has so long concealed his genius. Apparently the object of the story is to exhibit the real fault of our present social and economic conditions under which the rich still grow richer, and the poor poorer. Captain Fuller in his introduction hints that the old political oligarchy has been succeeded by the new financial oligarchy.

"The Star Dreamer," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is said to be the most romantic love-story that these authors have written. Its heroine is a beautiful young widow, Elinor Marvel; its hero—Lord Bindon—"The Star Dreamer." The plot is said to be unusual, absorbing and at times thrilling. It is the first "Castle" novel since 1901, and should have a warm welcome, because its authors have waited to offer a polished and perfected work. (Copp, Clark Co.)

James H. Coyne has done Canadian literature a real service in translating and editing the record of the Exploration of Great Lakes by Dollier de Casson and De Bréhaut de Galinée in 1669-1670. This document is the corner-stone of Ontario's history, describing, as it does, nearly the whole of the lake and river boundary of that



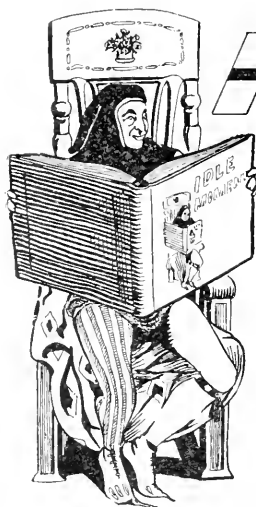
NORMAN DUNCAN

A new Canadian writer who has found favour with United States Magazine Editors.

Province. The map made by these explorers or by one of them is also reproduced and inserted in a pocket in the volume. The text is printed in both French and English. The illustrations are excellent. (Volume IV. Papers and Records, Ontario Historical Society.)

Dr. N. M. Trenholme, Assistant Professor of History in the University of Missouri, has written an able monograph on "The Right of Sanctuary in England," (published by the University authorities). This study is dedicated to his father, Hon. Mr. Justice Trenholme, of Montreal. As the author says in his introduction: "The progress of the human race toward greater civilization and order is in no way better understood than by studying institutions which have now disappeared." Criminals are no longer allowed refuge and protection from the hand of the law in churches, abbeys and sanctified places, but they are now protected by a well-organized judiciary and even-handed justice.

Perhaps the most notable book of the year will be "Lady Rose's Daughter," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, which has been running in *Harper's*. It has been illustrated by Christy. The Canadian edition will be issued shortly by the Poole-Stewart Co., Toronto. Readers of "David Grieve" and "Marcella" will welcome this new work.



IDLE MOMENTS

A JOWETT STORY

A CHARACTERISTIC story which Balliol men used to tell of the old Master is recalled to the *Daily Chron-*

icle by the sudden death of Professor Ritchie at St. Andrew's. Ritchie was a favourite student of Jowett's, and during the progress of Jowett's translation of "The Republic," he asked Ritchie's advice regarding a difficult passage. The young scholar with diffidence gave his opinion, with sufficient reasons, as he thought, to back it, but the Master was obdurate, and held an opposite view. The two scholars parted for the night without coming to an agreement. But in the morning Ritchie hurried to Professor Jowett to say that he now saw his own mistake, and that the Master was right. "Oh, well," was Jowett's reply, "I, too, have been considering the matter, and have translated the passage according to your view, and I will make no change now."

KNEW HER OWN BUSINESS

"When does the next train that stops at Bendigo leave here?" asked the resolute widow at the booking office window.

"You'll have to wait five hours, ma'am."

"I don't think so."

"Well, perhaps you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel by that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house, and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble, because she's packing up her things, and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, if not better, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions, young man! My opinion is you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am."

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT ROYALTY

"A score or so of years ago," said Gunner McBride, "when I was at Aldershot with my master Captain O'Connor, the Queen came over from Windsor one day to hold a review, and she was to lunch with the General and the other superior officers. I was told off to help to wait at table. More betoken the General's head man gave himself great airs intirely, and



had the impudence to tell me not to go starin' at the Queen, as if I hadn't better manners than to throw sheep's eyes at anny lady, let alone her Majesty. Well, the lunch went off right enough without a trip or jostle, and we servants filed out into the passage at the end of the room, lavin' the company to enjoy themselves. But most of us waited outside behind the dure, manin' to rush in by an' bye, and see which of us would get hould of the champagne that the Queen was sure to lave in her glass. There was a bit of a fight at first to get next the dure, but I managed to get inside the whole of thim, and kept me hand on the handle. We stayed as quiet as mice till we heard signs of thim risin' inside. I put me eye to the keyhole and thin the other devils crowded on me like leeches, and one red-headed thief of a Scotchman actually jumped straddles on me poor back, so I knew I would be thrown down and trampled on as soon as iver I opened the door; so siz I, 'Now, boys, keep asy, and I'll tell ye when the last of thim is gone,' and thin, after a little, I screamed out in a whisper, 'Begorra! she's comin' out this way. Let me off! Let me off! and I gave one jump that sent me Scotch jockey sprawlin'; and away wint all the other chaps like lightnin' down the passage. Thin wasn't it meself that opened the dure fair and asy, and was drinkin' the Queen's health out of her very own glass, whin the omadhawns came tearin' in? They wore unraionable enough to tell me to me face that I tricked thim!"

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."



Little Titmuss (just told off to take the younger Miss Long into supper, quite forgets which of the two is the younger). "Er—er—May I have the pleasure—er—of—er—taking the longer Miss Young—I mean—the longer Miss Yong—that is—" [Becomes incoherent].—*Punch*.

CABLES AND C(H)ORDS

[Signor Marconi is reported to have amused himself by piano-playing during his recent voyage from New York to Liverpool.]

Marconi, though harmonious strains
Are possibly produced by you,
Think of the strummer's ill-spent pains,
And give us wireless pianos, too!

—*London World*.

METAPHYSICS

Why and Wherefore set out one day
To hunt for a wild Negation.
They agreed to meet at a cool retreat
On the point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed their mark,
And driven well-nigh to distraction,
They lost their ways in a murky maze
Of utter abstruse abstraction.

They took a boat and were soon afloat
On a sea of Speculation,



"Oh, Cook! I just ran down to see if you would please make some of those delicious little rolls for me—just for me, you know, Cook, dear—because I am denying myself cake during Lent."

But the sea grew rough, and their boat tho' tough,

Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of doubt

Rose a fearful Hypothesis,

Who gibbered with glee as they sank in the sea,

And the last they saw was this :

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief

There sat the wild Negation ;

Then they sank once more and were washed ashore

At the point of Interrogation.

—*Oliver Herford.*

EXCHANGE HUMOUR

TEACHER—What is a farm ?

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL—A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Say, our backbones are like serial stories, aren't they?"

"Prove it."

"Continued in our necks."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Waiter, bring me a demi."

"Yes, sir, tasse or john?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

"You say his wife's a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."

"He did, but she dyed."—*Wrinkle.*

HUSBAND (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody.

WIFE (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.—*New York Weekly.*

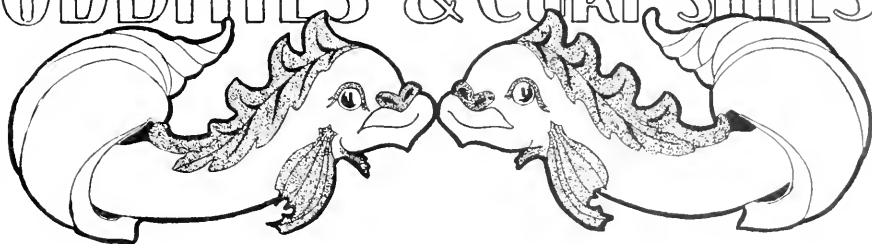
A sad story is told of a young man who took his newly-acquired fiancée to church the other day. When the bag was brought round, he ostentatiously displayed a

gold coin. His fiancée remonstrated in whispers, "Don't be so extravagant, George." "Oh, that's nothing," he replied, "I always give a sovereign when I go to a strange church." When the usual notices were given out, they concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection. "The collection to-day," said the minister, "was 15s. 6d." The engagement is broken off.

Lady Visitor: "Well, Maisie, I have come after that new baby; you know you told me last week that you didn't want it and that I could take it home." Maisie: "Well, you can't have it. I want it myself now; but I'll get you a piece of paper and you can cut a pattern."

Young Husband: "Don't you think, darling, that it would spoil the curtains if I should smoke?" Young Wife: "You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear; of course it would." Young Husband: "Well then, you'd better take them down."

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



A WHITE MAN'S TEPEE

A CURIOUS adaptation of an Indian tepee by a white man stands in one of the eastern townships of Ontario. A sturdy settler—who appears in the doorway of his queer home—built the conical structure of upright poles and covered them with bark and slabs. Here he lived for many years and until recently, when his improved fortunes gave him a more imposing residence.

A DREAM AND A CRIME

It was from the dean of a certain cathedral in the east of England that I learned the following tale :

His niece, ordinarily a strong and active young woman, was slowly recovering from an unusually severe attack of scarlet fever, and was in a very nervous and weak condition when, one night, her sleep was disturbed by a strange and terrible dream.

It seemed to her that she stood before a house she had never in her life seen before, and that her sight could penetrate the walls as though they had been of glass. The whole interior lay open to her view—the staircase with curiously carved balusters; the lower rooms and the

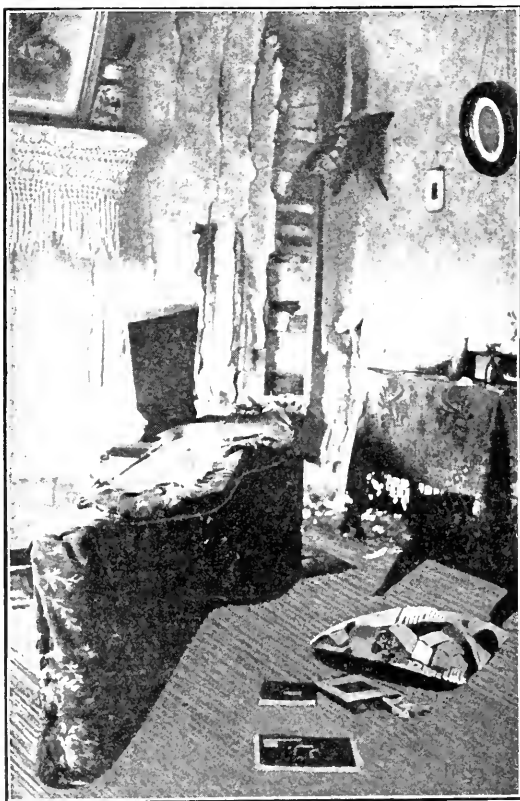
upper room, with all they contained—and, finally, her attention focussed itself on one room in particular—a bedroom, the walls of which were covered with wallpaper of a peculiar pattern.

In one corner of the room was a bed, and on it lay a sick man. He was asleep, to judge from his appearance. Suddenly and silently another man entered the room, crept toward the sleeper, and with a quick movement removed the pillow from under his head.

The sick man awoke and stared at the intruder with horror-stricken eyes. The next moment the pillow was



A WHITE MAN'S TEPEE



THERE WERE FIVE CHILDREN IN THIS ROOM WHEN THE LIGHTNING CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION SHOWN BY THE CAMERA.

brought down on his face and held there with all the murderer's strength. The sheets moved convulsively; the sick man was being smothered . . . What followed the sleeper never saw, for at that juncture she awoke with a cry and in a fever of horror.

For a change of air she was afterwards taken to the cathedral town, and stayed for a while at the house of the dean, her uncle. He tried to amuse her by driving her about in a pony chaise. One day he took her into the country to see a house which he thought might suit her, for her people intended to take a place in the neighbourhood. But on arriving at the pailings before the path that led to the door the girl showed the greatest reluctance to get out of the chaise.

"No! no!" she said, "not that place! I will not be taken there! It is the place I dreamed of!"

The dean told her she was talking nonsense.

"No, no! I know the place! I will prove it to you. You will find that the stair is one with curious balusters, the pattern of the wallpaper is as I will describe it to you, also the peculiar pattern on the walls of that bedroom to the right of the stairs landing. The bed is placed in the corner, and in that bed the man was murdered. I will not go in!"

The dean discovered that all was exactly as she had said; he knew also that a very strange death had taken place lately in that house! He pressed her no further, agreeing with her that "the place would not do."

There is no doubt that the girl, through some strange bond of sympathy between her soul and that of the murdered man, had witnessed a crime which to this day remains a mystery.—The Duke of Argyll (Lorne) in *The Royal Magazine*.

THE RESULTS OF LIGHTNING

The accompanying photograph shows the sitting room of Mr. James Wright's house, near Penetanguishene. On June 22, 1901, the house was struck by lightning. The children of Mr. Charles Nettleton, of Penetanguishene, and of Mr. Wright were in the room at the time. Two little girls were sitting on the sofa shown on the left of the room. One had her shoe torn from her foot by the stroke and cut into ribbons. The foot was badly burned. A playmate was similarly treated, and a dog lying at their feet was instantly killed. There were three other children in the room and their legs were more or less seared. There have been many strange accidents of a similar nature, but none could be much nearer being tragic.



CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.



FOR several years Canada has been convinced that the Canadian offices in London were of little national benefit, that social amenities and privileges were encouraged at the expense of trade and immigration interests. It was, therefore, without much regret that Canada heard of the resignation of Mr. Joseph C. Colmer, C.M.G., who has been Secretary to the High Commissioner since 1881. He was not a Canadian, and sympathized little with Canada's struggle for better recognition in Great Britain. No doubt he thought he was doing his duty, but his conception of his duty was not Canada's. His successor was not chosen from among the men whom Mr. Colmer had trained, and this is another matter for congratulation. Mr. W. L. Griffith is an ex-Manitoban farmer, who has for some time been Government agent at Cardiff, Wales. He will, no doubt, be more in accord with the energetic policy now being pursued by the Hon. Mr. Sifton and his able lieutenants, Messrs. Smart and Preston.

There has been some desultory talk about a system of Governmental telegraphs and telephones to be added to the Postal Department, but the movement does not make much headway. The efforts of municipal administrators and legislative reformers is at present confined to a careful watching of the Bell Telephone Company, which is rapidly developing into one of the greatest of Canadian monopolies. The

present session at Ottawa may witness another fight to safeguard municipal interests when telephone legislation is being considered.

Nevertheless the idea that there should be a Government telegraph and telephone system is not wholly lost to view. The Canadian Press Association, which held its annual meeting in Toronto in February, passed the following resolution:

"The Executive Committee would recommend that the Government of Canada reserve to the Postmaster-General the privilege of using the right of way and poles for public telephone and telegraph lines on all railways hereafter granted charters or amendments, or extensions of charters, so that the post-office may have a Governmental telegraph service across Canada. The news service between the East and the West should be independent of corporate influence, and might be made so in this way."

The press intimates that the supplying of news collected from all parts of Canada might be more efficiently done over Governmental lines than over lines controlled by private corporations. A little consideration will justify such a view. The gathering of news is a matter of public concern, and national news should not be coloured by the interests of private companies. The suggestion is excellent, and is opportune, seeing that some new transcontinental charters are to be granted at the present session.

Another feature which might reasonably be considered in this connection is an extension of the parcel post sys-

tem so as to increase the rivalry between the postal department and the express companies. At present the express companies which work with the G.T.R. and C.P.R. are under no obligation to make their rates as low as the conditions of the traffic warrant. In Great Britain and Germany parcels are sent by post and express at about one-third what it costs in this country, perhaps less. The Canadian express companies have been able to keep our post-office from extending its parcel system, because these companies are powerful at Ottawa. It is said that they go so far as to give franking privileges to members of Parliament and to prominent persons who have influence. These privileges are based on the same reasoning as causes railway passes to be given to favoured individuals. It is said also that the profits of the Canadian Express Co. and the Dominion Express Co. are enormous, although nobody seems to know exactly what these profits are or who are stockholders in these concerns.

This is a phase of the transportation problem which must not be overlooked. Successful national trade depends much upon cheap communication of all kinds, cheap letter-carriage, cheap money-carriage, cheap telegraph and telephone service, cheap parcel carriage, cheap freight carriage and cheap passenger carriage. The discussion of transportation facilities must include a discussion of all these elements, in order that the business of the country shall be done expeditiously, with certainty and at the lowest possible cost.

New South Wales has lost the benefit of the preference in the Canadian customs tariff now that the Australian Commonwealth Tariff applies to all the Australian colonies. The preference now applies only to the United Kingdom, British India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements and the West Indies.

In the State of Victoria, Australia, owing to Government-owned railways, the proportion of public servants to

the general community is as one in every eight persons. In recent years the civil service has exercised an undue and unhealthy influence in local politics. This has now been met by a law which lump all civil servants into one constituency, but allows them to vote where they reside.

In Australia there is a law which prevents any employer bringing in workmen under contract. Some skilled English hatmakers recently had a trying experience getting into that colony in spite of its supposed Imperialism. Even Premier Barton hesitated for a week as to whether he would exercise his prerogative and admit them. This episode shows the dangers to democratic communities of the growth of that autocratic element—the trades unions.

The mineral product of Ontario in 1902 amounted to \$13,577,440, an increase of 19 per cent. over the previous year. The agricultural products for the same year are valued at \$250,000,000.

The fruit-growers of the Annapolis Valley are anxious to have the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company pay special attention to apple-carrying and facilitate this part of our export trade. It would be well for these persons to work with the apple-growers of Ontario along this line.

Messrs. Handyside, makers of steel bridges, roofs, buildings, etc., of Derby, England, to encourage their apprentices, have arranged to pay half the fees and purchase the necessary instruments and books for all their apprentices who attend evening classes at the Derby Technical College, in approved subjects for a term of three years.

Apprentices who pass the prescribed examinations, will receive increased wages, and will be allowed to retain the instruments purchased for them.



**General
Reference
STACKS**

